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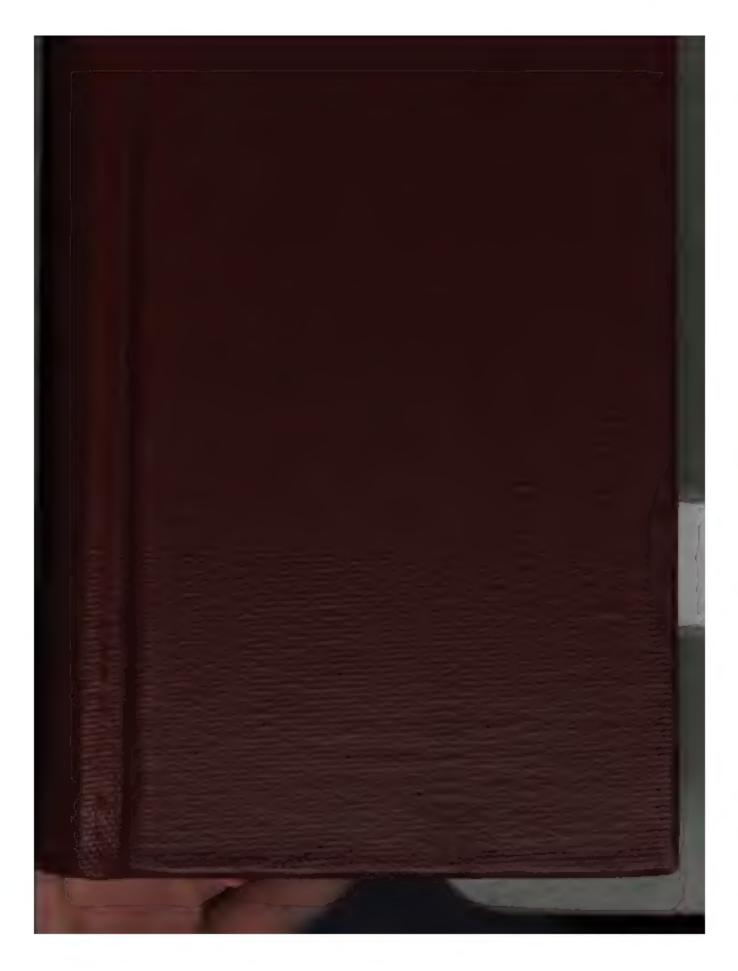
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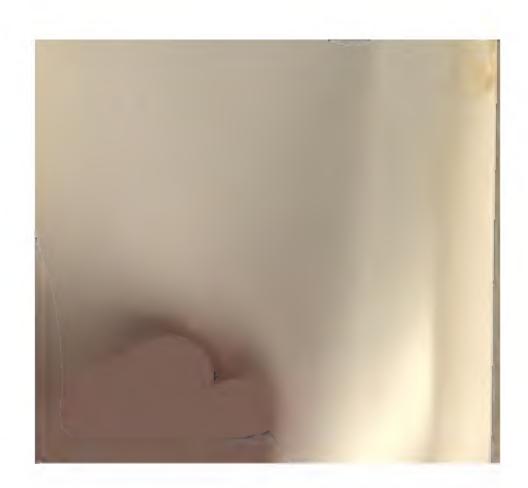
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### POPE'S PREFACE

were is universally allowed to have had the greatest ntion of any writer whatever. The praise of judgt Virgil has justly contested with him, and others 🦖 have their pretensions as to particular excellences ; his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a nder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest poets, who most excelled in that which is the very adation of poetry. It is the invention that, in brent degrees, distinguishes all great geniuses: the nost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, ch masters everything besides, can never attain to It furnishes art with all her materials, and withit judgment itself can at best but "steal wisely": art is only like a prudent steward that lives on paging the riches of nature. Whatever praises be given to works of judgment, there is not even a de beauty in them to which the invention must not tribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can reduce beauties of nature to more regularity, and a figure, which the common eye may better take and is, therefore, more entertained with. And, haps, the reason why common critics are inclined refer a judicious and methodical genius to a great fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for nselves to pursue their observations through a form and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend vast and various extent of nature

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where, if we not see all the beauties so distinctly as in an bered garden, it is only because the number of them

which contains the seeds and first productions of ever kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant it is owing to the richness of the soil, and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by

those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention ware to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. Whathe writes is of the most animated nature imaginable everything moves, everything lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done a from a third person; the reader is hurried out chimself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οίδ' δρ ίσαν, ώσει τε πυρί χθών πάσα νέμοιτο.

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps the wholearth before it." It is, however, remarkable, that his fancy, which is everywhere vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fuller splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetic fire, this "vividativis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdaties, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is dis

reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but verywhere equal and constant: in Lucau and Statius bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes:
Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an un-ommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare it trikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire rom heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns verywhere clearly and everywhere irresistibly.

I shall bere endeavour to show how this vast invenion exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any pet through all the main constituent parts of his lork: as it is the great and peculiar characteristic

mich distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ar, which, in the violence of its course, drew all tings within its vortex. It seemed not enough to eve taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole empass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflecons; all the inward passions and affections of manind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward orms and images of things for his descriptions: but muting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he pened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, nd created a world for himself in the invention of That which Aristotle calls "the soul of etry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall gin with considering him in his part, as it is natuly the first; and I speak of it both as it means the sign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorid, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the
cital of such actions as, though they did not happen,
t might, in the common course of nature; or of
the as, though they did, became fables by the addional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this
the the main story of an epic poem, "The return of
lysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy," or the
te. That of the llind is the "anger of Achilles,"
the most short and single subject that ever was chosen

by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaste variety of incidents and events, and crowded with greater number of councils, speeches, battles, episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitud and irregularity The action is hurried on with most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employed not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so war a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensis subject, as well as a greater length of time, and comtracting the design of both Homer's poems into one which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, be generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and los their readers in an unreasonable length of time. No is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have follows him in every episode and part of story. If he ha given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funer games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unit of his actions for those of Archemorus. If Ulysse visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio d Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from hi return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through had the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as load on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed the close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not les the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, wa copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æness are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollomus; and several others in the same manner.

o proceed to the allegorical fable. - If we reflect n those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of are and physical philosophy which Homer is genersupposed to have wrapped up in his allegories. a new and ample scene of wonder may this conration afford us How fertile will that imagination ear, which was able to clothe all the properties of ments, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce m into actions agreeable to the nature of the things shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding could dispute with Homer; and whatever comindations have been allowed them on this head, are no means for their invention in having enlarged circle, but for their judgment in having contracted For when the mode of learning changed in the lowing ages, and science was delivered in a plainer mer, it then became as reasonable in the more ero poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to to use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy cirstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time demand upon him of so great an invention as tht be capable of furnishing all those allegorical of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is superural, and especially the machines of the gods. If mer was not the first who introduced the deities Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, seems the first who brought them into a system of chinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its test importance and dignity: for we find those hors who have been offended at the literal notion the gods, constantly laying their accusation against mer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause re might be to blame his machines in a philosophical Religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, mankind have been ever since contented to follow m. none have been able to enlarge the sphere of by beyond the limits he has set : every attempt of nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods con-

tinue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many with so visible and surprising a variety, or given u such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward. yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelau mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier; in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character. but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example: the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other. natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie, in a great degree, hidden and undistinguished; and, where they are marked mort evidently affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike, even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar, but, as it is, in a the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe then the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior, in this point, the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters; being perfect or defective as they gree or disagree with the manners of those who atter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. "Everything in it has manner" (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, everything is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how mall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general effections or thoughts, which might be equally just any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the other himself when we read Virgil, than when we re engaged in Homer; all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

if, in the next place, we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the
sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has
given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer
principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to
rove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiment

in general, is, that they have so remarkable a point those of the Scripture. Duport, in his Gallogia Homerica, has collected innumerable instant this sort. And it is with justice an excellent with writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many that that are low and vulgar, he has not so many the sublime and noble; and that the Roman author arrises into very astonishing sentiments where help

fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and six we shall find the invention still predominant, what else can we ascribe that vast comprehens images of every sort, where we see each circums of art, and individual of nature, summoned togeth the extent and ferundity of his imagination: to i all things, in their various views presented t selves in an instant, and had their impressions ! off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only us the full prospects of things, but several unexp peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any pe but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the detions of his battles; which take up no less than the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a varie incidents, that no one bears a likeness to anot such different kinds of deaths, that no two heros wounded in the same manner; and such a profi of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the la greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain is not near that number of images and description any epic poet; though every one has assisted his with a great quantity out of him: and it is evide Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparwhich are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we the bright imagination of Homer shining out in most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge his father of poetical diction; the first who taught "language of the gods" to men. His expression like the colouring of some great masters, which covers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed

apidity. It is, indeed, the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Anstotle had reason to say he was the only poet who had found out "living words": there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is "impatient" to be on the wing, a weapon "thirsts" to drink the blood of an themy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the dichon, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous; like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry; not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention; since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pirtures of the persons or things to which they were joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet Kopubalohos, the landwape of Mount Neritus in that of Είνοσιφυλλος, and e of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that also. He was not satisfied with his language the found it settled in any one part of Greece, but

searched through its different dialects with this ticular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers : considered these as they had a greater mixture vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed the as the verse required either a greater smoothne or strength. What he most affected was the Ion which has a peculiar sweetness, from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the dip thongs into two syllables, so as to make the word open themselves with a more spreading and sonorou fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contraction. the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and conpleted this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to realong with the warmth of his rapture, and even give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified Out of all these he has derived that harmony which makes us confess he had not only the richest head but the finest ear in the world. This is so great truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of h verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised L the case of Italian operas), will find more sweetness variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language of poetry. The beauty of his numbers # allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just as to ascribe to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Green has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse which agree with the genius of no other language Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of, and, in particular, never failed to bring the sound of his line to beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecium poet has not been so frequently celebrated on the

count as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer tics have understood one language than the other. Tonysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of Composition of Words. It suffices at present to cerve of his numbers, that they flow with so much e, as to make one imagine Homer had no other than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated, d, at the same time, with so much force and intring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like a sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful ter, always in motion, and always full; while we are the away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet

e most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, hat principally strikes us is his invention. It is that ich forms the character of each part of his work; accordingly we find it to have made his fable more ttensive and copious than any other, his manners ere lively and strongly marked, his speeches more ecting and transported, his sentiments more warm sublime, his images and descriptions more full and amated, his expression more raised and daring, and numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these ads, I have no way derogated from his character. thing is more absurd or endless, than the common ethod of comparing eminent writers by an opposition particular passages in them, and forming a judgment on thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought have a certain knowledge of the principal character distinguishing excellence of each; it is in that we to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in at we are to admire him. No author or man ever celled all the world in more than one faculty; and Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in igment. Not that we are to think that Homer ated judgment, because Virgil had it in a more inent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, be-Homer possessed a larger share of it; each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps and man besides, and are only said to have less in comparson with one another. Homer was the greater genius Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and trans ports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil lead us with an attractive majesty; Homer scatters with generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence; Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a rive in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless and resistless as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases, Virgil calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upor their machines. Homer seems like his own Jupiter is his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings and firing the heavens! Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnatumity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objection against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with eigentic bodies, which, exerting themselves with un-

length, exceed what is commonly thought the ortion of parts, to become miracles in the and, like the old heroes of that make, comething near extravagance, amidst a series of and immitable performances. Thus Homer "speaking horses"; and Virgil his "myrtles blood"; where the latter has not so much wed the easy intervention of a deity to save

mability.

owing to the same vast invention, that his have been thought too exuberant and full of inces. The force of this faculty is seen in more than in its inability to confine itself to e circumstance upon which the comparison led it runs out into embellishments of addiages, which, however, are so managed as not power the main one. His similes are like where the principal figure has not only its on given agreeable to the original, but is off with occasional ornaments and prospects. will account for his manner of heaping a of comparisons together in one breath, when y suggested to him at once so many various respondent images. The reader will easily mis observation to more objections of the same

e are others which seem rather to charge him efect or narrowness of genius than an excess e seeming defects will be found upon examinacroceed wholly from the nature of the times he Such are his grosser representations of the and the vicious and imperfect manners of his but I must here speak a word of the latter, as joint generally carried into extremes, both by arers and defenders of Homer. It must be a partiality to antiquity to think with Madame that those times and manners are so much excellent, as they are more contrary to ours.

Preface to her Homer.

Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magn the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbe reigned through the world; when no mercy was show but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest prince were put to the sword, and their wives and daughte made slaves and concubines? On the other side. would not be so delicate as those modern critics, w are shocked at the servile offices and mean employment in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer gaged There is a pleasure in taking a view of the simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages: in beholding monarchs without their guard princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawle water from the springs. When we read Homer, ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancie author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of thin nowhere else to be found, the only true mirror of the ancient world. By this means alone their great obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates the dislike will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer the constant use of the same epithets to his gods theroes; such as the "far-darting Phœbus," the "blueyed Pallas," the "swift-footed Achilles," &c., whit some have consured as importment and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the power and offices then believed to belong to them; and be contracted a weight and veneration from the rites are solemn devotions in which they were used: they we a sort of attributes with which it was a matter religion to salute them on all occasions, and which was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they we

n the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for he Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, zere obliged to add some other distinction of each erson: either naming his parents expressly, or his lace of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander he son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have momething parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Seward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the promety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different res, has placed a fourth age, between the brazen and he iron one, of "heroes distinct from other men; divine race who fought at Thebes and Troy, are alled demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed." Now among the divine conours which were paid them, they might have this to in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might e acceptable to them by celebrating their families, ections or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer we such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious indeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, if one should think to raise the superstructure by indermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critical ever so much as heard of Homer's having written test; a consideration which whoever compares these poets ought to have always in his eye. Some course him for the same things which they overlook is praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable

<sup>1</sup> Heward, Opp. et Dier., Lib. I. vers. 155, &c.,

and moral of the Eneis to those of the Iliad, for same reasons which might set the Odyssey above Eneis; as that the hero is a wiser man, and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that the other; or else they blame him for not doing when he never designed; as because Achilles is not as go and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very more of his poem required a contrary character, it is the that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer 📦 Others select those particular passages Homer which are not so laboured as some that Vir drew out of them: this is the whole management Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with whi they take for low and mean expressions, sometime through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original, and the triumph in the awkwardness of their own translation this is the conduct of Perrault in his Parallels. Last there are others, who, pretending to a fairer process ing, distinguish between the personal merit of Home and that of his work; but when they come to asale the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, the found it upon the ignorance of his times, and prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance this principle, they make those accidents (such as 🖠 contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of h fame, which were in reality the consequences of 1 merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil. any great author whose general character will infallib raise many casual additions to their reputation is the method of Mous. de la Mott; who yet confess upon the whole that in whatever age Homer had live he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master eve of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contact dicts his title to the honour of the chief invention and as long as this (which is indeed the characterist of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his follower he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment

may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the wes of one sort of critics but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no surrease, it only left room for contraction or regulation, He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted everything. A work of this kind seems lke a mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous ed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and prowees the finest fruit: nature and art conspire to ause it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said that a few branches which run luxuriant through a schnese of nature, might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far is that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can bejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. It also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much oftens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the faction and versification only are his proper province, ince these must be his own, but the others he is to

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (an many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make

ate as he finds them.

amends for this general defect; which is no less danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviation into the modern manners of expression. If there lim sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquit which nothing better preserves than a version almeliteral. I know no liberties one ought to take, by those which are necessary to transfusing the spirit dethe original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation, and I will venture to say, there have no been more men misled in former times by a servil dull adherence to the letter, than have been delude in ours by a chimerical, insolent hope of raising an improving their author. It is not to be doubted, the the fire of the poem is what a translator should prime cipally regard, as it is most likely to expire in h managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, with out endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetice and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us. we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. When his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, 🐃 ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of h style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; other sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion de simplicity. Methinks I see these different follower of Homer, some sweating and straining after him be violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of falmettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardo frenzy than frigidity; no author is to be envied for such commendations, as he may gain by that character

tyle, which his friends must agree together to call plicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. we is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as fold and sordid one; which differ as much from each er as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven; none thing to be tricked up, and another not to dressed at all Simplicity is the mean between

contation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such fection as in the Scripture and our author. One y affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, the Divine Spirit made use of no other words but t were intelligible and common to men at that , and in that part of the world; and, as Homer is author nearest to those, his style must of course r a greater resemblance to the sacred books than a of any other writer. This consideration (together what has been observed of the parity of some of thoughts) may, methinks, induce a translator, on none hand, to give in to several of those general ases and manners of expression, which have attained eneration even in our language from being used in Old Testament; as, on the other, to avoid those wich have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in anner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, articular care should be taken to express with all inness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches ich are so numerous in this poet. They have some ing venerable, and as I may say, oracular, in that dorned gravity and shortness with which they are ivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by deavouring to give them what we call a more remous (that is, a more modern) turn in the para-

Perhaps the mixture of some Gracisms and old ands after the manner of Milton, if done without too such affectation, might not have an ill effect in a ion of this particular work, which most of any seems to require a venerable, antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as "platoon, campaign, junto," or the linto which some of his translators have fallen) can be allowable; those only excepted without which it impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, while are a sort of marks or moles by which every comm eye distinguishes him at first sight; those who are his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, as those who are, seemed pleased with them as beauti-I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetition Many of the former cannot be done literally in English without destroying the purity of our language I believe such should be retained as slide easily themselves into an English compound, without violen to the ear or to the received rules of composition, well as those which have received a sanction from authority of our best poets, and are become familia through their use of them; such as "the cloud-co pelling Jove," &c. As for the rest, whenever can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be take in obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned, as to preserve the full image by one or two words, may have justice do them by circumlocution; as the epithet electrical to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous traslated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majes idea in the periphrasis: "the lofty mountain shall his waving woods." Others that admit of different significations, may receive an advantage from a judiciou variation, according to the occasions on which the are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apolli έκηβόλος or "far-shooting," is capable of two explicit tions; one literal, in respect of the darts and bor the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical, will regard to the rays of the sun; therefore, in suc places where Apollo is represented as a god in person I would use the former interpretation; and where to effects of the sun are described. I would make chall

Upon the whole, it will be necessary the latter. avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets thich we find in Homer, and which, though it might e accommodated (as has been already shown) to the w of those times, is by no means so to ours; but one was want for opportunities of placing them, where they terive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, translator may at once show his fancy and his

udement.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them to three sorts: of whole narrations and speeches, of fuele sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to bese, as neither to lose so known a mark of the wthor on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too such on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful those speeches, where the dignity of the speaker unders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in be messages from gods to men, or from higher powers inferiors in concerns of state, or where the cerenomal of religion seems to require it, in the solemn trm- of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, believe the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, w distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the mgmal: when they follow too close, one may vary be expression; but it is a question, whether a proseed translator be authorised to omit any; if they e tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to he sense, and varying it on every new subject. Indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I only know of Homer minent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in the Latin. am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by thance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may reasonably be believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly spears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it: but those who have

will see I have endeavoured at this heauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utter incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt he in no other hope but that which one may entert without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable ou of him than any entire translation in verse has done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and ramble than his. He has frequent interpolations of four six lines; and I remember one in the thirteenth be of the Odyssey, ver. 312, where he has spun twen verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoif he did not in other places of his notes insist so mu upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a stroaffectation of extracting new meanings out of author; insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming pa face, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed Homer; and perhaps he endeavoured to strain obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian; a fault for which he was remarkable in 1 original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboi-&c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from 📔 preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turand an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast, of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, show with what negligence his version was performed. that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spin that ammates his translation, which is something life what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstance he continually lops them, and often omits the mobesutiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation

doubt not many have been led into that error by the hortness of it, which proceeds not from his following be original line by line, but from the contractions bove mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similer and sentences; and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as

Onlby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has kft us only the first book, and a small part of the with in which if he has in some places not truly blerpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ment to be excused on account of the haste he was thiged to write in. He seems to have had too much neard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he randers from the original. However, had he transated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil: his version of whom notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble ad spirited translation I know in any language. But he fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: hough they are confessedly the first in the commonrealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated aly for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the entervour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the mose can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and tolemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspiculty; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity; not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, sor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither

to omit nor confound any rites or customs quity: perhaps too he ought to include the a shorter compass than has hitherto been detail translator who has tolerably preserved either 1 or poetry. What I would further recommend is, to study his author rather from his own 🖼 from any commentaries, how learned soever, ever figure they may make in the estimation world; to consider him attentively in compart Virgil above all the ancients, and with Mills all the moderns. Next these, the Archi-Cambray's Telemachus may give him the tru of the spirit and turn of our author; and admirable Treatise of the Epic Poem the justed of his design and conduct. But after all, wi ever judgment and study a man may proceed, whatever happiness he may perform such a t must hope to please but a few; those only at once a taste of poetry, and competent For to satisfy such a want either, is not in the of this undertaking; since a mere modern like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the pub whose opinions I am prepared to learn; theu no judges so little as our best poets, who sensible of the weight of this task. As for the whatever they shall please to say, they may some concern as they are unhappy men, but they are malignant writers. I was guided translation by judgments very different from and by persons for whom they can have no li if an old observation be true, that the strong pathy in the world is that of fools to men of w Addison was the first whose advice determ to undertake this task; who was pleased to me upon that occasion in such terms as repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Steele for a very early recommendation of m taking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted m

th that warmth with which he always serves his end. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel rth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the my friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of t Congreve, who had led me the way in translating be parts of Homer. I must add the names of Mr. we and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further portunity of doing justice to the last, whose good ture (to give it a great panegyric) is no less exane than his learning. The favour of these gentlein is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them true an affection. But what can I say of the mour so many of the great have done me; while first names of the age appear as my subscribers, the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of rung as my chief encouragers? Among these it a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest ligations are to such who have done most honour the name of poet: that his grace the Duke of ckingham was not displeased I should undertake author to whom he has given (in his excellent ay) so complete a praise :

\*Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need."

the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity has example: that such a genius as my Lord hingbroke, not more distinguished in the great mes of business, than in all the useful and enterming parts of learning, has not refused to be the tic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer: d that the noble author of the tragedy of "Heroic we" has continued his partiality to me, from my fitting pastorals to my attempting the Iliad. I not deny myself the pride of confessing, that I

have had the advantage not only of their advice the conduct in general, but their correction of seven

particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of bedistinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon; but it almost absurd to particularise any one generous actin a person whose whole life is a continued series them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of stawill pardon my desire of having it known that he in pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancelle gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a shoof his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends: to who all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence; and I satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their types.

than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ex-Homer wanted. He would have thought hime happy to have met the same favour at Athens the has been shown me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him those pompo honours he received after death, when I reflect on enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and em friendships, which make the satisfaction of life, distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it: shown to one whose pen has never gratified to prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities particular men. Whatever the success may prove. shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so man persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly useful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

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## THE ILIAD

## BOOK I

#### ARGUMENT

#### THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

h the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god; who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it; who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno: between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book: nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa,

and lastly to Olympus.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing! That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain; Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will
Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power Latona's son! a dire contagion spread, And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead; The king of men? his reverent priest defied, And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain His captive daughter from the victor's chain. Suppliant the venerable father stands; Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands: By these he begs; and lowly bending down, Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown. He sued to all, but chief implored for grace The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.

"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground. May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er Safe to the pleasures of your native shore. But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain, And give Chryseïs to these arms again; If mercy fail, yet let my presents move, And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove"

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare, The priest to reverence, and release the fair. Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride, Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in value.

Latona's son se Apollo.

King of men Agamemnon.
 Brother-kings. Menetaus and Agamemnon.

And age districts her from my cold embrace, and age districts her from my cold embrace, in daily labours of the loom employ'd, Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd. Hence then; to Argos shall the maid retire, far from her native soil and weeping sire."

The trembling priest along the shore return'd, And in the anguish of a father moorn'd. Disconsolate, not daring to complain, filent he wander'd by the sounding main; Till, afe at distance, to his god he prays, The god who darts around the world his rays.

"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
how guardian power of Cilla? the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
had whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or ted the flames with fat of oxen slain;
Bod of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."

Thus Chryses pray'd: the favouring power attends, and from Olympus' lofty tops descends. Belt was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound; herce as he moved, his silver shafts resound. Breathing revenge, a sudden night he suread. And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head, The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow, And hissing fly the feather'd fates below. On mules and dogs the infection first began; And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. For mine long nights, through all the dusky air, The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare. but ere the tenth revolving day was run, inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son Convened to council all the Greenan train: for much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Smintheus, an epithet taken from Smintbos, the Phrygian tame for a mouse, was applied to Apollo for having relieved that territory from a plague of mice.

103100, a town of Trops,

The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest, Achilles thus the king of men address'd.

"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would span"
The time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let alters smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied; Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide, That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view, The past, the present, and the future knew:

Uprising slow, the venerable sage

Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age: \* Beloved of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow? First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word Of sure protection, by thy power and sword: For I must speak what wisdom would conceal, And truths, invidious to the great, reveal, Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise, Instruct a monarch where his error lies; For though we deem the short lived fury past, Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last, To whom Pelides :-- "From thy immost soul Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control E'en by that god I swear who rules the day, To whom the hands the rows of Greece convey. And whose bless'd oracles thy lips declare: Long as Achilles breathes this vital air, No daring Greek, of all the numerous band, Against his priest shall lift an impious hand; Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led, The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

raged thus, the blameless man replies: lows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice. our chief, provoked the raging pest, vengeance for his injured priest, the god's awaken'd fury cease, rues shall spread, and funeral fires increase. great king, without a ransom paid, own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid. with added sacrifice and prayer, est may pardon, and the god may spare." prophet spoke : when with a gloomy frown march started from his shining throne; moler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire, m his eye-balls flash'd the living fire: accursed! denouncing mischief still, of plagues, for ever boding ill! ost that tongue some wounding message bring. III thy priestly prole provoke thy king? are Phæbus' oracles explored, the Greeks to murmur at their lord? with falsehood is my honour stain'd, en offended, and a priest profaned; my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold, evenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? unmatch'd in manners as in face, in each art, and crown'd with every grace; 🗗 so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms, erst her blooming beauties bless'd my arms. the gods demand her, let her sail; es are only for the public weal. be deem'd the hateful cause of all. fer, rather than my people fall. e, the beauteous prize, I will resign, ly valued, and so justly mine. s for common good I yield the fair, rate loss let grateful Greece repair; warded let your prince complain, alone has fought and bled in vain. te king (Achilles thus replies), the power, but fonder of the prize !

Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful preyshould in The due reward of many a well fought field?

The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain;
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ihon shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering power
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers"

Then thus the king : "Shall I my prize resign With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine? Great as thou art, and like a god in fight, Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. At thy demand shall I restore the maid? First let the just equivalent be paid; Such as a king might ask; and let it be A treasure worthy her, and worthy me. Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim This hand shall seize some other captive dame. The mighty A ax shall his prize resign; Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine. The man who suffers, loudly may complain; And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. But this when time requires. It now remains We launch a bark to plough the watery plains. And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores, With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars. Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, And some deputed prince the charge attend: This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil, Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will; Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain, Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main: Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage, The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!

What generous Greek, obedient to thy word, Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword? What cause have I to war at thy decree? The distant Trojans never injured me; To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led: Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed; Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main, And walls of rocks, secure my native reign, Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race. Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng, To avenge a private, not a public wrong: What else to Troy the assembled nations draws, But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? is this the pay our blood and toils deserve; Disgraced and injured by the man we serve? And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away, Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day? A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, As thy own actions if compared to mine. Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey, Though mine the sweat and danger of the day. Some trivial present to my ships I bear: Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more:

My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore: Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,

What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"
To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the god's distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy,
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength

bestow'd;
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.

Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away; Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway; I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate. Go, threat thy earth born Myrmidons. but here 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand, My bark shall waft her to her native land; But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare, Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, Thy loved Brise's with the radiant eyes. Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power; And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known, That kings are subject to the gods alone"

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd. His heart swell d high, and labour'd in his breast; Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled; Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd: That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord This whispers soft his vengeance to control, And calm the rising tempest of his soul. Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd, While half unsheathed appear'd the glittering blade, Minerva swift descended from above, Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove (For both the princes claim'd her equal care); Behind she stood, and by the golden hair Achilles seized: to him alone confess'd: A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest. He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries. Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:

"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,"
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atrens' son?—Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."

"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies), To culm thy fury I forsake the skies:

great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, reason yield the empire o'er his mind. wful Juno this command is given; king and you are both the care of Heaven. force of keen reproaches let him feel; sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel. I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power) r injured honour has its fated hour, en the proud monarch shall thy arms implore, bribe thy friendship with a boundless store. let revenge no longer bear the sway; mmand thy passions, and the gods obey. ber Pelides: "With regardful ear, just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear. d as it is, my veugeance I suppress se who revere the gods the gods will bless." • aid, observant of the blue eyed maid; in the sheath return'd the shining blade. goddess swift to high Olympus flies, joins the sacred senate of the skies. For yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, Mich thus redoubling on Atrides broke: monster! mix'd of insolence and fear, ou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer on wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare, wobly face the horrid front of war? ours, the chance of fighting fields to try; me to look on, and bid the valiant die: much 'tis safer through the camp to go, tob a subject, than despoil a foe. rarge of thy people, violent and base! k in Jove's anger on a slavish race; lo, lost to sense of generous freedom past, tamed to wrongs; or this had been thy last. 💓 by this sacred sceptre hear me swear, ich never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, tich sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee) The bare mountains left its parent tree; sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove osign of the delegates of Jove.

From whom the power of laws and justice springs (Tremendous oath ' inviolate to kings);
By this I swear: when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spreather purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave Forced to deplore when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke, and furious hurl'd against the ground His sceptre starr'd with golden stude around: Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age, Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage, Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd; Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd: Two generations now had pass'd away, Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway; Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, And now the example of the third remain'd. All view'd with awe the venerable man; Who thus with mild benevolence began:—

"What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy ! That adverse gods commit to stern debate The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state. Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain, Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain. A godlike race of heroes once I knew, Such as no more these aged eyes shall view! Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame, Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name; Theseus, endued with more than mortal might, Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight? With these of old, to toils of battle bred, In early youth my hardy days I led: Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds. And smit with love of honourable deeds,

of men, they pierced the mountain boar, e wild deserts red with monsters' gore, their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore: with soft persuasive arts I sway'd; tor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd. wouth, even these esteem'd me wise; oung warriors, hear my age advise. ize not on the beauteous slave: the Greeks by common suffrage gave: Achilles, treat our prince with pride; be just, and sovereign power preside. first honours of the war adorn, in strength, and of a goddese born; 👊 majesty exalts above sof earth, and sceptred sons of Jove mite with well-consenting mind, mthority with strength be join'd. O king! to calm Achilles' rage; thyself, as more advanced in age. gods! Achilles should be lost, of Greece, and bulwark of our host." id, he ceased The king of men replies: are awful, and thy words are wise. imperious, that unconquer'd soul, man limit, no respect control. pride must his superiors fall; the law, and he the lord of all? t our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey? can bear a rival in his sway? at the gods his matchless force have reproach a privilege from Heaven?"a the monarch's speech Achilles broke, aus, thus, and interrupting spoke: I well deserved thy galling chain, my slave, and still to serve in vain, submit to each unjust decree: thy vassals, but command not me. Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd. war, yet tamely see resumed :

And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The gods command me to forgive the past.
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou darest invaShall stream in vengeance on my recking blade."

At this they ceased: the stern debate expired

The chiefs in sullen majesty retired

Achilles with Patroclus took his way
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryse's placed,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced:
Safe in her sides the hecatom's they stow'd,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleansed; and cast the ablutions in the main
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid;
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."

The unwilling heralds act their lord's command.

Pensive they walk along the barren sands:

Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,

With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined.

At awful distance long they silent stand,

Loth to advance, and speak their hard command.

Decent confusion! This the godlike man

Perceived, and thus with accent mild began:

ith leave and honour enter our abodes, ared ministers of men and gods! your message; by constraint you came; ou, but your imperious lord I blame. lus, haste, the fair Briseis bring; et my captive to the haughty king. situess, beralds, and proclaim my yow, 💶 to gods above, and men below ! est, and loadest, to your prince declare hawless tyrant whose commands you bear), wed as death Achilles shall remain, th prostrate Greece shall bleed at every nging chief in frantic passion lost. to himself, and useless to his host, al'd to judge the future by the past, od and slaughter shall repent at last." coclus now the unwilling beauty brought; soft sorrows, and in pensive thought, silent, as the heralds held her hand. took'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand. his loss the fierce Achilles bore; d, retiring to the sounding shore, s wild margin of the deep he hung, kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:1 bathed in tears of anger and disdain. loud lamented to the stormy main parent goddess! since in early bloom n must fall, by too severe a doom; to so short a race of glory born, Jove in justice should this span adorn. ir and fame at least the thunderer owed: he pays the promise of a god, proud monarch thus thy son defies, tes my glories, and resumes my prize."

mother. Theus, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, who need by Neptune and Jupiter. But as she was destined a son who should be more powerful than his father, it lived to marry her to a mortal, and she became the wife

Far from the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores,
"Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He deeply sighing said "To tell my woe Is but to mention what too well you know From Thebe, sacred to Apollo's name 1 (Action's realm), our conquering army came, With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils: But bright Chryseis, heavenly prize! was led, By vote selected, to the general's bed. The priest of Phæbus sought by gifts to gain His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain: The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down, Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown, Intreating all; but chief implored for grace The brother kings of Atreus' royal race: The generous Greeks their joint consent declare, The priest to reverence, and release the fair; Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride, The sire insulted, and his gifts denied: The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care) To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer? A dreadful plague ensues, the avenging darts Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts. A prophet then, inspired by Heaven, arose, And points the crime, and thence derives the world Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline To avert the vengeance of the power divine; Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd; Incensed he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent, With offer'd gifts to make the god relent.

<sup>1</sup> Thebé was a city of Mysia, north of Adramythum.

But now he seized Brise's' heavenly charms, And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms, Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train; And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain. But, goddess ' thou thy suppliant son attend. To high Olympus' shining court ascend, Urge all the ties to former service owed, And sue for vengeance to the thundering god. Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast, That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal host, When bold rebellion shook the realn's above, The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove When the bright partner of his awful reign, The warlike maid, and monarch of the main, The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven, Durst threat with chains the omnipotence of Heaven. Then, call'd by thee, the monster Titan came (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name), Through wondering sk.es enormous stalk'd along; Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong: With grant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands, And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands: The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord. They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and adored. This, goddess, this to his remembrance call, Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall; Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train, To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main, To heap the shores with copious death, and bring The Greeks to know the curse of such a king. Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head O er all his wide dominion of the dead. And mouro in blood that e'er he durst disgrace The boldest warrior of the Grecian race." "Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies, hile tears celestial trickle from her eyes) Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes, To Fates averse, and nursed for future wees? So short a space the light of heaven to view !

So short a space ! and fill'd with sorrow too !

O might a parent's careful wish prevail, Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail, And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun Which now, alas I too nearly threats my son. Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow. Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far Behold the field, nor mingle in the war. The sire of gods and all the ethereal train, On the warm limits of the farthest main, Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race; Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite, Returning with the twelfth revolving light. Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the steep she plunged from whence she
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destined victims stow'd:
The sails they furl'd, they lash the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land;
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:

"Hail, reverend priest! to Phoebus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come.
Unransom'd, here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god who scatters darts around,
Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound."

At this, the sire embraced the maid again, So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.

Then near the altar of the darting king,

Disposed in rank their becatomb they bring;

ter purify their hands, and take and offering of the salted cake; has with arms devoutly raised in air, man voice, the priest directs his prayer: of the silver bow, thy ear incline, nower incircles Cilla the divine: secred eye thy Tenedos surveys, ds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays! to vengeance at thy priest's request, **excul** darts inflict the raging pest: ore attend! avert the wasteful woe, ile propitious, and unbend thy bow" hryses pray'd Apollo heard his prayer; the Greeks their hecatomb prepare; their horns the salted barley threw, th their heads to heaven, the victims slew : has they sever from the inclosing hide; ighs, selected to the gods, divide: e, in double cauls involved with art, micest morsels lay from every part. thinself before his altar stands, ne the offering with his holy bands, ne black wille, and sees the flames aspire; ath with instruments surround the fire: this thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd, stants part, transfix, and roast the rest: kes his seat, and each receives his share. now the rage of hunger was repress'd, ure libations they conclude the feast: aths with wine the copious goblets crown'd, leased, dispense the flowing bowls around : ymns divine the joyous banquet ends, ans lengthen'd till the sun descends . secks, restored, the grateful notes prolong; listens, and approves the song. inight; the chiefs beside their vessel lie, morn had purpled o'er the sky. anch, and hoist the mast . indulgent gales, by Phobus, fill the swelling snils;

The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay.
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sat
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning life. The gods had summon'd to the Olympian height: Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers. Leads the long order of ethereal powers. When, like the morning-mist in early day, Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea: And to the seats divine her flight address'd. There, far apart, and high above the rest, The thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds His hundred heads in heaven, and props the cloud Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced. "If e'er, O father of the gods! (she said) My words could please thee, or my actions aid, Some marks of honour on my son bestow, And pay in glory what in life you owe. Fame is at least by heavenly promise due To life so short, and now dishonour'd too. Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise! Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise; Till the proud king and all the Achaian race Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke; but Jove in silence held
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal d.
Not so repulsed, the goddess closer pressid,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear requirements.

re of gods and men' thy suppliant hear; or grant; for what has Jove to fear? declare, of all the powers above, ched Thetis least the care of Jove?" and; and, sighing, thus the god replies. rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies: \*hat hast thou ask'd? ah, why should Jove engage mign contests and domestic rage, eds' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms, I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? at the haughty partner of my sway calons eyes thy close access survey; ert in peace, secure thy prayer is sped: the sacred honours of our head. d that ratifies the will divine, thful, fix'd, irrevocable sign; inls thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows-" ke, and awful bends his sable brows, his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod, camp of fate and sanction of the god: heaven with trembling the dread signal took, Olympus to the centre shook. to the seas profound the goddess flies, his starry mansions in the skies. ning synod of the immortals wait ming god, and from their thrones of state silent, wrapp'd in holy fear, the majesty of heaven appear. ling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne, at the god's imperious queen alone: ad she view'd the silver-footed dame, **H** her passions kindled into flame. artful manager of heaven (she cries). now partakes the secrets of the skies? ano knows not the decrees of fate, the partner of imperial state. cavourite goddess then those cares divides, Jove in prudence from his consort hides?" Dis the thunderer . "Seek not thou to find red counsels of almighty mind :

Involved in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
The first of gods above, and men below;
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that represent the close recesses of my soul."

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd:—" Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?.
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destined course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen,
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce, mexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain."

Then thus the god: "O restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heaven resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice, the immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be,
Goddess, submit; nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand:
The united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove."

The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply:
A reverent horror silenced all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menaced, and the gods in awe:
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interposed the architect divine:
"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.

goddess-mother, with our sire comply, cak the sacred union of the sky: roused to rage, he shake the bless'd abodes, the red lightning, and dethrone the gods, ubmit, the thunderer stands appeased; racious power is willing to be pleased." Vulcan spoke . and rising with a bound, buble bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd, held to Juno in a cheerful way, dess (he cried), be patient and obey. 🙀 you are, if Jove his arm extend, but grieve, unable to defend. god so daring in your aid to move, his hand against the force of Jove? in your cause I felt his matchless might, headlong down from the ethereal height: all the day in rapid circles round; It the sun descended touch'd the ground: kless I fell, in giddy motion lost; inthians raised me on the Lemnian coast; raid, and to her hands the goblet heaved, 🐛 with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received; to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn, to his lips applied the nectur'd urn, n with awkward grace his office plies, mextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies, is the blest gods the genial day prolong, ambrosial, and celestial song. tuned the lyre: the Muses round voice alternate and the silver sound. time the radiant sun to mortal sight ading swift, roll'd down the rapid light: to their starry domes the gods depart, aining monuments of Vulcan's art: on his couch reclined his awful head, Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

#### BOOK II

#### ARGUMENT

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a decei vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the arm battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their was Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hope taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army discouraged by his absence, and the late plague as well by the length of time, contrives to make that of their to position by a stratagein. He first communicates his des to the princes in council, that he would propose a return the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the will host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they und mously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. detained by the management of U.ysses, who chast.ses insolence of Thersites The assembly is recalled, see speeches made on the occasion, and at length the adof Nestor followed, which was to make a general ma of the troops, and to divide them into their several nation before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely one day. The scene has in the Grecian camp, and up the sea-shore; towards the end it removes to Troy

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye, Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie: The immortals slumber'd on their thrones about All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove. To honour Thetis' son he bends his care, And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:

Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight, And thus commands the vision of the night.

"Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air, To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
But him in arms draw forth the embattled train, Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, e'en now 'tis given him to destroy The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend, At Jano's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er you devoted wall, And nodding llion waits the impending fall."

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and revered for age:
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king.

"(anst thou, with all a monarch's care oppress'd, O Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest? Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides, Directs in council, and in war presides, To whom its safety a whole people owes, To waste long nights in indolent repose. Monarch, awake ' 'tis Jove's command I bear; Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care. In just array draw forth the embattled train, Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain; E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy The lofty towers of wide extended Troy. For now no more the gods with fate contend, At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end, Destruction hangs o'er you devoted wall, And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall. Awake, but waking this advice approve, And trust the vision that descends from Jove."

The phantom said; then vanished from his sight, Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.

A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ; Riste in thought he sacks untaken Troy.

Vain as he was, and to the future blind,
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain I
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on a s limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw,
The embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied;
The starty falchion glitter'd at his side;
And last, his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.

Now rosy Morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king despatch'd his heralds with commandal
To range the camp and summon all the bands:
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a senate of the peers around:
The assembly placed, the king of men express'd.
The counsels labouring in his artful breast.

"Friends and confederates! with attentive en Receive my words, and credit what you hear. Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night. A dream divine appear'd before my sight: Whose visionary form like Nestor came, The same in habit, and in mien the same. The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head, 'And, dost thou sleep, O Atreus' son? (he said) Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides. Directs in council, and in war presides; To whom its safety a whole people owes, To waste long hights in indolent repose. Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear, Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care. In just array draw forth the embattled train, And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain; E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

per now no more the gods with fate contend, at Juno's suit the heavenly factious end. Sestruction hangs o'er you devoted wall, and nodding Ilion waits the impending fall, This hear observant, and the gods obey!' the vision spoke, and pass'd in air away. low, valiant chiefs! since heaven itself alarms, inite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms. but first, with caution, try what yet they dare, Forn with nine years of unsuccessful war, to move the troops to measure back the main, mine; and yours the province to detain." He spoke, and sat: when Nestor, rising said Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd). Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline, or doubt the vision of the powers divine; ent by great Jove to him who rules the host, erbid it, Heaven! this warning should be lost! neu let us haste, obey the god's alarms, and join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms." Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay resolve the council, and their chief obey: the sceptred rulers lead; the following host, our'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast. from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees Plustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees, olling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms. Vith deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms; waky they spread, a close embodied crowd, and o'er the vale descends the living cloud. o, from the tents and ships, a lengthen'd train reads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain: long the region runs a deafening sound; Seneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground. June thes before the messenger of Jove, nd shining soars, and claps her wings above. line sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud the monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd eon as the throngs in order ranged appear, and fainter niurmurs died upon the ear.

The king of kings his awful figure raised:
High in his hand the golden sceptre blazed;
The golden sceptre, of celestial flame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came
To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd;
The immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king recline. And artful thus pronounced the speech design "Ye sons of Mars; partake your leader's care Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war! Of partial Jove with justice I complain, And heavenly oracles believed in vain, A safe return was promised to our toils, Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spon-Now shameful flight alone can save the host, Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost. So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all! At whose command whole empires rise or fall. He shakes the feeble props of human trust. And towns and armies humbles to the dust. What shame to Greece a fruitful war to wage, Oh, lasting shame in every future age! Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow Repulsed and baffled by a feeble foe. So small their number, that if wars were com-And Greece triumphant held a general feast. All rank'd by tens, whole decades when they Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine. But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown, And Troy prevails by armies not her own. Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run. Since first the labours of this war begun . Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie. And scarce insure the wretched power to fly. Haste, then, for ever leave the Trojan wall! Our weeping wives, our tender children call

Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and cars employ,
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy."

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move. So roll the billows to the Icarian shore, From east and south when winds begin to roar, Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep The whitening surface of the ruffled deep. And as on corn when western gusts descend, Before the blast the lofty harvests bend. Thus o'er the field the moving host appears, With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears. The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling feet Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet; With long-resounding cries they urge the train To fit the ships, and launch into the main. They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise, The doubling clamours echo to the skies. E'en then the Greeks had left the hostile plain, And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain; But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd, And sighing thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid:

"Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire disgrace!
And leave unputush'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, shall Priam, and the adulterous spouse,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
Lie unrevenged on you detested plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmoved by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.
Haste, goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main."

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height Swift to the ships precipitates her flight. Clysses, first in public cares, she found, For prudent counsel like the gods renown'd: Oppress'd with generous grief the hero stood,
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
"And is it thus, divine Laertes' son,
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun),
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
Still unrevenged, a thousand heroes bleed!
Haste, generous Ithacus! prevent the shame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own resistless eloquence employ,
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy."

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid, Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obey'd:
Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand Received the imperial sceptre of command.
Thus graced, attention and respect to gain, He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train; Each prince of name, or chief in arms approved, He fired with praise, or with persuasion moved.

Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom bless
By brave examples should confirm the rest.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but resents our fears.
The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings."

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd or tamed with blows.
"Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye gods, what dastards would our host command!
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey."

With words like these the troops Ulysses ruled, The loudest silenced, and the hercest could.

ck to the assembly roll the thronging train, mert the ships, and pour upon the plain. armuring they move, as when old ocean roars, d heaves huge surges to the trembling shores; be groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound, b rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound. length the tumult sinks, the noises cease, a still silence lulls the camp to peace. bersites only clamour'd in the throng, quacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue: med by no shame, by no respect controll'd, candal busy, in reproaches bold . th witty malice studious to defame, ern all his joy, and laughter all his aim :at chief he gloried with licentious style lash the great, and monarchs to revile. igure such as might his soul proclaim; 🜬 eve was blinking, and one leg was lame : mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread, in hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head. teen to mankind his envious heart possess'd, bd much he hated all, but most the best: ysses or Achilles still his theme; at royal scandal his delight supreme, ing had he lived the scorn of every Greek, and when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak. erp was his voice, which in the shrillest tone, os with injurious taunts attack'd the throne. "Amidst the glories of so bright a reign, Lat moves the great Atrides to complain? thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames, te golden spoil, and thing the lovely dames. th all the wealth our wars and blood bestow, tents are crowded and thy chests o'erflow. us at full case in heaps of riches roll'd, hat grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold? , shall we march with our unconquer'd powers Greeks and I to Ilion's hostile towers. bring the race of royal bastards here, Troy to ransom at a price too dear?

But safer plunder thy own host supplies;
Say, wouldst thou seize some valuant leader's proof, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
Oh women of Achaia; men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:
From him he forced the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long."

Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs, In generous vengeance of the king of kings. With indignation sparkling in his eyes, He views the wretch, and steruly thus replies:

"Peace, factions monster, born to vex the state With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate: Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain. And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign. Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host. The man who acts the least, upbraids the most? Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring Nor let those lips profane the name of king. For our return we trust the heavenly powers; Be that their care; to fight like men be ours. But grant the host with wealth the general load, Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd? Suppose some hero should his spoils resign, Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine? Gods | let me perish on this hateful shore, And let these eyes behold my son no more; If, on thy next offence, this band forbear To strip those arms thou ill deservist to wear, Expel the council where our princes meet, And send thee scourged and howling through fleet."

and cowering as the dastard bends, ty sceptre or, his back descends: and banch the bloody tumours rise: spring starting from his haggard eyes; 👚 he sat, and shrunk 11. abject fears, wile visage wiped the sculding tears; his neighbour each express'd his thought: ds! what wonders has Ulysses wrought! ts his conduct and his courage yield! the council, glorious in the field. the rises in the crown's defence, me factious tongue of insolence, examples on offenders shown, ellence, and assert the throne. hus the general voice the hero praised, ng, high the imperial sceptre raised: syed Pallas, his celestial friend herald), bade the crowds attend. ting crowds in still attention hung, me wisdom of his heavenly tongue. dy thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke, thus the prudent hero broke: ppy monarch ' whom the Grecian race me deserting, heap with vile disgrace. at Argos was their generous vow: wheir voice, but ah! forgotten now: sturn, was then the common cry, 🚵 proud structures should in ashes lie. em weeping for their native shore; dd their wives or helpless children more? at but melts to leave the tender train, mhort mouth, endure the wintry main? ses removed, we wish our peaceful seat, ship tosses, and the tempests beat: may this long stay provoke their tears, as length of nine revolving years. eir grief the Grecian host I blame; hish'd! baffled! oh, eternal shame! time to Troy's destruction given. a faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.

What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear, And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air. Beside a fountain's sacred brink we raised Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed -Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around The alters heaved; and from the crumbling ground A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent; From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent. Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd. And curl'd around in many a winding fold; The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd: Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest; Herself the ninth; the serpent, as he hung, Stretch'd his black jaws and crush'd the crying your While hovering near, with miserable moan, The drooping mother wail'd her children gone. The mother last, as round the nest she flew. Seized by the beating wing, the monster slew; Nor long survived, to marble turn'd, he stands A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands. Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare Trust in his omen, and support the war. For while around we gazed with wondering eyes, And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice, Full of his god, the reverend Chalcas cried, 'Ye Greenn warriors! lay your fears aside. This wondrous signal Jove himself displays, Of long, long labours, but eternal praise. As many birds as by the snake were slain, So many years the toils of Greece remain: But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed; Thus spoke the prophet, thus the Fates succeed. Obey, ve Grecians with submission wait, Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.' He said: the shores with loud applauses sound, The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound, Then Nestor thus "These vain debates forbear. Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare. Where now are all your high resolves at last? Your leagues concluded, your engagements post?

Vow'd with libations and with victims then, Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men! While useless words consume the unactive hours, No wonder Troy so long resists our powers. Rise, great Atrides and with courage sway; We march to war, .f thou direct the way. But leave the few that dare resist thy laws, The mean deserters of the Grecian cause, To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares, And view with envy our successful wars On that great day, when first the martial train, Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main, Jove, on the right, a prosperous signal sent, And thunder rolling shook the firmament. Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife, Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife, Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear, And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear. Before that day, if any Greek invite Bis country's troops to base, inglorious flight, Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly, And die the dastard first, who dreads to die, But now, O monarch ' all thy chiefs advise ; Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise. Among those connecls, let not mine be vain; In tribes and nations to divide thy train: His separate troops let every leader call, Each strengthen each, and all encourage all. What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band, Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command, When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known, And what the cause of llion not o'erthrown; If fate resists, or if our arms are slow, If gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: "How much thy years excel In arts of counsel, and in speaking well."

O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree But ten such sages as they grant in thee;

Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,

And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!

But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates In fierce contention and in vain debates: Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws, By me provoked; a captive maid the cause: If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall 🌡 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast : And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste. His sharpen'd spear let every Greclan wield. And every Grecian fix his brazen shield, Let all excite the fiery steeds of war. And all for combat fit the rattling car, This day, this dreadful day, let each contend: No rest, no respite, till the shades descend; Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all: Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall; Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast, With the huge shield each brawny arm depress! Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw, And each spent courser at the chariot blow. Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay, Who dares to tremble on this signal day; That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur 👚 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows, That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar, And foam and thunder on the stony shore. Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend: With basty feasts they sacrifice, and pray, To avert the dangers of the doubtful day. A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed. To Jove's high altars Agamemuon led: There hade the noblest of the Grecian peers: And Nestor first, as most advanced in years. Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son, Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon; Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed; And Menelaus came, unbid, the last.

The chiefs surround the destined beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake:
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer;
To thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens hast fixed thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone!
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid you hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!"

Thus prayed the chief: his unavailing prayer Great Jove refused, and toss'd in empty air: The God averse, while yet the fumes arose, Prepared new toils, and doubled woes on woes. Their prayers perform'd the chiefs the rite pursue, the barley sprinkled, and the victim slew. The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide, the thighs, selected to the gods, divide. On these, in double cauls involved with art, The choicest morsels lie from every part, From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire, While the fat victims feed the sacred fire. The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd, The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest; Then spread the tables, the repast prepare, such takes his seat, and each receives his share. boon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd, The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd:

"Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms, and call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms; low seize the occasion, now the troops survey, and lead to war when Heaven directs the way."

He said; the monarch issued his commands; traight the loud heralds call the gathering bands; the chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide, in tribes and nations rank'd on either side. High in the midst the blue eyed virgin flies; rom rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;

The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blazed on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in got
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous art
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe reverge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove, The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above; The fires expanding, as the winds arise, Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies: So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields, A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields. Not less their number than the embodied cranes, Or milk-white swans in Asius' watery plains. That, o'er the windings of Cayster's springs, Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling win Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds, Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds Thus numerous and confused, extending wide, The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side: With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er, And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore Along the river's level meads they stand, Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land, Or leaves the trees, or thick as insects play, The wandering nation of a summer's day : That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours, In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers: From pail to pail with busy murmur run The gilded legious, glittering in the sun. So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood. Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins In close array, and forms the deepening lines. Not with more ease the skilful shepherd-swain Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain. The king of kings, majestically tall, Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all;

Like some proud bull, that round the pastures leads.
His subject herds, the monarch of the meads,
Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Leve o'er his eyes celestral glories spread,
And dawning conquest played around his head.
Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine!
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd

height,

And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,

We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,

But guess by rumour, and but boast we know,)

O say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,

Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came.

To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,

I throat of brass, and adamautine lungs.

Daughters of Jove, assist! inspired by you

The mighty labour dauntless I pursue;

What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,

Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing.

## THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS,

The hardy warriors whom Beeotia bred, Penelius, Leitus, Prothoënor, led: With these Arcestlaus and Clonius stand, Equal in arms, and equal in command These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields, and Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields, And Schoenes, Scholes, Græa near the main, and Mycalessia's ample piny plain; Those who in Peteon or Hesion dwell, Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell; Heleon and Hyle, which the springs o'erflow; And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low; Or in the meads of Haliartus stray, Or Thespia sacred to the god of day : Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves; Cope, and Thiebe, famed for silver doves:

For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nysa the divine;
And they whom Thebe's well-built walls inclose,
Where Myde, Eutresis, (orone, rose;
And Arne rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bæotia's utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.

To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule the undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Ascalaphus the strong.
Sons of Astyoche, the heavenly fair,
Whose virgin charms subdued the god of war:
(In Actor's court as she retired to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse resounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair;
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war:
From those rich regions where Cephisus leads
His silver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood
These, ranged in order on the floating tide,
Close, on the left, the bold Bæotians' side.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, O'lleus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send;
Opus, Calharus, and Scarphe's bands;
And those who dwell where pleasing
stands,

And where Boagrius floats the lowly lands, Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside: In forty vessels cut the yielding tide. Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
The Isteian fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
Bit with protended spears in fighting fields
Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen shields.
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main, Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain. (Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd, That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid, But from the teeming furrow took his birth, The mighty offspring of the foodful earth. Him Pallas placed amidst her wealthy fane, Adored with sacrifice and oxen slain; Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze, And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise.) No chief like thee, Menestheus Greece could yield. To marshal armies in the dusty field, The extended wings of battle to display, Or close the embodied host in firm array. Nestor alone, improved by length of days, For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course.

And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high Iræzene, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:

Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd:

And where fair Asmen and Hermom show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed;
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway:
In fourscore barks they plough the watery way.

The proud Mycene arms her martial powers, Cleone, Corinth, with imperial towers, Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain, And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign; And those who dwell along the sandy shore, And where Pellene yields her fleecy store, Where Helice and Hyperesia lie, And Gonocssa's spires salute the sky. Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band, A hundred vessels in long order stand, And crowded nations wait his dread command. High on the deck the king of men appears, And his refulgent arms in triumph wears; Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign, In silent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms. The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms: Phares and Brysia's valuant troops, and those Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose; Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd, Amyclæ, Laas, Augia's happy ground, And those whom Œtylos' low walls contain, And Helos, on the margin of the main: These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause, In sixty ships with Menelaüs draws: Eager and loud from man to man he flies, Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes; While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigen a's ever-fruitful land,
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arene her structures shows.

And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams inclose:
And Dorion, famed for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
The immortal Muses in their art defied.
The avenging Muses of the light of day
Deprived his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awaked the silver string.

Where under high Cyllene, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Apytus stood;
From Ripe, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Pheneau fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove;
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclined,
And high Emspe shook by wintry wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail the Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancœus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supplied by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors
bear:

The first to battle on the appointed plain, But new to all the dangers of the main

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join; Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine, And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose The Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows; Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came: The strength and glory of the Epean name. In separate squadrons these their train divide, Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide. One was Amphimachus, and Thalpius one; (Eurytus' this, and that Teatus' son;) Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line and great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas From the blest islands of the Echinades, In forty vessels under Meges move, Begot by Phyleus, the beloved of Jove -To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled, And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses follow'd through the watery road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.
With those whom Cephalenia's line inclosed,
Or till their fields along the coast opposed;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.

Those came next, Andremon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylené, and the Oleman steep,
And Chalcis, beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from the Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Œneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Œneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next, eighty barks the Cretan king commands, Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands; And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies, Or where by Phæstus silver Jardan runs; Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons. These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas,
From Rhodes, with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore
From Ephyr's walls and Selle's winding shore,

mighty towns in ruins spread the plain, w their blooming warriors early slain. ro, when to manly years he grew, uncle, old Licymnius, slew; s, constrain'd to quit his native place, un the vengeance of the Herculean race, he built, and with a numerous train ing exiles wander'd o'er the main; , many seas and many sufferings past, py Rhodes the chief arrived at last: in three tribes divides his native band. les them peaceful in a foreign land; ed and prosper'd in their new abodes thty Jove, the sire of men and gods; oy they saw the growing empire rise, owers of wealth descending from the skies. e ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore. , whom Agläe to Charopus bore, , in faultless shape and blooming grace, veliest youth of all the Grecian race; only match'd his early charms; w his troops, and small his strength in arms. : thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain, se Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain; hem the youth of Nisvrus repair, the strong, and Crapathus the fair; here Eurypylus possess'd the sway, eat Alcides made the realms obey: Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring, from the god by Thessalus the king. Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers, Alos, Alopé, and Trechin's towers: Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, bless'd emale beauty far beyond the rest. ity ships beneath Achilles' care, chaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear; lians all, though various in their name; me their nation, and their chief the same. w inglorious, stretch'd along the shore, ear the brazen voice of war no more;

No more the foe they face in dire array:
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthree
And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plunged in depth of car
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylace succeed, Itona, famous for her fleecy breed, And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens. The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes. Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowerets crown And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground. These own'd, as chief, Protesilas the brave, Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave: The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore. And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore: There lies, far distant from his native plain; Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain, And his sad consort beats her breast in vain. His troops in forty ships Podarces led. Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ; Nor he unworthy to command the host;

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
Where hills incircle Bobe's lowly lake,
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall.
Or proud folcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Eumelus, whom Alceste bore:
All Pelias' race Alceste far outshined,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The troops Methone or Thaumacia yields, Olizon's rocks, or Mehboea's fields, With Philocetees sail'd whose matchless art From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart. Seven were his ships; each vessel fifty row, Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow. But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,

A poisonous hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
W nom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
His forces Medon led from Leninos' shore,
Officus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

The Œchalian race, in those high towers contain'd, Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd, Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears, Or where Ithome, rough with rocks, appears, In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide, Which Podalirius and Machaon guide. To these his skill their parent-god imparts, Drune professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands.
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argissa, Polypætes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
Gyrtone's warriors; and where Orthe lies,
And Oloosson's chalky cliffs arise
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodame's embrace,
(That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypætes join'd in equal sway
Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who
freeze

Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silvery surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! from the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods!
Last, under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
(Prothous the swift, of ald Tenthredon's blood;)

Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny bod Obscures the glade, and node his shaggy brows; Or where through flowery Tempe Peneus stray (The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main; Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train

Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds, Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steed Enmelus' mares were foremost in the chase, As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race; Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow, And train'd by him who bears the silver bow. Fierce in the fight their nostrils breathed a flam Their height, their colour, and their age the sai O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car, And break the ranks, and thunder through the Ajax in arms the first renown acquired, While storn Achilles in his wrath retired: (His was the strength that mortal might exceed) And his the unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds: But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more; His troops, neglected on the sandy shore. In empty air their sportive javelins throw, Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow : Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand: The immortal coursers graze along the strand; But the brave chiefs the inglorious life deplored And, wandering o'er the camp, required their 🌬

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The shining armies sweep along the ground;
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wild field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Julius down the forky lightning from above,
On Arime when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning lossely.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear, Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid and The old consulting, and the youths around.

Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,
Who from Æsetes' tomb observed the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
The unwelcome message to the Phrygian king.

"Cose to consult the time for action calls."

"Cease to consult, the time for action calls; War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!

Assembled armies oft have I beheld;

But ne'er till now such numbers charged a field:

Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.

Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,

Amemble all the united bands of Troy;

In just array let every leader call

The foreign troops: this day demands them all!"

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,
Non stoods and aborious shake the trambling growth.

Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground:

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Amidst the plain, in sight of Ilion, stands A rising mount, the work of human hands; (This for Myrinne's tomb the immortals know, Though call'd Bateïa in the world below;) Beneath their chiefs in martial order here, The auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest, Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumy crest: In throngs around his native bands repair,

And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race, Anchises' son, by Venus' stolen embrace, Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove; (A mortal mixing with the queen of love;) Archilochus and Acamas divide The warrior's toils, and combat by his side. Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill,
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood,
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood;
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Graced with the presents of his shafts and box

From rich Apesus and Adrestia's towers,
High Teree's summits, and Pityea's bowers;
From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway;
Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to con
The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their door
Fate urged them on! the sire forewarn'd in value.

From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture land And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands. From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast, Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host: High on his car he shakes the flowing reins, His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plants.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd, March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground: In equal arms their brother leaders shine, Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pyrous lead their hosts, In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts; Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus real And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shore.

With great Euphemus the Cicomans move, Spring from Trozenian Ceus, loved by Jove. Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend, Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend From Axius' ample bed he leads them on, Axius, that laves the distant Amydon, Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rill

And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylamenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus', ever green,

And where Ægialus and Cromna lie, And lofty Sesamus invades the sky, And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers, Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band, Whom Odius and Epistrophus command, From those far regions where the sun refines The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train, And augur Ennomus, inspired in vain; For stern Achilles lopp'd his sacred head, Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake,
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war.
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor seized the golden prize

There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lie The valiant victor seized the golden prize. The forces last in fair array succeed, Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;

The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

## BOOK III

## ARGUMENT

## THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is ague upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention Hector) for the determination of the war. It is seen call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing Grecian leaders on the plain below to whom Helen an account of the chief of them. The kings on either take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat, duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome he is snattaway in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his ament. She then calls Helen from the walls, and bring lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Green demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance the articles.

The three-and twentieth day still continues through this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields by Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

Thus by their leaders' care each martial band Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land. With shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar, Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war: So when inclement winters vex the plain With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain. To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly, With noise, and order, through the midway stropigmy nations wounds and death they bring And all the war descends upon the wing, But silent, breathing rage, resolved and skill by mutual aids to fix a doubtful field, Swift march the Greeks, the tapid dust around Darkening arises from the labour d ground.

Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day.
So wrapp'd in gathering dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the vau, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came;
In form a god! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride:
His bended how across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung;
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain, He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain, Him Menclaus, loved of Mars, espies, I ith heart elated, and with joyful eyes: So joys a lion, if the branching deer, Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear; Eager he seizes and devours the slain, Press'd by bold youths and baying dogs in vain. Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound, In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground From his high chariot him, approaching near, The beauteous champion views with marks of fear, Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, And shuns the fate he well deserved to find. As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees, Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright, And all confused precipitates his flight: So from the king the shiming warrior flies, And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies,

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat, He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:

"Unhappy Paris ' but to women brave! So fairly form'd, and only to deceive! Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light Or died at least before thy nuptial rite! A better fate than vainly thus to boast, And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host. Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see Their fears of danger undeceived in thee! Thy figure promised with a martial air. But all they soul supplies a form so fair. In former days, in all thy gallant pride. When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow, And crowds stood wondering at the passing show. Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien, You met the approaches of the Spartan queen, Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize And both her warlike lords outshined in Helen's ev This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace, Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race; This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight; Or hast thou injured whom thou dar'st not right. Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe, Thy graceful form instilling soft desire, Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust, When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust: Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow Crush the dire author of his country's woe

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks:

"Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edged to wound, and still untired with blows
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strew the wasted plain.
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms

With which a lover golden Venus arms;

a moving speech, and pleasing outward show. wish can gain them, but the gods bestow. would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand, Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand; ten let a midway space our hosts divide. d, on that stage of war, the cause be tried : Paris there the Spartan king be fought, r beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought: 🕍 who his rival can in arms subdue, be the far, and his the treasure too. with a lasting league your toils may cease, Troy possess her fertile fields in peace; me may the Greeks review their native shore, ah famed for generous steeds, for beauty more." He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy, n with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, by the midst, athwart; and near the foe wanced with steps majestically slow. the round his dauntless head the Grecians pour Fir stones and arrows in a mingled shower. then thus the monarch, great Atrides, cried: forhear, ye warriors ' lay the darts aside : earley Hector asks, a message bears; know him by the various plume he wears." red by his high command the Greeks attend, b tumult silence, and the fight suspend. While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes either host, and thus to both applies: Mear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands, hat Paris, author of the war, demands. ar shining swords within the sheath restrain, d pitch your lances in the yielding plain. a in the midst, in either army's sight, dares the Spartan king to single fight; it wills that Helen and the ravish'd spoil, t caused the contest, shall reward the toil. these the brave triumphant victor grace, ad different nations part in leagues of peace. de spoke : in still suspense on either side h army stood : the Spartan chief replied :

"Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right A world engages in the toils of fight. To me the labour of the field resign: Me Paris injured; all the war be mine. Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms; And live the rest, secure of future harms. Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite, To earth a sable, to the sun a white, Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring Select to Jove, the inviolable king Let reverend Priam in the truce engage. And add the sanction of considerate age; His sons are faithless, headlong in debate, And youth itself an empty wavering state; Cool age advances, venerably wise, Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes; Sees what befell, and what may yet befall, Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear with rising hopes possess'd,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground;
Next, all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
Two heralds now, despatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite.

Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring The lamb for Jove, the inviolable king.

Meantime to beauteous Helen, from the skies. The various goddess of the rainbow files. (Like fair Laodice in form and face, The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race): Her in the palace, at her loom she found; The golden web her own sad story crown'd, The Trojan wars she weaved (herself the prize) And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes. To whom the goddess of the painted bow:

"Approach, and view the wondrous scene below."

Greek, and valuant Trojan knight, I late, and furious for the fight, Leir spears, or lean upon their shields: be war, and silent all the fields. and Sparta's king advance, ght to toss the heamy lance; n arms, the fate of combat tries, he motive, and thy charms the prize." a, the many-coloured maid inspires ad's love, and wakes her former fires; ry, parents, all that once were dear, thought, and force a tender tear, Mr face a snowy veil she threw, s sighing, from the loom withdrew. naids, Clymene and Æthra, wait footsteps to the Schan gate. the seniors of the Trojan race: s's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace.) the first; Thymostes at his side; Clytius, long in council tried; and Hicetaon, once the strong; the wisest of the reverend throng, rave, and sage Ucalegon. the walls and bask'd before the sun: o no more in bloody fights engage, prough time, and narrative with age, days, like grasshoppers rejoice, race, that send a feeble voice. an the Spartan queen approach'd the tower. wn'd resistless beauty's power: 🕯 . " No wonder such celestial charms ing years have set the world in arms; hing graces! what majestic mien! 👗 goddesa, and she looks a queen! O Heaven, convey that fatal face, destruction save the Trojan race." a old Priam welcomed her, and cried. my child, and grace thy father's side. plain thy Grecian spouse appears, and kindred of thy former years.

No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause;
The gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy
But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine!
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien.
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride."
Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair replied:

"Before thy presence, father, I appear,
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, are to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose fault it was to please!
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway.
My brother once, before my days of shame!
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!"

With wonder Priam view'd the godhke man, Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
"O bless'd Atrides! born to prosperous fate, Successful monarch of a nighty state! How vast thy empire! Of your matchless train What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain! In Phrygia once were gallant armies known, In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne, When godlike Mygaon led their troops of horse, And I, to join them, raised the Trojan force: Against the manlike Amazons we stood, And Sangar's stream run purple with their blood. But far inferior those, in martial grace.

And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race."

This said, once more he view d the warrior train. "What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plate

is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, gh great Atrides overtops his head. yet appear his care and conduct small; rank to rank he moves, and orders all, stately ram thus measures o'er the ground, master of the flock, surveys them round," ion Helen thus: "Whom your discerning eyes singled out, is Ithacus the wise; eren island boasts his glorious birth; ime for wisdom fills the spacious earth." tenor took the word, and thus began: reelf, O king! have seen that wondrous man a, trusting Jove and hospitable laws, proy he came, to plead the Grecian cause; it Menela is urged the same request;) touse was honour'd with each royal guest: w their persons, and admired their parts, brave in arms, and both approved in arts. the Spartan most engaged our view : es seated, greater reverence drew. m Atreus' son harangued the listening train, was his sense, and his expression plain, pords succinct, yet full, without a fault; woke no more than just the thing he ought, when Ulysses rose, in thought profound. modest eves he fix'd upon the ground; me unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand, raised his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand : when he speaks, what elocation flows! as the fleeces of descending snows, copious accents fall, with easy art; ing they fall, and sink into the heart! dering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise, cars refute the consure of our eyes." king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd) at chief is that, with giant strength endued, be brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest, Nofty stature, far exceed the rest? a the great, (the beauteous queen replied,) If a host . the Grecian strength and pride.

See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amid you circle of his Cretan powers.
Great as a god! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All vallant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought
vain:

Caster and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refused to sail the seas;
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause."

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom; Wrapt in the cold embraces of the temb; Adorn'd with honours in their native shore, Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town.
Bring the rich wine and destined victims down.
Idwas' arms the golden goblets press'd,
Who thus the venerable king address'd:
"Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris, thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measured lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who bis rival shall in arms subdue,
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace:
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare To join his milk-white coursers to the car; He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side; The gentle steeds through School's gates they good

t from the car descending on the plain, and the Grecian host and Trojan train, w they proceed: the sage Ulysses then e, and with him rose the king of men, wither side a sacred herald stands, wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands 🔐 the full urn ; then draws the Grecian lord cutlass sheathed beside his ponderous sword; the sign'd victims crops the curling bair; heralds part it, and the princes share; a loudly thus before the attentive bands calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands: O first and greatest power! whom all obey, to high on Ida's holy mountain sway, mal Jove! and you bright orb that roll east to west, and view from pole to pole! a mother Earth! and all ye living floods! rnal furies, and Tartarean gods, the dead, and horrid woes prepare perjured kings, and all who falsely swear ' ar, and be witness. If, by Paris slain, Menelaus press the fatal plann; dame and treasures let the Trojan keep, Greece returning plough the watery deep. by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed, This the wealth and beauteous dame decreed: appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, devery age record the signal day, if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield, nust revenge, and Mars decide the field." With that the chief the tender victims slew. d in the dust their bleeding bodies threw: vital spirit issued at the wound, left the members quivering on the ground. m the same urn they drink the mingled wine, add libations to the powers divine. bile thus their prayers united mount the sky, Sear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye gods on high! may their blood, who first the league confound, This wine, disdain the thirsty ground;

May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their lust be scatter'd as the dust!"
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refused, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharged with woes:
"Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer and what prince shall fall
Heaven only knows; for Heaven disposes all."

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd, But on his car the slanghter'd victims laid: Then seized the reins his gentle steeds to guide, And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose:
Next to decide, by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all

bands:
"Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount adored!
Whoe'er involved us in this dire debate,
O give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace."

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth, by tatal chance
Ordam'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the generous coursers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright.
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:

corslet his fair body dress'd, n and fitted to his softer breast; **at baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,** d the sword that glitter'd at his side: thful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; wing horse-hair nedded on his head; ared shield, a shining orb, he takes, his band a pointed javelin shakes. mal speed and fired by equal charms, extan hero sheathes his limbs in arms. round the lists the admiring armies stand, welins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band. the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance, with rage, and shake the threatening lance. ojan first his shining javelin threw; Atrides' ringing shield it flew, erced the brazen orb, but with a bound from the buckler, blunted, on the ground. rthen his massy lance prepares, be throw, but first prefers his prayers: 💏 me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust, 🔭 the Trojan gasping in the dust : the aggressor, aid my righteous cause. the breach of hospitable laws! example future times reclaim. ard from wrong fair friendship's holy name." s, and poised in air the javelin sent, h Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, mlet pierces, and his garment rends, ancing downward, near his flank descends. Trojan, bending from the blow, the death, and disappoints his foe: see Atrides waved his sword, and strook bis casque: the crested helmet shook; **atle** steel, unfaithful to his hand, **the fragments glitter'd on the sand.** ing warrior to the spacious skies his unbraiding voice and angry eyes: it vain in Jove himself to trust? thus the gods assist the just?

When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies;

The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies." Furnous he said, and towards the Grecian crew (Seized by the crest) the unhappy warrior drew; Struggling he follow'd, while the embroider'd thou That tied his helmet, dragg'd the chief along. Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy, But Venus trembled for the prince of Trov: Unseen she came, and burst the golden band; And left an empty helmet in his hand. The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw: The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view. Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart: The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds (For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds. Raised from the field the panting youth she led, And gently laid him on the bridal bed, With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews, And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews. Meantime the brightest of the female kind, The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclined; To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came, In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame. (She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.) The goddess softly shook her silken vest, That shed perfumes, and whispering thus address of

"Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls, Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls, Fair as a god; with odours round him spread, He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed; Not like a warrior parted from the foe, But some gay dancer in the public show."

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was moved;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she loved.
Fur Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and trembling, thus she said:

Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive? 'ud woman's frailty always to believe? w, to new nations must I cross the main, carry wars to some soft Asian plain? br whom must Helen break her second yow? That other Paris is thy darling now? Left to Atrides (victor in the strife), in odious conquest and a captive wife, Lence let me sail; and if thy Paris bear y absence ill, let Venus ease his care. handmaid goddess at his side to wait, Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state, e fix d for ever to the Trojan shore, his spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more. For me, to lawless love no longer led, scorn the coward, and detest his bed; dise should I merit everlasting shame, and keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame: III suits it now the joys of love to know, Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe." Then thus incensed, the Paphian queen replies.

Then thus incensed, the Paphian queen replies Obey the power from whom thy glories rise: should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly, rade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye. Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more The world's aversion, than their love before; Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the goddess of the Smiles and Loves.
Arrived, and enter'd at the palace gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then, all dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
Had placed the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away

Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say

"Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shan Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame? O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword. Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord? The boaster Paris oft desired the day. With Sparta's king to meet in single fray: Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite, Provoke Atrides, and renew the hight: Yet Helen hids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field."

The prince replies . "Ah cease, divinely fair, Nor add repreaches to the wounds I bear; This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power: We yet may vanquish in a happier hour. There want not gods to favour us above: But let the business of our life be love; These softer moments let delights employ, And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. Not thus I loved thee, when from Sparta's short My forced, my willing heavenly prize I bore, When first entranced in Cranae's isle I lay, Mix'd with thy soul, and all assolved away!" Thus having spoke, the enamour'd Phrygian bo Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy. Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms. And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield, The stern Atrides rages round the field: So some fell lion whom the woods obey, Roars through the desert, and demands is

Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy.
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Even those had yielded to a fee so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose,
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous fees!
Hear and attest! from Heaven with conque
crown'd,

Our brother's arms the just success have found

Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day."
He ceased; his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

# BOOK IV

#### ARGUMENT

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BAT

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Panto aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but by Machaon. In the meantime some of the Trojan traitack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in a parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and extine leaders, some by praises and others by reproof its particularly celebrated for his military discipline. That the joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day cont nues through this as through the book (as it does also through the two following, and alto the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly

field before Troy.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of go
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers en
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, disposed to tempt Saturnia's spleating waked the fury of his partial queen. "Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid, Imperial Juno, and the martial maid; But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far, The tame spectators of his deeds of war. Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight, The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight, Each danger wards, and constant in her care, Saves in the moment of the last despair.

or act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
tough great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.
ten say, ye powers! what signal issue waits
crown this deed, and finish all the fates!
all Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms
spare,

rouse the furies, and awake the war? would the gods for human good provide, rides soon might gain his beauteous bride, III Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow, ed through his gates the crowding nations flow. Thus while he spoke, the queen of heaven, enraged, d queen of war, in close consult engaged: ert they sit, their deep designs employ, meditate the future woes of Troy. ough secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast, prudent goddess yet her wrath suppress'd; 🚉 Juno, impotent of passion, broke sullen silence, and with fury spoke: "Shall then, O tyrant of the ethereal reign! schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain? we I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms, membled nations, set two worlds in arms? spread the war, I flew from shore to shore; s immortal coursers scarce the labour bore. length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends, Jove himself the faithless race defends; th as thou art to punish lawless lust, at all the gods are partial and unjust." The stre whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies. hs from his inmost soul, and thus replies: Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state ' that high offence has fired the wife of Jove? m wretched mortals harm the powers above, Let Troy, and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,

of you fair structures level with the ground? ste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire, set all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire! Let Priam bleed I if yet you thirst for more, Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore . To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given. Till vast destruction glut the queen of heaven So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy, When heaven no longer hears the name of Troy. But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate On thy loved realms, whose guilt demands their 🏗 Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay, Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way. For know, of all the numerous towns that rise Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies, Which gods have raised, or earth-born men enjoy None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy. No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race Still to our name their hecatombs expire, And alters blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the goddess rolled her radiant eyes. Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies: "Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, More dear than all the extended earth contains.

Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;

These thou mayst raze, nor I forbid their fall: Tis not in me the vengeance to remove ; The crime's sufficient that they share my love. Of power superior why should I complain? Resent I may, but must resent in vain. Yet some distinction June might require, Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire, A goddess born, to share the realms above, And styled the consort of the thundering Jove: Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny; Let both consent, and both by terms comply: So shall the gods our joint decrees obey, And heaven shall act as we direct the way. See ready Pallas waits thy high commands To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands: Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease, And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace"

The sire of men and monarch of the sky advice approved, and bade Minerva fly, solve the league, and all her arts employ make the breach the faithless act of Trov ed with the charge, she headlong urged her flight, al shot like lightning from Olympus' height. the red comet, from Saturnius sent Fright the nations with a dire portent, tatal sign to armies on the plain, trembling sailors on the wintry main,) ith sweeping glories glides along in air, shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair : tween both armies thus, in open sight, ot the bright goddess in a trail of light, Ath eyes erect the gazing hosts admire power descending, and the heavens on fire! The gods (they cried), the gods this signal sent, d fate now labours with some vast event : re seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares; re. the great arbiter of peace and wars." They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng shape a mortal,, pass'd disguised along. ke bold Laodocus, her course she bent, ho from Antenor traced his high descent, nidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found, be warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd; Phose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood, 1 Ith flaming shields in martial circle stood. him the goddess: " Phrygian! caust thou hear well timed counsel with a willing ear? hat praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart. midst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart? That gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain, my country's fee, the Grecian glory slain? men seize the occasion, dare the mighty deed, im at his breast, and may that aim succeed! ut first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow To Lycian Phæbus with the silver bow,

1. Esepus' flood. A river of Mysia.

And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay. On Zelia's altars, to the god of day." 1

He heard, and madly at the motion pleased, His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seized. 'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful to A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil. Who pierced long since beneath his arrows bled; The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, And sixteen palms his brow's large honours apread The workmen join'd, and shaped the bended horn And beaten gold each taper point adorns, This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends, Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends There meditates the mark; and couching low, Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow. One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose, Fated to wound, and cause of future woes: Then offers yows with hecatombs to crown Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends. Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends; Close to his breast he strains the nerve below, Till the barb'd points approach the circling bow; The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing; Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering at

But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour
The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power,
Pallas assists, and (weakened in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destined course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lined,
She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet dre
The folds it pierced, the planted linen tore,
And razed the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed

Zelia, a town of Tross, near Ida.

At this the king his generous joy express'd, And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast. "Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe To worth like thine! what praise shall we beston! To thee the foremost honours are decreed. First in the fight and every graceful deed. For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls, Though all the rest with stated rules we bound. Unmix'd, unmeasured, are thy goblets crown'd. Be still thyself, in arms a mighty name; Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame." To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd: "Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest. Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share. Thy firm associate in the day of war. But let the signal be this moment given: To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven. The field shall prove how perjuries succeed, And chains or death avenge the impious deed."

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pure.
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were ranged around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows
He dreads the impending storm, and drives his fe

To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, the embattled squadrons stoward With spears erect, a moving iron wood:

A shady light was shot from glummering shields,

And their brown arms obscured the dusky fields.

"() heroes! worthy such a dauntless train.
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain.
(Exclaim'd the king), who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.

gods but breathe in all the rest Durn in your exalted breast, our arms with just success be crown'd, coud walls he smoking on the ground. next the general bends his course; alts, and glories in his force); d Nestor ranks his Pylian bands, miring eloquence commands; t order sets his train in arms, wises, and the soldiers warms. mius, Hæmon, round him wait, and Pelagon the great. d chariots to the front assign'd, strength of war) he ranged behind; pace suspected troops supply, oth, nor left the power to fly; conand to "curb the fiery steed, infusion, nor the ranks exceed: 🗱 let none too rashly ride ; nor skill, but just in time, be tried : nce made, no warrior turn the rein, fall; a firm embodied train. a fortune of the field shall cast s charlot, mount the next in haste; practised to direct the car. javeling to provoke the war. refathers held this prudent course, meir ardour, thus preserved their force; these immortal conquests made, roud tyrants low in ashes laid. he master of the martial art. with transport great Atrides' heart. thou strength to match thy brave desires, second what thy soul inspires: years, that wither human race, apirits, and thy arms unbrace. hou wert, oh ever mightst thou be! lot of any chief but thee." \* experienced prince Atrides cried : coary locks, and thus replied :

Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale.
He spared but one to bear the dreadful tale,
Such Tydens was, and such his martial fire:
Gods! how the son degenerates from the sire!"

No words the godlike Dumed return'd, But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd: Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son; Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun:

"What needs, O monarch! this invidious praise? Ourselves to lessen, while our sire you raise? Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess Our value equal, though our fury less. With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall, And happier saw the sevenfold city fall, In impious acts the guilty father died; The sons subdued, for Heaven was on their side. Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame, Our glories darken their diminish'd name."

To him Tydides thus: "My friend, forbear; Suppress thy passion, and the king revere: His high concern may well excuse this rage, Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage: His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrowing And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own. Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite, "Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight."

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground Sprung from his car ' his ringing arms resound. Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar, Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war. As when the winds, ascending by degrees, First move the whitening surface of the seas, The billows float in order to the shore. The wave behind rolls on the wave before; Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise, Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies. So to the fight the thick battalions throng. Shields urged on shields, and men drove men alors sedate and silent move the numerous bands; No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands.

aly heard; with awe the rest obey, se god had snatch'd their voice away. the Trojans; from their host ascends I shout that all the region rends. a the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand thy folds, and wait the milker's hand, yow vales incessant bleating fills, the reply from all the neighbouring hills mours rose from various nations round, as the murmar, and confused the sound. at now joins, and each a god inspires, hars incites, and those Minerva fires, it around, and dreadful terror reign; word raging bathes the purple plain; dire sister of the slaughtering power, 🎎 her birth, but rising every hour, earce the skies her horrid head can bound, ta on earth, and shakes the world around; cons bleed, where'er her steps she turns, in still deepens, and the combat burns. hield with shield, with helmet helmet closed, our armour, lance to lance opposed, finst host with shadowy squadrons drew, inding darts in iron tempests flew, and vanguish'd join'd promiseuous cries, illing shouts and dying groans arise; reaming blood the slippery fields are dyed, inghter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. crents roll, increased by numerous rills, age impetuous, down their echoing hills the vales, and pour'd along the plain, wough a thousand channels to the main: ment shepherd trembling hears the sound, both hoste, and so their cries rebound. old Antilochus the slaughter led, 🔭 who struck a valiant Trojan dead . Echepolus the lance arrives, is high crest, and through his helmet drives: des eternal settle o'er his eyes.

So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood Him, the bold leader of the Abantian throng, Seized to despoil, and dragg d the corpse along But while he strove to tug the inserted dart, Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart. His flank, unguarded by his ample shield, Admits the lauce: he falls, and spurns the field. The nerves, unbraced, support his limbs no more The soul comes floating in a tide of gore. Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain. The war renews, the warriors bleed again. As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell;
Fair Simoisius, whom his mother bore
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care

And thence from Simois named the lovely boy. Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax alain, He falls, and renders all their cares in vain! So falls a poplar, that in watery ground Raised high the head, with stately branches crof (Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel, To shape the circle of the bending wheel,) Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely sprawith all its beauteous honours on its head There, left a subject to the wind and rain, And scoreh'd by suns, it withers on the plain Thus pierc'd by Ajax. Simoisius lies Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax, Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, loved by wise Ulysses, siew.
He drops the corpse of Simousius shun,
And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.

a saw Ulysses, and with grief enraged, ode where the foremost of the foes engaged; m'd with his spear, he meditates the wound, et to throw; but cautious look'd around, nck at his sight the Tro and backword drew, trembling heard the javelin as it flew. mief stood nigh, who from Ahydos came, Priam's son. Democoon was his name. weapon enter'd close above his ear. through his temples glides the whizzing spear . ith mercing shricks the youth resigns his breath. eye-balls darken with the shades of death ; nderous he falls; his clanging arms resound, I his broad buckler rings against the ground. Seized with affright the boldest foes appear; m godlike Hector seems himself to fear; w he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled; Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead .

Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height mes forth reveal'd, and animates the fight. tro ans, be bold, and force with force oppose; our foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes! re their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel: ur weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. we ye forgot what seem'd your dread before? great, the fierce Achilles fights no more." Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers, travid in terrors, roused the Trojan powers . hile war's herce goddess fires the Grecian foe. shouts and thunders in the fields below. on great Diores fell, by doom divine, warn his valour and illustrious line. broken rock the force of Pyrus threw, to from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew,) all on his ankle dropp'd the ponderous stone. wat the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone mine he tumbles on the crimson sands. ore his helpless friends, and native bands, d spreads for aid his unavailing hands.

The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death
His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went,
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near.
The Ætohan warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden waved his flaming falchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound;
The corpse now brenthless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor press d,
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrac And one the leader of the Epeian race; Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes, In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies. With copious slaughter all the fields are red, And heap'd with growing mountains of the death

Had some brave chief this martial scene beht By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field; Might darts be bid to turn their points away, And swords around him innocently play; The war's whole art with wonder had he seen, And counted heroes where he counted men.

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired. And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.

# BOOK V

### ARGUMENT

#### TILL ACTS OF DIOMED

Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the secures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, wohibits him from to itending with any of the former, ting Venus. Aneas oins Pindarus to oppose him arus is killed and Aneas in great danger but for the ance of Venus, who, as she is removing her so, from 19th, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apillo ids her in his rescue and at length carnes off Aneas troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus rallies the Trojans and assists Hector to make a lift the meantime Aneas is restored to the field and overthrow several of the Greeks, among the rest control is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva and to resist Mars, the latter incites Diomed to go at that god, he wounds him, and sends him groaning aven.

fe first battle continues through this book. The scene

Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
with her force, and warms with all her fires,
e the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
crown her hero with distinguish'd praise
on his helm celestial lightnings play,
camy shield emits a living ray;
mwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
the red star that fires the autumnal skies,
a fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
bathed in ocean, shoots a keener light.
glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:

Onward she drives him, furious to engage, Where the fight burns, and where the thickest re The sons of Dares first the combat sought. A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault; In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led, The sons to toils of glorious battle bred; These singled from their troops the fight maintain These, from their steeds, Tydides on the plain. Fierce for renown the brother-chiefs draw near. And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course And spent in empty air its erring force Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain, But pierced his breast, and stretch'd him on the plan Seized with unusual fear, Ideus fled, Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead. And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid, He too had sunk to death's eternal shade: But in a smoky cloud the god of fire Preserved the sou, in pity to the sire. The steeds and charrot, to the navy led, Increased the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view; When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva press'd

The god of battles, and this speech address'd:

"Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fal
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide:
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of Heaven's avenging sire."

Her words allay the impetuous warrior's heat, The god of arms and martial maid retreat; Removed from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bound. They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue, And some bold chieftam every leader slew. First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand. His death enumbed by Atrides hand:

As he to flight his wheeling car address'd, The speedy javelin drove from back to breast. In dust the mighty Halizonian lay, His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
Whom Borus sent his son and only joy)
From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierced his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase, In woods and wilds to wound the savage race; Diana taught him all her sylvan arts, To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts: But vainly here Diana's arts he tries, The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent, Through his broad back and heaving bosom went: Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound, His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untiniely fell: Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell. Thy father's skill, O Phereclus! was thine, The graceful fabric and the fair design; For loved by Pallas, Pallas did impart To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. Beneath his band the fleet of Paris rose, The fatal cause of all his country's woes; But he, the mystic will of Heaven unknown, Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own The hapless artist, while confused he fled, The spear of Merion mingled with the dead. Through his right hip, with forceful fury cast, Between the bladder and the bone it pass'd; Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries, And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedeus fied, Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed, Whose generous spouse, Theanor, heavenly fair, Nursed the young stranger with a mother's card How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;

Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glice And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then died Hypsenor, generous and divine, Sprung from the brave Dolopson's niighty line, Who near adored Scamander made abode, Priest of the stream, and honoured as a god. On him, amidst the flying numbers found, Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound; On his broad shoulders tell the forceful brand, Thence glancing downwards, lopp'd his holy had Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing said Down sunk the priest the purple hand of deat Closed his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breat

Thus toil'd the chiefs/in different parts engage In every quarter/perce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek / amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the ranks/he thunders o'er the plice Now here, now there he darts from place to place Pours on the rear or hightens in their face. Thus from high hills the torrents swift and stres Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles/the rushing wave resound O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bound The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyarus, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sharry sneets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So raged Tydides, boundless in his ire, Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire. With grief the leader of the Lycian band Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand: His bended bow against the chief he drew; Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew, Whose forky point the hollow breastplate tore, Deep in his shoulder pierced, and drank

gore:

ing stream his brazen armour dyed, proud archer thus exulting cried : er, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds! ar hand the bravest Grecian bleeds, the deathful dart he can sustain; os urged me to these fields in vain." he, boastful, but the winged dart nort of life, and mock'd the shooter's art. ded chief, behind his car retired. ing hand of Sthenelus required, a his seat he leap'd upon the ground, d the weapon from the gushing wound, the king his guardian power address'd, **de** current wandering o'er his vest : geny of Jove! unconquer'd maid! godlike sire deserved thy aid, alt thee in the fighting field; dess, now, thy sacred succour yield. y lance to reach the Irojan knight, now wounds the chief thou guard st in fight: be boaster grovelling on the shore, into these eyes shall view the light no more." hay'd Tydides, and Minerva heard, 🐷 confirm d, his languad spirits cheer'd ; each limb with wonted vigour light; mg bosom claim'd the promised fight, (she cried), in every combat shine, by province, thy protection mine; the fight, and every foe control; h paternal virtue in thy soul: wells thy boiling breast, infused by me. thy godlike father breathes in thee; from mortal mists I purge thy eyes, to view the warring deities thou shun, through all the embattled plain; strive where human force is vain mingle in the martial band, thou wound: so Pallas gives command." hat, the blue-eyed virgin wing'd her flight; rush'd impetuous to the fight:

With tenfold ardour now invades the plain, Wild with delay, and more enraged by pain. As on the fleecy flocks when hanger calls, Amidst the field a brindled lion falls: If chance some shepherd with a distant dart The savage wound, he rouses at the smart, He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay. But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey; Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the grow Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound. Not with less fury stern Tydides flew; And two brave leaders at an instant slow: Astynoùs breathless fell, and by his side, His people's pastor, good Hypenor, died; Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives, Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves. Those slain he left, and sprung with noble rage Abas and Polyïdus to engage; Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old, Could fate foresee, and mystic dreams unfold; The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain. And the sad father tried his arts in vain: No mystic dream could make their fates appear, Though now determined by Tydides' spear.

Young Xanthus next, and Thom felt his rage; The joy and hope of Phenops' feeble age: Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs Of an his labours and a life of cares. Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming year. And leaves the father unavailing tears: To strangers now descends his heapy store, The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glittering in arms and combat side by side.
As when the lordry hon seeks his food
Where grazing helfers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the grounds
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued; through the thick storm of singing spears he flies, exploring Pandarus with careful eyes. it length he found Lycaon's mighty son; whom the chief of Venus' race begun: "Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now, thy winged arrows and unerring bow, thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame, and boasted glory of the Lycian name? pierce that mortal! if we mortal call that wondrous force by which whole armies fall; Or god incensed, who quits the distant skies To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice; Which, oh avert from our unhappy state! for what so dreadful as celestial hate?) whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer; tnan, destroy; if god, entreat to spare." To him the Lycian "Whom your eyes behold, If right I judge, is Diomed the bold ' ach coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field. towers his helmet, and so flames his shield. If the a god, he wears that chief's disguise 🔐 if that chief, some guardian of the skies, involved in clouds, protects him in the fray, and turns unseen the frustrate dart away. wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell, The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell; and, but some god, some angry god withstands, His fate was due to these unerring hands. skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war, Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car. co polish'd chariots I possess'd at home, And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome: there veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand; And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command. The good old warrior bade me trust to these, When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas; in fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, and through the ranks of death triumphant ride. But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclined,
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unkne
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town;
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

"Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore; These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more. Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found, And undissembled gore pursued the wound. In vain they bleed; this unavailing bow. Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe. In evil hour these bended horns I strung, And seized the quiver where it idly hung. Cursed be the fate that sent me to the field. Without a warrior's arms, the spear and slueld! If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain, If e'er I see my spouse and sire again. This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames."

To whom the leader of the Dardan race: "Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour d gift disgrace. The distant dart be praised, though here we need The rushing chariot and the bounding steed. Against you hero let us bend our course, And, hand to hand, encounter force with force. Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight; Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase, To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race; Secure with these, through fighting fields we go; Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe. Haste, seize the whip, and anatch the guiding rem The warmor's fury let this arm sustain; Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline, Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine."

"O prince! (Lycaon's valuant son replied)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practised to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and unswer to thy hand.

But, if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight;
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine he the guidance, then, with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the field."

And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war;
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espied,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great I'vdides cried:

"O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see.

Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:

Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,

And great Eneas, sprung from race divine!

Enough is given to tame. Ascend thy car!

And save a life, the bulwark of our war."

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,

Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke:

\*\* Me dost thou bid to shan the coming fight? Me wouldst thou move to base, inglorious flight? anow, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear, Nor was Tydides born to tremble here, I rate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance, And the long distance of the flying lance; But while my nerves are strong, my force entire, Thus front the fue, and emulate my sire Nor shall you steeds, that fierce to fight convey Those threatening heroes, bear them both away; One chief at least beneath this arm shall die: So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly. But if she dooms, and if no god withstand, That both shall fall by one victorious hand; Then heed my words my horses here detain, Fix d to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed, And seize the coursers of ethereal breed: The race of those, which once the thundering god For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd, The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run, Seneath the rising or the setting sun.

Hence great Anchises stole a breed unknown,
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our
known."

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on, And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun

"Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain asset

The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd."

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and for On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung. Pierced the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung, "He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster or Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!" "Mistaken vaunter! (Diomed replied;) Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be tried; Ye'scape not both; one, headlong from his car, With hostile blood shall glut the god of war."

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierced a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fix'd;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he fails, his helmet knocks the ground:
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound:
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies, His spear extending where the carcass hes; Watchful he wheels, protects it every way, As the grim hon stalks around his prey O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, He hides the hero with his mighty shade, And threats aloud! the Greeks with longing eyes Behold at distance, but forbear the prize. Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.

ot two strong men the enormous weight could raise. ach men as live in these degenerate days. Se swung it round; and, gathering strength to throw, Pischarged the ponderous ruin at the foe. There to the hip the inserted thigh unites, all on the bone the pointed marble lights; Parough both the tendons broke the rugged stone. and stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone ank on his knees, and staggering with his pains, is falling bulk his bended arm sustains; lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies; a sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes. where the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd. Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade, But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love the bore Anchises in the Idean grove, tis danger views with anguish and despair, and guards her offspring with a mother's care. about her much-loved son her arms she throws, Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows. creen'd from the foe behind her shining veil, the swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail ' see through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight. Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands, semain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:

lis panting steeds, removed from out the war.

le fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.

Lext, rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains the heavenly coursers with the flowing manes:

these in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd, the longer now a Trojan lord obey'd that charge to bold Deïpylus he gave, whom most he loved, as brave men love the brave, then mounting on his car, resumed the rein, and follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravished from his eyes)

the raging chief in chase of Venus flies:
So goddess she. commission'd to the field,
like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,

Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall, While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall; He knew soft combats suit the tender dame, New to the field, and still a fee to fame. Through breaking ranks his furious course he ben And at the goddess his broad lance extends: Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove: Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned, And the transparent skin with crimson stam'd, From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd. Such stream as issues from a wounded god: Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood! Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood (For not the bread of man their life sustains. Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins:) With tender shricks the goddess fill'd the place. And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace Him Phœbus took , he casts a cloud around The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies? The king insults the goddess as she flies: "Ill with Jove's daughter bloody tights agree, The field of combat is no scene for thee: Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair. Taught by this stroke renounce the war's alarms, And learn to tremble at the name of arms."

Tydides thus. The goddess, seized with dread, Confused, distracted, from the conflict fled. To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew, Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew. The queen of love with faded charms she found, Pale was her cheek, and had look'd the wound. To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way; Far, on the left, with clouds involved he lay; Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore. And, rem'd with gold, his foaming steeds before Low at his knee, she begg'd with streaming eyes Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,

wd the wound by fierce Tydides given. u man, who dares encounter Heaven. ers attentive hears the queen complain, her hand commits the golden rein; ints the seat, oppress'd with silent woe. by the goddess of the painted bow. resounds, the rapid chariot flies, moment scales the lofty skies: pop'd the car, and there the coursers stood. air lris with ambrosial food; er mother, love's bright queen appears, med with anguish, and dissolved in tears. ed her in her arms, beheld her bleed, **Id** what god had wrought this guilty deed? the . "This insult from no god I found, ous mortal gave the daring wound : the deed of haughty Diomed! the son's defence the mother bled. with Troy no more the Grecians wage; the gods (the immortal gods) engage." then: "Thy wrongs with patience bear, **the those griefs inferior powers must share:** er'd woes mankind from us sustain, with woes afflict the gods again. aty Mars in mortal fetters bound, ed in brazen dungeons underground, teen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain: Lebualtes held the chain: had perish'd had not Hermes' care 💶 the groaning god to upper air. no's self has borne her weight of pain, erial partner of the heavenly reign; you's sou infix'd the deadly dart, with anguish her immortal heart. I's grim king Alcides' power confess'd, 🐧 found entrance in his iron breast ; high palace for a cure he fled. In his own dominions of the dead:

Amphitryon's son, Hercules

Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around, Assuaged the glowing pangs, and closed the work Rash, impious man! to stain the bless'd abodes, And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!

"But thou (though Pallas urged thy frantic de Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed, Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contains Short is his date, and soon his glory ends; From fields of death when late he shall retire, No infant on his knees shall call him sire. Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found, To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground; Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair, Starting from sleep with a distracted air, Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore. The brave, the great, the glorious now no more

This said, she wiped from Venus' wounded pale.
The sacred ichor, and infused the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey d,
And thus to Jove began the blue-eyed maid

"Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell, As late she tried with passion to inflame. The tender bosom of a Grecian dame; Allured the fair, with moving thoughts of joy, To quit her country for some youth of Troy; The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound. Razed her soft hand with this lamented wound."

The sire of gods and men superior smiled,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
"Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars;
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charge of Mars and Pailas leave the deeds of arms."

Thus they in heaven while on the plain below The fierce Tydides charged his Dardan foe, Flush'd with celestial blood pursued his way, And fearless dared the threatening god of day;

<sup>1</sup> Ægsall, daughter of Adrastus.

Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:

"O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
How vast the difference of the gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth"

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires:
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phæbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latons there and Phæbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom raised, the same in shape and show
If the great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars are waged,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engaged.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And calling Mars, thus urged the raging god:

"Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall; Who bathest in blood, and shakest the embattled wall, Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes Despatch you Greek, and vindicate the gods. First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage; Me next he charged, and dares all heaven engage. The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal sire, His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire."

The god of battle issues on the plann, Stors all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train; In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide, Enraged to Troy's retiring chiefs he cried:

"How long, ve sons of Priam will ye fly,

Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy!
Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound.
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part.
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's hear.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,

And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address "Say, chief, is all thy aucient valour lost? Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious h That propp'd aloue by Priam's race should stand Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand? Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends. And the proud vaunt in just derision ends. Remote they stand while alien troops engage. Like trembling hounds before the lion's raze Far distant hence I held my wide command. Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land: With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) bless'de A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast; With those I left whatever dear could be: Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me: Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer, And long to meet this mighty man ye fear; While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave Their wives, their infants, and their altars save. Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd Or one vast burst of all involving fate Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prev. Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight; These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by ni With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose: Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy for

Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears. But just reproof with decent silence bears. From his proud car the prince impetuous spring. On earth he leaps, his brazen armour rings. Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands. Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands.

Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight, And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. They turn, they stand; the Greeks their fury dare, Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain Streads the wide fan to clear the golden grain, And the light chaff, before the breezes borne, Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn; The grey dust, rising with collected winds, Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds: So white with dust the Grecian host appears, From trampling steeds, and thundering charjoteers: The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise, And roll in smoking volumes to the skies. Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield, And adds new horrors to the darken'd field -Pleased with his charge, and ardent to fulfil, In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will; Soon as from fight the blue-eyed maid retures, Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires. And now the god, from forth his sacred fane, Produced Æneas to the shouting train; Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around, Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound; Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day No pause of words admits, no dull delay; Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims, Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames,

And great Ulysses, bathed in hostile blood.

Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.

Unmoved and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate
bu when the embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;

When now the North his boisterous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element:
The low hung vapours, motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;

Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispersed and broken through the ruffled skies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train;
From troop to troop he toils through all the plate.
'Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear.
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;

The brave live glorious, or lamented die; The wretch who trembles in the field of fame, Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance.

Eneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shift
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way
The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade, In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid, Whose sire, Diocleus, wealthy, brave and great, In well built Pherm 1 held his lofty seat: Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous stream, that vit Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields. He got Orsilochus, Diocleus he, And these descended in the third degree. Too early expert in the martial toil, In sable ships they left their native soil, To avenge Atrides: now, untimely slam, They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain. So two young mountain lions, nursed with blood In deep recesses of the gloomy wood, Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll d Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold.

<sup>1</sup> Phere, a town of Pelasgiotis, in Thessaly

Till pierced at distance from their native den, O'erpowered they fall beneath the force of men. Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay, Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they. Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes, Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; Mars urged him on; yet, ruthless in his hate, The god but urged him to provoke his fate. He thus advancing, Nestor's valuant son Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own; Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be

And all his country's glorious labours vain.

Already met, the threatening heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First, Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled, Who sheathed in brass the Paphlagonians led. Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood; Fix'd in his throat the javelin drank his blood. The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight His flying coursers, sunk to endless night; A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown: His bended arm received the falling stone; From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins, Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains: Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound; He groaus in death, and ponderous sinks to ground: Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air, Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet: The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet. Great Hector saw, and, raging at the view.

Pours on the Greeks : the Trojan troops pursue :

He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies,
Mars, stern destroyer! and Beilona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shined
Now storm'd before him, and now raged behind.

Tydides paused amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey take
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious 'cross the wanderer's way,
Confused he stops, a length of country pass'd,
Eyes the rough waves, and tired, returns at last.
Amazed no less the great Tydides stands:
He stay'd, and turning thus address'd his bands:

"No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field; His strokes they second, and avert our spears: Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears! Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow; Retire, but with your faces to the foe. Trust not too much your unavailing might; "Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight."

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew. And first two leaders valiant Hector slew: His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found. In every art of glorious war renown'd; In the same car the chiefs to combat ride, And fought united, and united died. Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes. His massy spear with matchless fury sent, Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went; Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd, With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd; But fate resistless from his country led The chief, to perish at his people's head.

And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax spring;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd.

A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd:
Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he press'd,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the showering darts denied.
To spoil his glittering arms, and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Tal in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forced he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,¹ l'rged by the force of unresisted fate, Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove , Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove. Sheathed in bright arms each adverse chief came on, Jove's great descendant, and his greater son. Prepared for combat, ere the lance he toss'd, The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far. To tremble at our arms, not mix in war! Know thy vain self, nor let their flattery move. I ho style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove. How far unlike those chiefs of race divine, How vast the difference of their deeds and thine Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell control. Troy felt his arm, and you proud ramparts stand Raised on the ruins of his vengeful hand. With six small ships, and but a slender train, He left the town a wide-deserted plain. But what art thou, who deedless look'st around, While unrevenged thy Lycians bite the ground! small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be, But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me Pierced by my spear, to endless darkness go! I make this present to the shades below."

<sup>1</sup> Thepolemus, son of Hercules and Astyochia.

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king replied:
"Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Tro an et
Whose perjured monarch well deserved his late!
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,
false he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief defied,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign."

He said: both javelins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew.
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath But Jove was present, and forbade the death. Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng, The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. (His friends, each busied in his several part, Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the date The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired; Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired; Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew. But heaven and fate the first design withstand. Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand. Minerva drives him on the Lycian train; Alastor, Cronius, Halius, strew'd the plain, Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell. And numbers more his sword had sent to hell. But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight, Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight. With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, And, faint, lamenting, thus implored the chief !

"O suffer not the fee to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
If I, unbless'd, must see my son no more,
My much-loved consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall."

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade, His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid: Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh, Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh. The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight, And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night, But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath, Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace.
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and even retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars' and Hector's hand,
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
Tenthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For managed steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground;
Next Œnomaus and Œnops' offspring died;
Oresbus last fell groaning at their side:
Oresbus, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hylè's watery plain;
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-eyed maid.
"Oh, sight accursed! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaus given
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall,

If warring gods for ever guard the wall!

Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!" She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car At her command rush forth the steeds div.ne: Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine, Bright Hebè waits; by Hebè, ever young, The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel Of sounding brass; the polished axle steel. Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame; The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame, buch as the heavens produce; and round the gold Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd The bossy naves of solid silver shone: Braces of gold suspend the moving throne The car, behind, an arching figure bore; The bending concave form'd an arch before. Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold, And golden rems the immortal coursers hold. Herself, impatient, to the ready car, The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied, With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified. (The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove,) Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove. Now heaven's dread arms her mighty lambs invest Jove's currass blazes on her ample breast: Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field, O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield, Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold : Here all the terrors of grim War appear, Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear, Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd, And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd. The massy golden helm she next assumes. That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes So sast, the broad circumference contains A hundred armies on a hundred plains.

ess thus the imperial car ascends; her arm the mighty javelin bends, is and huge; that when her fury burns. rants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. at the scourge the ethereal coursers fly, amouth chariot cuts the liquid sky. gates spontaneous open to the powers, golden gates, kept by the winged Hours: don'd in alternate watch they stand, bright portals and the skies command, in clouds the eternal gates of day, dark barrier roll with ease away. ading hinges ring on either side my volumes, pierced with light, divide. Not mounts, where deep in ambient skies, . Olympus' hundred heads arise; apart the Thunderer fills his throne. the gods superior and alone. th her snowy hand the queen restrains steeds, and thus to Jove complains: to! can no resentment touch thy soul? 😘 rebel, and does no thunder roll? rless rage on you forbidden plain, and what heroes slain! ad Phæbus with the dreadful bow. the slaughter, and enjoy my woe. Lous power! whose unrelenting mind n govern, and no justice bind. ty father | shall we scourge this pride, re from fight the impetuous homicide? com assenting, thus the Thunderer said: ad the great Minerva be thy aid. the monster-god Mmerva knows, afflicts his brutal breast with woes." d : Satarnia, ardent to obey, white steeds along the serial way. n the steep of heaven the chariot rolls, the expanded earth and starry poles. hepherd, from some point on high. wide main extends his boundless eve:

Through such a space of air, with thundering so.
At every leap the immortal coursers bound:
Troy now they reach'd and touch'd those banks div
Where silver Simois and Scamander join.
There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unlocet
Of air condensed a vapour circumfused:
For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand
Such was their look as lions bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud;
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs.
Whose throats surpass'd the force of fifty tongue

"Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame.
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engaged.
While fierce in war divine Achilles raged;
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd; While near Tydides stood the Athenian maid; The king beside his pauting steeds she found, O'erspent with toil reposing on the ground, To cool his glowing wound he sat apart, (The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart.) Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend, Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend. Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay. He eased; and wash'd the clotted gore away. The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke, Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:

"Degenerate prince and not of Tydeus' kind Whose little body lodged a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,
And scarce refran'd when I forbade the wax

Alone, unguarded, once he dared to go,
And feast, incircled by the Theban foe;
There braved, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins."

The chief thus answered mild: "Immortal maid!

I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.

Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains.

Nor sloth hath seized me, but thy word restrains. From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear, And Venus only found resistance here. Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands, Leth Leave way and warp'd our Arrive hands:

Lath I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field "

Then thus Minerva. "Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.
I'll on the god impel thy foaming horse 'Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And every side of wavering combat tries;
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made:
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid."

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends:
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a hero, and so great a god,
She snatch'd the rems, she lash'd with all her

And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse: But first, to hide her heavenly visage, spread Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain, The strongest warrior of the Ætolian train;

The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies. Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war Full at the chief, above his courser's head. From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fled . Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance Far from the car the strong immortal lance. Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son: The javelin hiss'd; the goddess urged it on. Where the broad cincture girt his armour round, It pierced the god . his groin received the wound From the rent skin the warrior tugs again The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain: Loud as the roar encountering armies yield, When shouting millions shake the thunder field.

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven re-bellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds
death.

Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skir
In such a cloud the god from combat driven,
High o'er the dusky whirlwind scales the heaven.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before the immortal thron

"Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial powers engage,
And gods on gods exert eternal rage:
From thee. O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey

is hers to offend, and even offending share ly breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care: boundless she, and thou so partial grown, ell may we deem the wondrous birth thy own. w frantic Diomed, at her command, minst the immortals lifts his raging hand: he heavenly Venus first his fury found, e next encountering, me he dared to wound; inquish'd I fled; even I, the god of fight, om mortal madness scarce was saved by flight. se hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain, eap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain! r pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie, indemn'd to pain, though fated not to die." Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look be lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke: To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain? f lawless force shall lawless Mars complain? fall the gods who tread the spangled skies, hou most unjust, most odious in our eyes! human discord is thy dire delight, be waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight. o bounds, no law, thy fiery temper quells, nd all thy mother in thy soul rebels. vain our threats, in vain our power we use; e gives the example, and her son pursues. et long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn, rung since thou art from Jove, and heavenlyborn.

se, singed with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,

here chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan."
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
nen gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.
ith gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
nd heal'd the immortal flesh, and closed the wound.
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The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate; stretch d where he fell, and at Tydides flies, Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war ! Full at the chief, above his courser's head, From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fied: Pailas opposed her hand, and caused to glan-Far from the car the strong immortal lance. Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son! The avelan hiss'd; the goddess urged it on: Where the broad cincture girt his armour ros It pierced the god his groin received the wo From the rent skin the warmer tugs again The smoking steel Mars bellows with the pi Loud as the roar encountering armies yield, When shouting millions shake the thun peld

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I hoke the parch'd earth, and blacken all
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And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear.
Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,
Permerous, wild, regardless of the right.
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy beheats aboy.

Is hers to offend, and even offending share by breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care: o boundless she, and thou so partial grown, Vell may we deem the wondrous birth thy own. low frantic Diomed, at her command, gainst the immortals lifts his raging hand: The heavenly Venus first his fury found, Me next encountering, me he dared to wound; Vanquish'd I fled; even I, the god of fight, from mortal madness scarce was saved by flight. Lee hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain, Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain! Ir pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie, Zondemn'd to pain, though fated not to die." Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke: \*To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain? If lawless force shall lawless Mars complain? If all the gods who tread the spangled skies, Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes! human discord is thy dire delight, The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight. No bounds, no law, thy fiery temper quells, and all thy mother in thy soul rebels. n vain our threats, in vain our power we use; the gives the example, and her son pursues. let long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn, prung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly-

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Vith gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
and heal'd the immortal flesh, and closed the wound.
Is when the fig's press'd juice, infused in cream,
to curds coagulates the liquid stream,
and den the fluids fix the parts combined;
and so soon, the ethereal texture join'd.

Cleansed from the dust and gore, fair Hebè dres'd His mighty limbs in an immortal vest. Glorious he sat, in majesty restored, Fast by the throne of heaven's superior lord. Juno and Pallas mount the bless'd abodes, Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

# BOOK VI

#### ARGUMENT

## EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

ods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, echief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the y, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen d the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat r to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing ring the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an erview between the two armies; where, coming to the owledge of the friendship and hospitality passed between ir ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, ving performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife dromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers

nois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

w heaven forsakes the fight: the immortals yield human force and human skill the field: rk showers of javelins fly from foes to foes; w here, now there, the tide of combat flows; hile Troy's famed streams, that bound the deathful plain either side, run purple to the main. Great Ajax first to conquest led the way, oke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day. e Thracian Acamas his falchion found, d hew'd the enormous giant to the ground; 3 thundering arm a deadly stroke impress'd here the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest; 'd in his front the brazen weapon lies, d seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.

Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands will blood,

Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat! a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and your
From a fair nalad and Bucolion sprung
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrachere dead they lay in all their youthful charm.
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypætes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretson bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satuio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scared with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;

2 Pedasus, a town near Pylos.

I Arisbe, a colony of the Mitylenzans in Troas.

Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:

"Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe large gifts of price my father shall bestow. When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain, The hollow ships his captive son detain: Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told, And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."

He said . compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to veugeance flies,
And, furious, thus . "Oh, impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious

and,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Thou shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall;
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!"

The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,
Then pressing with his foot his pauting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the recking dart
Old Nestor saw, and roused the warrior's rage;
"Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage;
"Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage;
"To son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold you gluttering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."

And now had Greece eternal fame acquired,
And frighted Troy within her walls, retired,
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
Taught by the gods that moved his sacred breast
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas joun'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

"Ye generous chiefs! on whom the immortals! The cares and glories of this doubtful day: On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend Wise to consult, and active to defend! Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite. Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight, Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain, The sport and insult of the hostile train. When your commands have hearten'd every band Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous state Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight, These straits demand our last remains of might. Meanwhile thou, Hector, to the town retire, And teach our mother what the gods require: Direct the queen to lead the assembled train Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane: Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power, With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her alters led: If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tyd.des' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retain Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal be Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

Hector obedient heard: and with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

in rage recruited the bold Trojans glow, 🔛 turn the tide of conflict on the foe : ere in the front he shakes two dazzling spears; Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears; me god, they thought, who ruled the fate of wars, ot down avenging from the vault of stars, Then thus aloud: "Ye dauntless Dardans, hear ! 🙀 you whom distant nations send to war 🖡 mindful of the strength your fathers bore; still yourselves, and Hector asks no more, hour demands me in the Trojan wall, word our altars flame, and victims fall . shall, I trust, the matrous' holy train, reverend elders, seek the gods in vain." this said, with ample strides the hero pass'd; 陆 shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast, neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung; as he march'd the brazen buckler rung. Now paused the battle (godlike Hector gone), here daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son ween both armies met: the chiefs from far served each other, and had mark'd for war, 📷 as they drew, Tydides thus began . What art thou, boldest of the race of man? reyes till now that aspect ne'er beheld, were fame is reap'd amid the embattled field; far before the troops thou dar'st appear, in meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear. happy they and born of luckless sires, tempt our fary when Minerva fires! if from heaven, celestial, thou descend, www.with.immortals.we no more contend. long Lycurgus view'd the golden light, daring man who mix'd with gods in fight. chus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove, th brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove: eir consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, th curling vines and twisted ivy bound; hile Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood Thetis' arms received the trembling god.

Nor fail'd the crime the immortals' wrath to mot (The immortals bless'd with endless ease above;) Deprived of sight by their avenging doom, Cheerless he breathed, and wander'd in the gloot Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes, A wretch accursed, and hated by the gods! I brave not heaven—but if the fruits of earth Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth, Bold as thou art, too produgal of breath, Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.'

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire (Replied the chief,) can Tydeus' son inquire? Like leaves on trees the race of man is found. Now green in youth, now withering on the grow Another race the following spring supplies; They fall successive, and successive rise: So generations in their course decay; So flourish these, when those are passed away. But if thou still persist to search my birth, Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

"A city stands on Argos' utmost bound, (Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd.) Æohan Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd, In ancient time the happy wall possess'd, Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his sou: Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon, Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shined, Loved for that valour which preserves mankind. Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd, Whose hard commands Beilerophon obey'd. With direful jealousy the monarch raged, And the brave prince in numerous toils engaged. For him Antæa barn'd with lawless flame, And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame! In vain she tempted the relentless youth, Endoed with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth. Fired at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled, And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed : Inceused he heard, resolving on his fate; But hospitable laws restrain'd his have .

the devoted youth he sent, blets seal'd, that told his dire intent. s'd by every power who guards the good, of arrived at Xanthus' silver flood; weia's monarch paid him honours due. ys he feasted, and nine bulls he slew. m the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, inful youth his monarch's mandate show'd : al tablets, till that instant seal'd, thful secret to the king reveal'd re Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd; led monster of no mortal kind ! a dragon's fiery tail was spread; rough body bore a hon's head; chy nostrils flaky flames expire; bing throat emits infernal fire. pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies, isted heaven's informing produces,) et in arms the Solymean crew,1 at of men,) and those the warrior slew; 🍉 bold Amazons' whole force defied ; equer'd still, for heaven was on his side. ended here his toils; his Lycian foes, return, a treacherous ambush rose, well'd spears along the winding shore: fall they breathless, and return'd no more. clength the monarch, with repentant grief, **d** the gods, and god-descended chief; ngbter gave, the stranger to detain, alf the honours of his ample reign : cians grant a chosen space of ground, woods, with vineyards, and with harvests wn'd tong the chief his happy lot possess'd, two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd; on in heavenly eyes, her fruitful love with Sarpedon's birth the embrace of we;)

<sup>3</sup> Sulpman crew, a people of Lycia.

But when at last, distracted in his mind, Forsook by heaven, forsaking humankind, Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray, A long, fortorn, uncomfortable way! Woes heap'd on woes consumed his wasted heart His beauteous daughter fell by Phæbe's dart; His eldest born by raging Mara was slain, In combat on the Solymean plain. Hippolochus survived · from him I came. The honour'd author of my birth and name; By his decree I sought the Trojan town; By his instructions learn to win renown, To stand the first in worth as in command, To add new honours to my native land, Before my eyes my mighty sires to place, And emulate the glories of our race."

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart; In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart, Then friendly, thus the Lycian prince address'd 'Welcome, my brave hereditary guest! Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race. Know, chief, our grandsires have been go

of old: Encus the strong, Bellerophon the bold Our ancient seat his honour'd presence graced, Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. The parting heroes mutual presents left; A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift ; Œneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd, That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd, (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely and Among my treasures, still adorus my board For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.) Mindfal of this, in friendship let us join : If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline, My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycus thine. Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield, In the full harvest of you ample field;

Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore; and Diomed be fees no more. ge we arms, and prove to either host the friendship of the line we boast " aving said, the gallant chiefs alight, eds they join, their mutual faith they plight . macus then each narrow thought resign'd, an'd his bosom, and enlarged his mind,) ned's brass arms, of mean device, 🖢 nine oxen paid (a vulgar price,) his own, of gold divinely wrought, ed beeves the shiming purchase bought, me the guardian of the Trojan state, sctor, enter'd at the Scean gate. the beech-tree's consecrated shades, an matrons and the Trojan maids him flock'd, all press'd with pious care ands, brothers, sons, engaged in war. the train in long procession go, the gods, to avert the impending woe. Lto Priam's stately courts he came, 🕻 arch'd columns of stupendous frame ; e a range of marble structure runs, pavilious of his fifty sous, hambers lodged and rooms of state, to those, where Priam's daughters sate. comes for them and their loved spouses

beauty, and of polish'd stone.

rest Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen

Hecuba, his mother-queen.

Laodice, whose beauteous face

the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)

strict embrace she held her son,

d his hand, and tender thus begun:

ctor! say, what great occasion calls

from fight, when Greece surrounds our

on to supplicate the almighty power hands, from thon's lofty tower?

Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd, In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground, And pay due vows to all the gods around. Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, and draw new spirits from the generous bowl; spent as thou art with long laborious fight, The brave defender of thy country's right."

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts; (the chief rejoin'd;) Inflaming wine, permicious to mankind, Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice To sprinkle to the gods, its better use. By me that holy office were profaned; Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise, Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise. You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train, And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane. The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' nonour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altar led. So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare; And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire. Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire. Be this, O mother, your religious care: go to rouse soft Paris to the war; If yet not lost to all the sense of shame. The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame. Oh, would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace, That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race ! Deep to the dark abyss might he descend, Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."

This heard, she gave command, and summon'd call Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went, Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, and maids embroider'd every part,

em from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, th Helen touching on the Tyrian shore. re, as the queen revolved with careful eyes a various textures and the various dyes, chose a veil that shone superior far, al glow'd refulgent as the morning star. relf with this the long procession leads; train majestically slow proceeds. m as to Ihon's topmost tower they come. awful reach the high Palladian dome, denor's consort, fair Theano, waits Palias' priestess, and unbars the gates. th hands uplifted and imploring eyes, my fill the dome with supplicating cries. priestess then the shining veil displays, ed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays: Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid, 🦖's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid ' thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall ne on the dust before the Trojan wall twelve young helfers, guiltless of the yoke, Ill fill thy temple with a grateful smoke. thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, selves, our infants, and our city spare! pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; wow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vam. While these appear before the power with prayers stor to Paris' lofty dome repairs. meelf the mansion raised: from every part embling architects of matchless art. r Priam's court and Hector's palace stands pompous structure, and the town commands. car the hero bore of wondrous strength, full ten cubits was the lance's length; steely point with golden ringlets join'd, ore him brandish'd, at each motion shined. as entering, in the glittering rooms he found brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round, eyes delighting with their splendid show, Atening the shield, and polishing the bow.

Beside him Helen with her virgins stands, Guides their rich labours, and instructs their bas

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.
"Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."

"Brother, 'tis just, (replied the beauteous you'
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and true
Yet charge my absence less, O generous chief'
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.

'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:

"Oh, generous brother! (if the guilty dame
That caused these woes deserve a sister's name!)
Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were do.
The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! why did not whirlwinds ben
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accursed
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!

N w tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,

With toils, austain'd for Paris' sake and mine:

The gods have link'd our miserable doom,

Our present woe, and infamy to come:

Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,

Example sad! and theme of future song."

The chief replied ' 'This time forbids to rest;
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require,
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
I rge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand "

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had hence retired; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desired, Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired, Stood in the gates, and ask'd "what way she bent Her parting step? If to the fane she went, Where late the mourning matrons made resort; Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?"
"Not to the court, (replied the attendant train,) Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way, To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword; She heard, and trembled for her absent lord: Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly, Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. The nurse attended with her infant boy, The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector this heard, return'd without delay; Swift through the town he trod his former way. Through streets of palaces, and walks of state; And met the mourner at the Schan gate. With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair. His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir: (Cilician Thebe great Action sway'd, And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade:) The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press His only hope hung smiling at her breast, Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn. Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn. To this loved infant Hector gave the name Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stress Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy, From his great father, the defence of Troy. Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign d To tender passions all his mighty mind; His beauteous princess cast a mournful look, Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke; Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh, And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou and the Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son! And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be A widow I, a helpless orphan he? For sure such courage length of life denies, And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. Greece in her single heroes strove in vain; Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain. Oh grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom, All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb! So shall my days in one sad tenor run, and end with sorrows as they first begun.

No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred,
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell; hone sad day beheld the gates of hell; While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed, Amd their fields the hapless heroes bled 'My mother lived to wear the victor's bands, The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again Her pleasing empire and her native plain, When ah! oppress'd by life consuming wee,

She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee: Alas 'my parents, brothers, kindred, all Once more will perish, if my Hector fall, Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share: Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care ' That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy. Where you wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy; Thou, from this tower defend the important post; There Agamemnon points his dreadful host, That pass Tydides, Alax, strive to gain, And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given, Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven. Let others in the field their arms employ, But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy "

The chief replied : "That post shall be my care,

Not that alone, but all the works of war.

How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd, And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep

ground.

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains!
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own

"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates! (How my heart trembles while my tongue related The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend, And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end. And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind, My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, Not Priam's honry hairs defiled with gore. Not all my brothers gasping on the shore; As thine, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led! In Argive looms our battles to design, And woes, of which so large a part was thine! To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring. There while you groan beneath the load of life, They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife! Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see, Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me. The thoughts of glory past, and present shame, A thousand griefs shall waken at the name! May I lie cold before that dreadful day, Press'd with a load of monumental clay! Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep, Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee ween. Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief

Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzing helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,

The glittering terrors from his brows unbound, and placed the beaming helmet on the ground; Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air, Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:

O thou! whose glory fills the othereal throne, and all ye deathless powers! protect my son! Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown, to guard the Trojans, to defend the crown, against his country's foes the war to wage, and rise the Hector of the future age! so when triumphant from successful toils of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils, whole bosts may hail him with deserved acclaim, and say. 'This chief transcends his father's fame: While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy, the mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms, hetered the pleasing burden to her arms, soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid, hat'd to repose, and with a simile survey'd. The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear, she mingled with a smile a tender tear. The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd, and died the falling drops, and thus pursued:

"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
That condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix d is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth:
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
An ank alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes the towery helmet, black with shading plumes.

His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look; then, moving slow
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call, Forth issues Paris from the palace wall. In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, Swift through the town the warrior bends his w The wanton courser thus with reins unbound Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling gro Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides His head now freed, he tosses to the skies; His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies; He snuffs the females in the distant plain, And springs, exulting, to his fields again. With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay, In arms refulgent as the god of day, The son of Priam, glorying in his might, Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of figut.

And now, the warriors passing on the way, The graceful Paris first excused his stay. To whom the noble Hector thus replied: "O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied! Thy power in war with justice none contest; Known is thy courage, and thy strength confer What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave. Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave! My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away. Haste then, in all their glorious labours share, For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decre We crown the bowl to heaven and liberty: While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs most And Greece indiguant through her seas return

### BOOK VII

#### ARGUMENT

#### THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX

tattle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Bector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apolo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scran gate. They agree to put off the general engageme it for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greaks to a ingle combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge. belot is east and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several Macks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a cance. Antenor purposes the delivery of Helen to the Geeks, to which Paris wil not consent, but offers to restore thro her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals he performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor eet a fort. heation to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Nephas testifies his jealousy at this work but is pacified by a Momise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting We lapiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other Egns of his wrath.

The three-and-twent.eth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax, the next day the truce is agreed, another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain, and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat about three days is employed in this book. The scene has wholy

h the field.

Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate. Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms; Both breathing slaughter, both resolved in arms. As when to sailors labouring through the main, That long have heaved the weary oar in vain, Jove bids at length the expected gales arise; The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:

So welcome these to Troy's desiring train; The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.

Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son;
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arné was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below;
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain, From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain Fierce she descends: Apollo marked her flight, Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height. Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade; When thus Apollo to the blue-eyed maid:

"What cause, O daughter of Almighty Jove! Thus wings thy progress from the realms above? Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way, To give to Greece the long divided day? Too much has Troy already felt thy hate, Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate! This day, the business of the field suspend; War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend; Since vengeful goddesses confederate join To raze her walls, though built by hands divine."

To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
"I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?"
To her the god: "Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe."

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew; Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew;

ector, inspired, he sought: to him address'd, tos told the dictates of his sacred breast: D son of Priam! let thy faithful ear ceive my words, thy friend and brother hear! forth persuasive, and a while engage the warring nations to suspend their rage; on dare the holdest of the hostile train mortal combat on the listed plain. r not this day shall end thy glorious date; The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate." He said the warrior heard the word with joy; then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, teld by the midst athwart. On either hand Resquadrons part; the expecting Trojans stand; heat Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear: they breathe, and hush the tumult of the war. the Athenian maid, and glorious god of day, with silent joy the settling hosts survey: form of vultures, on the beech's height her sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight. The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields, found with bristling spears, and gleaming shields. when a general darkness veils the main, coft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,) waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps, and a still horror saddens all the deeps; Thus in thick orders settling wide around, At length composed they sit, and shade the ground. Meat Hector first amudst both armies broke the solemn silence, and their powers bespoke: "Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands, reat my soul prompts, and what some god commands. ment Jove, averse our warfare to compose, Verwhelms the nations with new toils and woes; War with a fiercer tide once more returns. All lion falls, or till you navy burns. Tou then, O princes of the Greeks | appear; Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear :

<sup>1</sup> Athenian maid: Minerva.

From all your troops select the boldest knight And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight. Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain, Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain: But let my body, to my friends return'd, By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd. And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust, Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust If mine the glory to despoil the foe; On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow: The breathless carcass to your navy sent. Greece on the shore shall raise a monument: Which when some future mariner surveys, Wash'd by broad Heilespont's resounding seas, Thus shall he say, 'A valiant Greek hes there, By Hector slain, the mighty man of war. The stone shall tell your vanguish'd hero's nam And distant ages learn the victor's fame."

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard, Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear d. Stern Menelaus first the silence broke, And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:

Women of Greece 'O scandal of your race.'
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace.
How great the shame, when every age shall know that not a Grecian met this noble foe 'Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye green. A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay,
Myself will dare the danger of the day;
"Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory."

These words scarce spoke, with generous art press'd,

His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd.

That day, Atrides! a superior hand

Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hos

strand;

But all at once, thy fury to compose, The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose;

🌉 he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd daring hand, and this advice address'd: hither, O Menelaus! wouldst thou run, tempt a fate which prudence bids thee shun? eved though thou art, forbear the rash design: Hector's arm is mightier far than thine: fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear. Trembling met this dreadful son of war. hou secure, amidst thy social band; mee in our cause shall arm some powerful hand, mightiest warrior of the Achaian name, with bold and burning with desire of fame, tent the doubtful honour might forego, test the danger, and so brave the foe." said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind; seeop d to reason, and his rage resign'd, langer bent to rush on certain harms; joyful friends unbrace his azure arms. from whose lips divine persuasion flows, Nestor, then, in graceful act arose; to the kings he spoke: "What grief, what mame and on Greece, and all the Grecian name! hall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn sons degenerate, and their race a scorp! tears shall down thy silvery beard be roll'd, Meus, old in arms, in wisdom old! with what joy the generous prince would very chief who fought this glorious war, sipate their fame, and pleased inquire ame, each action, and each hero's sire! I should be see our warriors trembling stand, trembling all before one hostile hand; would be lift his aged arms on high, ent inglorious Greece, and beg to die! would to all the immortal powers above, rva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove! m might again roll back, my youth renew, give this arm the spring which once it knew;

When herce in war, where Jardan's waters I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall, And with the Arcadian spears my prowess 🛢 Where Celadon 1 rolls down his rapid tide. There Ereuthalion braved us in the field. Proud Areithous' dreadful arms to wield; Great Areithous, known from shore to show By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore: No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging But broke, with this, the battle of the foe. Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew. Whose guileful javelin from the thicket for Deep in a winding way his breast assailed. Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' en To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize. Furious with this he crush'd our levell'd be And dared the trial of the strongest hands: Nor could the strongest hands his fury star All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd, And, youngest, met whom all our army feet I fought the chief : my arms Minerva crow Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground What then I was, O were your Nestor now. Not Hector's self should want an equal for But, warriors, you that youthful vigour bee The flower of Greece, the examples of our Sprung from such fathers, who such number Can you stand trembling, and desert the de-

His warm reproofs the listening kings in And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name. Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless brothen bold Tydides, great in arms, appear dand next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd;

<sup>1</sup> Celadon, a river of Elis.

Officus followed; Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war;
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses closed the daring hand.
All these, alike inspired with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage;
"Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,

What chief shall combat, let the gods decide.
Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise."

The lots produced, each hero signs his own: then in the general's belm the fates are thrown, the people pray, with lifted eyes and hands, And yows like these ascend from all the bands: "Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate, A worthy champion for the Grecian state: This task let Ajax or Tydides prove, Or he, the king of kings, beloved by Jove." Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspired, leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired. has from the right to left the herald bears, Held out in order to the Grecian peers; Each to his rival yields the mark unknown, ill godlike Ajax finds the lot his own; burveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes, Then casts before him, and with transport cries.

Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy; Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.

Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Bad I in secret? No, your vows declare
In such a voice as fills the earth and air,
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread?

Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred!

From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth."

He said. The troops with elevated eyes, implore the god whose thunder rends the skies:

"O father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill adored:
Who in the highest beaven hast fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded and alone.
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or, if illustrious Hector be thy care,

That both may claim it, and that both may share. Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on: Sheathed in bright steel the grant-warrior shone: He moves to combat with majestic pace: So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace, When Jove to punish faithless men prepares, And gives whole nations to the waste of wars. Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god; Grimly he smiled; earth trembled as he strode: His massy javelia quivering in his hand. He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band. Through every Argive heart new transport ran; All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man: Even Hector paused; and with new doubt oppress Felt his great heart suspended in his breast: "Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear: Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd
And in all arts of armoury excell'd,)
This Ajax bore before his mailly breast.

And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address's

"Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian &
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her bost.

No more——be sudden, and begin the fight."

"O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!

To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)

Me, as a boy, or woman, wouldst thou fright,

New to the field, and trembling at the fight?

Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,

To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:

I know to shift my ground, remount the car,

Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;

To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,

And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.

But open be our fight, and hold each blow;

I steel no concept from a noble foe."

steal no conquest from a noble foe," He said, and rising, high above the field Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield. [11] on the brass descending from above Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove, I. a the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw; Trough Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew, His corslet enters, and his garment rends, And glancing downwards, near his flank descends, The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow from their bored shields the chiefs their aveling drew, Hen close impetuous, and the charge renew; fierce as the mountain-lions bathed in blood, Or fearing boars, the terror of the wood. At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends; The blanted point against the buckler bends; But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near, Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear: It reach d his neck, with matchless strength impell d: sponts the black gore, and dims his shining shield. Yet ceased not Hector thus; but stooping down, In his strong hand up-heaved a flinty stone, Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends; full on the brazen boss the stone descends: The hollow brass resounded with the shock : Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,

Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high With force tempestuous, let the rum fly;

The huge stone thundering through his buck broke:

His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke. Great Hector falls extended on the field, His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield: Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight. And now both heroes their broad falchions drew In flaming circles round their heads they flew, But then by heralds' voice the word was given, The sacred ministers of earth and heaven: Divine Talthybius, whom the Greeks employ, And sage Idaus on the part of Troy, Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd And first Idaus' awful voice was heard:

"Forbear, my sons! your further force to prove Both dear to men, and both beloved of Jove. To either host your matchless worth is known, Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own. But now the Night extends her awful shade; The goddess parts you; be the night obey'd."

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
"O sage! to Hector be these words address'd.
Let him, who first provoked our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask'd it, I content obey,

And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."

"O first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)

Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,

With strength of body, and with worth of mind!

Now martial law commands us to forbear;

Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war;

Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,

And let the gods decide of death or life!

Since, then, the night extends her gloomy shade,

And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.

Return, brave Ajax, to thy Greenan friends,

And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;

I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife, The wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life. at let us, on this memorable day, schange some gift : that Greece and Troy may say, Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend; and each brave foe was in his soul a friend." With that, a sword with stars of silver graced, he baldric studded, and the sheath enchased, te gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd adiaut belt that rich with purple glow'd. then with majestic grace they quit the plain; One seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train. The Trojan bands returning Hector wait, and hail with joy the Champion of their state; scaped great Ajax, they survey him round, Alive, quarm'd, and vigorous from his wound; To Troy's high gates the godicke man they bear, their present triumph, as their late despair. But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed, The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead. A steer for sacrifice the king design'd, Of full five years, and of the nobler kind. The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide, The beast they quarter, and the joints divide; Then spread the tables, the repast prepare, such takes his seat, and each receives his share. The king himself (an honorary sign) Store great Ajax placed the mighty chine. When now the rage of hunger was removed, Nestor, in each persuasive art approved, The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest, 🌬 words like these his prudent thought express'd : "How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost, What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost! What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore What crowds of heroes sunk to rise no more! Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light **Awake thy squadro**ns to new toils of fight: come space at least permit the war to breathe, While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath, From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear;
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they bland high o'er them all a general tomb be raised;
Next, to secure our camp and naval powers,
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe."
'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mothers that the sage his wholesome counsel mothers approved.

Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace-gate. The Trojan peers in nightly council sate; A senate void of order, as of choice:
Their hearts were fearful, and confused their Antenor, rising, thus demands their ear:
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
This heaven the counsel of my breast inspires, and I but move what every god requires:
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restored, and Argive Helen own her aucient lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance, broke, Our impious battles the just gods provoke.
As this advice ye practise, or reject,

The senior spoke and sate. To whom replace The graceful husband of the Spartan bride: "Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy year But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears: Old man, if void of fallacy or art, Thy words express the purpose of thy heart, Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast girl But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heaven. Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name! Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame! My treasures too, for peace, I will resign; But be this bright possession ever mine."

less then, the growing discord to compose, from his seat the reverend Priam rose: rodiske aspect deep attention drew wased, and these pacific words ensue : We Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands! take refreshment as the hour demands; and well the walls, relieve the watch of night, the new sun restores the cheerful light. aball our herald, to the Atrides sent, re their ships proclaim my son's intent. let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn laughter'd heroes, and their bones marn; done, once more the fate of war be tried, whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide! nonarch spoke, the warriors snatch'd with at his post in arms) a short repast. as the rosy morn had waked the day, the black ships Ideus beut his way; n, to the sons of Mars, in council found, raised his voice the host stood listening round. Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear! words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch, hear. med may ye hear (so heaven succeed my prayers) Raris, author of the war, declares. spoils and treasures he to llion bore had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!) profers injured Greece: with large increase ided Trojan wealth to buy the peace to restore the beauteous bride again, Greece demands, and Troy requests, in vain.

3, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn laughter'd heroes, and their boues inurn.

whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide ("
the Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke;
angth Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
h, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.

done, once more the fate of war be tried,

Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes the wall,

And Troy already totters to her fall."

The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name, With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim. Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace: "Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece For what remains; let funeral flames be fed With heroes' corps: I war not with the dead: Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain. And gratify the manes of the slain. Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!" He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding ground
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,

Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipp'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mungled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search'd the mount

To shed his sacred light on earth again,

Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explosion.
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shad, laid along their cars, deplored the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief with silent haste.
The bodies decent on the piles were placed:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd.
And, sadly slow, to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.

e the morn had streak'd with reddening light abtful confines of the day and night, the dying flames the Greeks appear'd, and the pile a general tomb they rear'd. secure the camp and naval powers, weed embattled walls with lofty towers: bace to space were ample gates around, sing chariots, and a trench profound extent; and deep in earth below. viles infix'd stood adverse to the foe. I'd the Greeks: meanwhile the gods above, ing circle round their father Jove, I beheld the wondrous works of man 👞 whose trident shakes the earth, began : hat mortals henceforth shall our power adore, ss frequent, our oracles implore, would Greenans thus successful boast sing bulwarks on the sea beat coast? long walls extending to the main. consulted, and no victim slain! ene shall fill the world's remotest ends, the morn her golden beam extends; ald Laomedon's divine abodes, indiant structures raised by labouring gods, resed and lost, in long oblivion sleep. oke the heary monarch of the deep. Imighty Thunderer with a frown replies, ouds the world, and blackens half the skies. god of ocean! thou, whose rage can make d earth's eternal basis shake! nuse of fear from mortal works could move enest subject of our realms above? for the sun's refulgent rays are cast, wer is honour'd, and thy fame shall last. a proud work no future age shall view, remain where once the glory grew. pp'd foundations by thy force shall fall, thelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall: Afts of sand shall change the former shore : wanish'd, and the name no more."

Thus they in heaven: while, o'er the Grecian to The rolling sun descending to the main Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew Black from the tents the savoury vapour flew. And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos' strands With Bacchus' blessings cheered the generous bas Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent A thousand measures to the royal tent. (Eunæus, whom Hypsipylé of yore To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore.) The rest they purchased at their proper cost. And well the plenteous freight supplied the host Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave; Some, brass or iron; some, an ox, or slave All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan power Those on the fields, and these within their tower. But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd. And shot red lightnings through the gloomy sha Humbled they stood; pale horror seized on all, While the deep thunder shook the aerial hall. Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night,

# BOOK VIII

### ARGUMENT

## SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS

embles a council of the deities, and threatens them pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva ains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone in the field in great danger: Diomed relieves him; xploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. deavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of eks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by it from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. continues in the field, (the Greeks being driven to tifications before the ships,) and gives orders to keep ch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from rking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires all the fields, and pass the night under arms. ime of seven and twenty days is employed from the of the poem to the end of this book. The scene cept of the celestial machines) lies in the field towards

hore.

RA now, fair daughter of the dawn, kled with rosy light the dewy lawn; n Jove convened the senate of the skies, re high Olympus' cloudy tops arise. sire of gods his awful silence broke; neavens attentive trembled as he spoke: L'elestial states! immortal gods! give ear, our decree, and reverence what ye hear; The fix'd decree which not all heaven can move; Thou, fate! fulfil it! and, ye powers, approve! What god but enters you forbidden field, Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield, Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven, Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heave Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown, Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan, With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors, And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors; As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd, As from that centre to the ethereal world Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes: And know, the Almighty is the god of gods. League all your forces, then, ye powers above, Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove. Let down our golden everlasting chain Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth,

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye strive in vain! if I but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height.
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men, and gods, compared to Jove."

The all mighty spoke, nor durst the powers rep A reverend horror silenced all the sky; Trembling they stood before their sovereign's loo At length his best-beloved, the power of wisde

spoke:

"O first and greatest! God, by gods adored;
We own thy might, our father and our lord!
But, ah! permit to pity human state:
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain.
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may more
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove."

The cloud-compelling god her suit approved,
And smiled superior on his best beloved;
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The stedfast firmament beneath them shook:
Rapt by the ethereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold:

Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.

High on the throne he shines his coursers fly
Between the extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game,)
Where o'er her pointed summits proudly raised,
His fane breathed odours, and his altar blazed.
There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire
Of gods and men released the steeds of fire.
Blue ambient mists the immortal steeds embraced;
High on the cloudy point his seat he placed;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the Gree ans snatch'd a short repast, And buckled on their shining arms with haste. Troy roused as soon; for on this dreadful day The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay. The gates unfolding pour forth all their train; squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain: Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling

ground :

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound;
And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances lances, shields to shields opposed,
Host against host with shadowy legends drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,
Oer heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light,

Commutual death the fate of war confounds. Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds. But when the sun the height of heaven ascends. The sire of gods his golden scales suspends, With equal hand, in these explored the fate Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty weigh Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies. Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads: The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads: Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder roll Their strength he withers, and unmans their soul Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire: The gods in terrors, and the skies on fire. Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear, Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war: Nor he, the king of war, the alarm sustain'd; Nestor alone, amidst the storm remain'd. Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart Had pierced his courser in a mortal part; Fix'd in the forehead, where the springing mane Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain : Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear, Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air. Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed The encumber'd chariot from the dying steed. When dreadful Hector, thundering through the Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car. That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless bar The heary monarch of the Pylian band. But Diomed beheld; from forth the crowd He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud:

"Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run? Oh, flight unworthy great Laertes' son! Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found, Pierced in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage. The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage." His fruitless words are lost unheard in six, Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.

But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,
A single warrior midst a host of foes;
Before the coursers with a sudden spring
He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king:

"Great perils, father! wait the unequal fight; These younger champions will oppress thy might. Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow, Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow. Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war, Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase, To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race: These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein; Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train; With these against you Trojans will we go, Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe; Fierce as he is, even he may learn to fear The thirsty fury of my flying spear."

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war, Approves his counsel, and ascends the car: The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold; Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold. The reverend character directs the course. And strains his aged arm to lash the horse. Hector they face; unknowing how to fear, Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear. The spear with erring haste mistook its way, But plunged in Emopeus' bosom lay. His opening hand in death forsakes the rein; The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain. Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd, Yet unrevenged permits to prese the field; Till, to supply his place and rule the car, Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war. And now had death and horror cover'd all: Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall Inclosed had bled; but Jove with awful sound Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound: Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew; The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue; The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight; And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright He dropp'd the reins and, shook with sacred dread, Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed:

"O chief ' too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advised, and urge the charlot hence.
This day, averse, the sovereign of the skies
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other sun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:

The great will glory to submit to Jove." "O reverend prince \ (Tydides thus replies) Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise. But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame, O'erwhelm me, earth, and hide a warrior's shame 🔯 To whom Gereman Nestor thus replied: "Gods | can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride? Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast? Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host, Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost; Not even a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword That laid in dust her loved, lamented lord." He said, and, hasty, o'er the gasping throng Drives the swift steeds, the charlot smokes along; The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind; The storm of hissing paveline pours behind. Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies, Pleased, Hector braves the warrior as he flies. "Go, mighty hero! graced above the rest In seats of council and the sumptuous feast: Now hope no more those honours from thy train; Go, less than woman, in the form of man! To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames, To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames. Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are 🛍 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch to dead."

fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite, his coursers, and to stand the fight; turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove s summits thunder'd from above. Hector heard; he saw the flashing light. ign of conquest,) and thus urged the fight: ar, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band, ed in war, and dreadful hand to hand. dful of the wreaths your arms have won, reat forefathers' glories, and your own, ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame on Troy, on Greece eternal shame. they skulk behind their boasted wall, bulwarks: destined by this arm to fall. For their slighted trench our steeds shall bound, was victorious o'er the levell'd mound. m before you hollow ships we stand, each with flames, and toss the blazing brand; meir proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires, sece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires." ous he said; then bending o'er the yoke, staged his proud steeds, while thus he spoke: low, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus, urge the chase, iou, Podargus! prove thy generous race, 🗰, be fearless, this important day, 😃 your master's well-spent care repay. is, high-fed, in plenteous stalls ye stand, with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand; is my spouse, of great Action's line, has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine. wift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd: be to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold; Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load, ian arms, the labour of a god : if we gam, then victory, ye powers! ght, this glorious night, the fleet is ours!" 🤼 heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul ; look her throne, that shook the starry pole: hus to Neptune . "Thou, whose force can make diast earth from her foundations shake,

Seest thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd, Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast? Yet Ægie, Helice, thy power obey, And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay. Would all the deities of Greece combine, In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine: Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend, And see his Trojans to the shades descend: Such be the scene from his Idean bower; Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power!"

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
"What rage, what madness, furious queen! is the
I war not with the highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove."

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might Jove gave the glory of the destined fight, Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields With close-ranged chariots, and with thicken'd shi Where the deep trench in length extended lay, Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array, A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and three With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. The king of men, by Juno's self inspired, Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fired. Swift as he moved, he lifted in his hand His purple robe, bright ensign of command. High on the midmost bark the king appear'd There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard: To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound, Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound. "O Argives! shame of human race! (he cried: The hollow vessels to his voice replied,) Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore, Your hasty triumphs on the Lemuian shore? Each fearless hero dares a hundred foes, While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows; But who to meet one martial man is found, When the fight rages, and the flames surround? O mighty Jove! O sire of the distress'd! Was ever king like me, like me oppress d:

th power immense, with justice arm'd in vain; glory ravish'd, and my people slain! thee my vows were breathed from every shore: at altar smoked not with our victims' gore? th fat of bulls I fed the constant flame, ask'd destruction to the Trojan name. 💌, gracious god ! far humbler our demand : these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand, save the relics of the Grecian land!" thus pray'd the king, and heaven's great father vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd; wrath appeased, by happy signs declares, d gives the people to their monarch's prayers. eagle, sacred bird of heaven! he sent, we his talous truss'd, (divide portent!) h o er the wondering hosts he soar'd above, o paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove; to let the prey before his altar fall; Greeks beheld, and transport seized on all: couraged by the sign, the troops revive, fierce on Troy with doubled fury drive. blides first, of all the Grecian force, the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse, nced the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore, ld dved his javelin red with Trojan gore. ang Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire) Bh flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire; ack through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd; dart drove on, and issued at his breast: dlong he quits the car: his arms resound; ponderous buckler thunders on the ground. th rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed; Atridæ first, the Ajaces next succeed. triones, like Mars in arms renown'd, d godlike Idomen, now passed the mound; mon's son next issues to the foe, d last young Teucer with his bended bow. oure behind the Telamonian shield wakilful archer wide survey'd the field,

With every shaft some hostile victim slew, Then close beneath the sevenfold orb withdrew: The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, Retires for safety to the mother's arms, Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field, Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled? Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead: The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain, With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain: Bold Hamopaon breathless sunk to ground: The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd. Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, A Trojan ghost attending every dart. Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly: "O youth for ever dear! (the monarch cried) Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried; Thy brave example shall retrieve our bost, Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast! Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace, The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace: Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame, And the brave son repays his cares with fame. Now hear a monarch's yow . If heaven's high pot Give me to raze Troy's long defended towers; Whatever treasures Greece for me design. The next rich honorary gift be thine. Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car, With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war: Or some fair captive, whom thy eyes approve, Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: "With praise the rest inspection of urge a soul already fill'd with fire. What strength I have, be now in battle tried, Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dyed. Since rallying from our wall we forced the foe, Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow: Eight forky arrows from this hand have fied, And eight hold heroes by their points lie dead.

But sure some god denies me to destroy This fury of the field, this dog of Troy. He said, and twang'd the string The weapon flies At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies: de miss'd the mark; but pierced Gorgythio's heart, had drench'd in royal blood the thursty dart, Far Castianira, nymph of form divine, This offspring added to king Priam's line.) As full blown poppies, overcharged with rain, Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain; suks the youth; his beauteous head, depress'd Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast. Another shaft the raging archer drew, That other shaft with erring fury flew, (From Hector, Phæbus turn'd the flying wound,) Let fell not dry or guiltless to the ground: Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore, And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore. fleadlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms. fector with grief his charioteer beheld All pale and breathless on the sanguine field: Then bids Cebriones direct the rein, Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain. Dreadful he shouts : from earth a stone he took, and rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock. the youth already strain'd the forceful yew; The shaft already to his shoulder drew; The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight, Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite: There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,

The batter'd archer grouning to the shore.

Troy yet found grace before the Olympian sire,

He srm'd their bands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.

The furious chief discharged the craggy stone:
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.
The fell but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with the mighty shade;

All great Alaster, and Medistheus, bore

The Greeks repulsed, retreat behind their wall, Or in the trench on heaps confusedly fall First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong. As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase, With beating bosom, and with eager pace, Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels, Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels; Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew; Thus following, Hector still the hindmost slew. When flying they had pass'd the trench profound, And many a chief lay gasping on the ground; Before the ships a desperate stand they made, And fired the troops, and called the gods to aid. Fierce on his rattling charlot Hector came: His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame That wither'd all their host, like Mars he stood, Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god! Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd; Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid:

"O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield The avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield! Now, in this moment of her last despair, Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care, Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate, And drain the dregs of heaven's relentless hate? Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all? What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall! What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage? Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spake the imperial regent of the skies; To whom the goddess with the azure eyes.

"Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with a Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore. But he above, the sire of heaven, withstands, Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands. The stubborn god, inflexible and hard, Forgets my service and deserved reward:

Saved 1, for this, his favourite sou distress'd, By stern Eurystheus with long labours press'd.

shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.

The triple dog had never felt his chain,

Averse to me of all his heaven of gods,

At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods;

To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,

My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.

Some future day, perhaps, he may be moved

To call his blue-eyed maid his best beloved.

Haste, launch thy chariot, through you ranks to

nde:

Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then, goddess! say, shall Hector glory then?
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
Al dreadful in the crimson walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,

Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?"
She ceased, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care:
Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir:)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuitass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends:
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends.
Huge, ponderous, strong! that when her fury burns
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly; Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky. Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers, Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours. Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, The sun's bright portals and the skies command; Close, or unfold, the eternal gates of day
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide:
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they go
But Jove, incensed, from Ida's top survey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

"Theumantia! mount the winds, and stop their Against the highest who shall wage the war? If furious yet they dare the vain debate, Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate: Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall It Their car in fragments, scatter'd o'er the sky: My lightning these rebellious shall confound, And hurl them flaming, headlong, to the ground, Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep. So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire, Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire. For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, She claims some title to transgress our will."

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid From Ida's top her golden wings display'd; To great Olympus' shining gates she flies, There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, Restrains their progress from the bright abodes, And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.

Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Desist, obedient to his high command.
This is his word; and know his word shall stand:
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And harl ye headlong, flaming, to the ground;
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still.
She claims some title to transgress his will:

But thee, what desperate insolence has driven to lift thy lance against the king of heaven?" Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,

the flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:

"O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield the avenging boit, and shake the dreadful shield! No more let beings of superior birth tontend with Jove for this low race of earth; Itumphant now, now miserably slain, They breathe or perish as the fates ordain:

But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;

And ever constant, ever rule mankind."

The charrot propp'd against the crystal walls.

The pensive goldesses, abash'd, controll'd,

Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thunderer meditates his flight from Ida's summits to the Olympian height. wafter than thought, the wheels instinctive fly, hame through the vast of air, and reach the eky. Iwas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace, and fix the car on its immortal base; There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays, all with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze. He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold, The eternal Thunderer sat, enthroned in gold. High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes, And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes. frembling afar the offending powers appear'd, confused and silent, for his frown they fear'd. the saw their soul, and thus his word imparts : Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts? Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retired Before your face, and in your wrath expired. But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand ! lamatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand : Who shall the sovereign of the skies control? Not all the gods that crown the starry pole. Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take. And each immortal nerve with horror shake For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand; What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand. On this our hill no more shall hold his place; Cut off, and exiled from the ethereal race

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast.
The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress'd;
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies
"What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies.
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;
Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate.
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts

move,

Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove " The goddess thus; and thus the god replies, Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skill "The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms, Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms. What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain Those radiant eves shall view, and view in vain-Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight, The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight. Even till the day when certain fates ordain That stern Achilles (his Patrochis slain) Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain. For such is fate, nor caust thou turn its course With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force. Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound. Where on her utmost verge the seas resound; Where cursed Iapetus and Satura dwell. Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell;

the same er gilds the gloomy horrors there; No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air . There arm once more the bold Titanian band; And arm in vain; for what I will, shall stand." Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light, and draw behind the cloudy veil of night: the conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd; the Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade. The victors keep the field: and Hector calls A martial council near the navy walls: these to Scamander's bank apart he led, Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead. Ite assembled chiefs, descending on the ground, attend his order, and their prince surround. A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, I full ten cubits was the lance's length; be point was brass, refulgent to behold, and to the wood with circling rings of gold: Les noble Hector on his lance reclined, And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind: "Ye valuant Trojans, with attention hear!

le Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear !
This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame treece with her ships, and crown our toils with

fatne.

But clarkness now, to save the cowards, falls, and guards them trembling in their wooden walls. Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours treeds to forage, and refresh our powers. Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought, and strengthening bread and generous wine be

brought.

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky, Let numerous fires the absent sun supply, The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise, T.ll the bright morn her purple beam displays; Lest, in the silence and the shades of night, treeve on her sable ships attempt her flight. Not unmolested let the wretches gain Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;

Some hostile wound let every dart bestow, Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe, Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses 🐠 And warn their children from a Trojan war. Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall, Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call; To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd, And beardless youths, our battlements surround. Firm be the guard, while distant he our powers, And let the matrons hang with lights the towers Lest, under covert of the midnight shade. The insidious foe the naked town invade. Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey; A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day, The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand From these detested foes to free the land, Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery was For Trojan vultures a predestined prey. Our common safety must be now the care; But soon as morning paints the fields of air. Sheathed in bright arms let every troop engage And the fired fleet behold the battle rage. Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove Whose fates are beaviest in the scales of Jove. To-morrow's light (O haste the glorious morn !) Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne, With this keen javelin shall his breast be gored And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord. Certain as this, oh! might my days endure, From age inglorious, and black death secure; So might my life and glory know no bound, Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd! As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy, Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Tro

The leader spoke. From all his host around Shouts of applause along the shores resound. Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied, And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led, With generous wine, and all-sustaining break.

hecatombs lay burning on the shore: rinds to heaven the curling vapours bore. steful offering to the immortal powers! e wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers: 'riam nor his sons obtain'd their grace; Troy they hated, and her guilty race. troops exulting sat in order round, eaming fires illumined all the ground. en the moon, refulgent lamp of night, eaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light, not a breath disturbs the deep serene, ot a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene, d her throne the vivid planets roll, tars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole, he dark trees a yellower verdure shed, ip with silver every mountain's head: shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, d of glory bursts from all the skies: onscious swains, rejoicing in the sight, 10 blue vault, and bless the useful light. ny flames before proud Ilion blaze, ighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays. ong reflections of the distant fires on the walls, and tremble on the spires. usand piles the dusky horrors gild, hoot a shady lustre o'er the field. ifty guards each flaming pile attend, e umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send, neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn, rdent warriors wait the rising morn.

## BOOK IX

#### ARGUMENT

#### THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Green quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposith s, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and restion. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a consummoned to deliberate what measures are to be following this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice. Nestor further prevails upon him to send ambassador. Achi les, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ultrand Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by Phoenix. They make each of them, very moving pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness. Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his to The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning the poem. The scene lies on the sea shore, the station of

Gree an ships,

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight, And heaven bred horror, on the Grecian part, Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart. As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, A double tempest of the west and north Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen show Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean row This way and that the boiling deeps are toss'd. Such various passions urged the troubled host, Great Agamemnon grieved above the rest; Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;

Il meelf his orders to the heralds bears,
It had to council all the Grecian peers.
But had in whispers—these surround their chief,
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose.
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows.
So slent fountains, from a rock's tall head
It sable streams soft trickling waters shed.
We the more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd:
Words, mixed with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.

"le sons of Greece! partake your leader's

Fedows in arms and princes of the war!

Of partial Jove too justly we complain,

And heavenly oracles believed in vain.

A safe return was promised to our toils,

With conquest honour'd and enrich'd with spoils.

Now shameful flight alone can save the host;

Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.

To Jove decrees, almighty lord of all!

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,

Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,

and towers and armies humbles to the dust.

Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,

Haste to the joys our native country yields;

Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,

Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy."

He said: deep silence held the Grecian band silent, unmov'd in dire dismay they stand; A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begur: "When kings advise us to renounce our fame, First let him speak who first has suffer'd shame. If I oppose thee, prince! thy wrath withhold, The laws of council bid my tongue he hold Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight. Durst brand my courage, and defame my might: Nor from a friend the unkind reproach appear'd, The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.

The gods, O chief! from whom our home

The gods have made thee but by halves a king They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command They gave dominion o'er the seas and land, The noblest power that might the world control They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul Is this a general's voice, that would suggest Fears like his own to every Grecian breast? Confiding in our want of worth, he stands: And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. Go thou, inglorious! from the embattled plain Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main; A noble care the Grecians shall employ. To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy. Here Greece shall stay; or, if all Greece retire Myself shall stay, till Troy or I expire; Myself, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame : God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came

He ceased; the Greeks loud acclamations read And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise.

Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;

He spoke, the host in still attention heard.

"O truly great! in whom the gods have join Such strength of body with such force of mind. In conduct, as in courage, you excel, Still first to act what you advise so well. These wholesome counsels which thy wisdom to Applauding Greece with common voice approvings thou canst blame; a bold but prudent young that had blame even kings with praise, because truth.

And yet those years that since thy birth have re Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son. Then let me add what yet remains behind, A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind; Age bids me speak! nor shall the advice! bris Distaste the people, or offend the king:

"Cursed is the man, and void of law and right.
Unworthy property, unworthy light,

aft for public rule, or private care, that wretch, that monster, who delights in war; hose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy, tear his country, and his kind destroy! his night, refresh and fortify thy train; tween the trench and wall let guards remain : that the duty of the young and bold; at thou, O king, to council call the old; tat is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares; by high commands must spirit all our wars. Tith Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests, happy counsels flow from sober feasts. The, weighty counsels aid a state distress'd, and such a monarch as can choose the best. what a blaze from hostile tents aspires. or near our fleet approach the Trojau fires! The can, unmoved, behold the dreadful light? That eye beholds them, and can close to-night? as dreadful interval determines all : morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall." Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ; ift through the gates the guards direct their way. be son was first to pass the lofty mound, 🏬 generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd: kt him, Ascalaphus, lälmen, stood, double offspring of the warrior-god : pyrus, Aphareus, Merion join, Lycomed of Creon's noble line. ren were the leaders of the nightly bands, id each bold chief a hundred spears commands. in fires they light, to short repasts they fall, me line the trench, and others man the wall. The king of men, on public counsels bent, invened the princes in his ample tent; ch seized a portion of the kingly feast, stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceased. n Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approved, a slowly rising, thus the council moved. Monarch of nations ! whose superior sway mubled states, and lords of earth obey,

The laws and scoptres to thy hand are given. And millions own the care of thee and Heaven. O king! the counsels of my age attend: With thee my cares begin, with thee must end. Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear, Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear. To see no wholesome motion be withstood And ratify the best for public good: Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine But follow it, and make the wisdom thine Hear then a thought, not now conceived in haste, At once my present judgment and my past. When from Pelides' tent you forced the maid. I first opposed, and faithful, durst dissuade; But hold of soul, when headlong fury fired, You wronged the man, by men and gods admired: Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend." To whom the king, "With justice hast the

shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That Lappy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself a host.
Bless'd in his love, this wondrous hero stands:
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frank

rage.

The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould:
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchased by their winged speed;)
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,

same I chose for more than vulgar charms, then Lesbos sank beneath the hero's arms: I these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid, id join'd with these the long-contested maid; th all her charms. Brise I resign, d solemn swear those charms were never mine. touch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes, to from my arms, and guiltless of my loves, the instant shall be his, and if the powers to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers, n shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides) The gold and brass his loaded navy's sides: ides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race th copious love shall crown his warm embrace, as himself will choose; who yield to none, rield to Helen's heavenly charms alone. shear me further: when our wars are o'er. afe we land on Argos' fruitful shore, re shall he live my son, our honours share, with Orestes' self divide my care. more -three daughters in my court are bred, deach well worthy of a royal bed; dice and Iphigenia fair, the bright Chrysothemis with golden hair; let him choose whom most his eyes approve, in no presents, no reward for love: welf will give the dower; so vast a store Basver father gave a child before. ample cities shall confess his sway, \* Enopé, and Phere him obey, damylé with ample turrets crown'd, a sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd; a fair, the pastures Hira yields, d rich Antheia with her flowery fields: whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain, ing the verdant margin of the main. ere heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil; d are the men, and generous is the soil; re shall he reign, with power and justice crown'd, I rule the tributary realms around.

Book:

All this I give, his vengeance to control,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my swa

The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor that "Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men! Such are thy offers as a prince may take, And such as fits a generous king to make. Let chosen delegates this hour be sent (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent: Let Phænix lead, revered for hoary age, Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage. Yet more to sanctify the word you send, Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.

Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands Pray in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said; and all approved. The heralds bring The cleansing water from the living spring. The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd, And large libations drench'd the sands around. The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay, Then from the royal tent they take their way; Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye, Forbids to offend, instructs them to apply: Much he advised them all, Ulysses most, To deprecate the chief, and save the host. Through the still night they march, and hear the # Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore. To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound, Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround, They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless, And calm the rage of stern Æacides. And now, arrived, where on the sandy bay The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay; Amused at ease, the godlike man they found, Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious som

The well wrought harp from conquered Thebas came:

Or polish'd silver was its costly frame.)

With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings.
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he set, and listen'd long,
In elence waiting till he ceased the song.
Inseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son.
Peldes grasp'd their hands, and thus begun

"Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here, bratrong necessity, or urgent fear; Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye

ome, though Greeks: for not as

To me more dear than all that bear the name."
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And placed in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—" Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend."

He said: Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains.
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats, the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering camsters they load,
Which round the board Mencetius' son bestow'd;

Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offering to the immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign.
Not unperceived; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

" Health to Achilles! happy are thy guest-! Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts: Though generous plenty crown thy loaded board That, Agamemnon's regal tent affords: But greater cares sit heavy on our souls, Nor eased by banquets or by flowing howls. What scenes of slaughter in you fields appear ! The dead we mourn, and for the living fear: Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands, And owns no help but from thy saving hands: Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call; Their threatening tents already shade our wail: Hear how with shouts their conquest they proche And point at every ship their vengeful flame! For them the father of the gods declares. Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise! See! heaven and earth the raging chief defies: What fury in his breast, what lightning in eyes !

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name
Heavens! how my country's woes distract my a
Lest Fate accomplish all his rage design'd!
And must we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles: oh return, though late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of Fatal
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah, yet to conquer, ruse!

he day may come, when, all our warriors slain, that heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain; Regard in time, O prince divinely brave! those wholesome counsels which thy father gave. Then Peleus in his aged arms embraced is parting son, these accents were his last.

" My child! with strength, with glory, and

By arms may Juno and Minerva bless! rust that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares

engage alm thy passions, and subdue thy rage. mm gentler manners let thy glory grow, ad shun contention, the sure source of wee; that young and old may in thy praise combine, the virtues of humanity be thine-Dis now despised advice thy father gave; M! check thy anger, and be truly brave. I thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers, lifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares; Knot but hear me, while I sumber o'er De proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store, m weighty talents of the purest gold. and twice ten vases of refulgent mould; wen sacred tripods, whose unsulfied frame Ist knows no office, nor has felt the flame; trelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force. and still victorious in the dusty course; wich were the man, whose ample stores exceed De prizes purchased by their winged speed;) even lovely captives of the Lesbian line, fill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine, The same he chose for more than vulgar charms, then Lesbos sank beneath thy conquering arms. Il these, to buy thy friendship shall be paid, and, join'd with these, the long contested mand; With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign, and solemn swear those charms were only thine; Intouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes, re from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.

These instant shall be thine; and if the powers Give to our arms proud llion's hostile towers, Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)

With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace; Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none, Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone. Yet hear me further: when our wars are o'er, If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore, There shalt thou live his son, his honour share, And with Orestes' self divide his care. Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred, And each well worthy of a royal bed; Laodice and Iphigenia fair, And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair:

Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
He asks no presents, no reward for love:
Himself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
The Enopé and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields;
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.

There shalt thou reign, with power and justice

crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king.
But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
If honour and if interest plead in vain,
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian gods, adored.

no regard thy suffering country claim, er thy own glory, and the voice of fame: or now that chief, whose unresisted ire ide nations tremble, and whole hosts retire, roud Hector, now, the unequal fight demands, ••• d only triumphs to deserve thy hands." Then thus the goddess-born : "Ulysses, hear mithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear; That in my secret soul is understood, ly tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good. Greece then know, my purpose I retain: or with new treaties vex my peace in vain, The dares think one thing, and another tell, y beart detests him as the gates of hell. "Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend, which nor Atrides nor his Greeks can bend; long toils, long perils in their cause I bore, tow the unfruitful glories charm no more. ight or not fight, a like reward we claim, He wretch and hero find their prize the same. like regretted in the dust he lies. 740 yields ignobly, or who bravely dies. Wall my dangers, all my glorious pains, blife of labours, lo! what fruit remains? ha the bold bird her helpless young attends, com danger guards them, and from want defends; mearch of prey she wings the spacious air, and with the untasted food supplies her care: thankless Greece such hardships have I braved, ar wives, her infants, by my labours saved : long aleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, and sweat laborious days in dust and blood. mck'd twelve ample cities on the main, and twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain: then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid he wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. our mighty monarch these in peace possess'd; ome few my soldiers had, himself the rest. one present, too, to every prince was paid; ad every prince enjoys the gift he made :

I only must refund, of all his train; See what pre-eminence our merits gain ' My spoil alone his greedy soul delights: My spouse alone must bless lus lustful night The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy; But what's the quarrel, then, of Greece to Tre What to these shores the assembled nations What calls for vengeance but a woman's can-Are fair endowments and a beauteous face. Beloved by none but those of Atreus' race? The wife whom choice and passion doth apple Sure every wise and worthy man will love. Nor did my fair one less distinction claim; Slave as she was, my soul adored the dame. Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdam: Deceived for once, I trust not kings again. Ye have my answer what remains to do. Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you. What needs he the defence this arm can ma Has he not walls no human force can shake i Has he not fenced his guarded navy round With piles, with ramparts, and a trench pro-And will not these (the wonders he has done Repel the rage of Priam's single son? There was a time ('twas when for Gre fought)

When Hector's prowess no such wonders we He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to was Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate; He tried it once, and scarce was saved by fit. But now those ancient enmities are o'er; To-morrow we the favouring gods implore; Then shall you see our parting vessels crown And hear with oars the Hellespont resound. The third day hence shall Pthia greet our at If mighty Neptune send propitious gales; Pthia to her Achilles shall restore. The wealth he left for this detested shore: Thither the spoils of this long war shall part The ruddy gold, the steel, and shunny branches.

beauteous captives thither I'll convey, d all that rests of my unravish'd prey only valued gift your tyrant gave, d that resumed—the fair Lyrnessian slave. on tell him loud, that all the Greeks may hear, learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear; r arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, d meditates new cheats on all his slaves; ough shameless as he is, to face these eyes what he dares not if he dares he dies;) thim, all terms, all commerce I decline, share his council, nor his battle join; conce deceiv'd, was his; but twice were mine, -let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives Sense and justice, run where frenzy drives; gifts are hateful; kings of such a kind nd but as slaves before a noble mind, though he proffer'd all himself possess'd, all his rapine could from others wrest: all the golden tides of wealth that crown 🖿 many-peopled Orchomenian town ; all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain, world's great empress on the Egyptian plain pat spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states, is pours her heroes through a hundred gates, bundred horsemen and two hundred cars meach wide portal issuing to the wars); ough bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more m dust in fields, or sands along the shore; and all these offers for my friendship call, he that offers, and I scorn them all. tides' daughter never shall be led ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed : te golden Venus though she charm'd the heart, with Pallas in the works of art; me greater Greek let those high nuptials grace, te alliance with a tyrant's race. heaven restore me to my realms with life, reverend Peleus shall elect my wife;

Thessalian nymphs there are of form divine. And kings that sue to mix their blood with runs Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide away, Content with just hereditary away; There, deaf for ever to the martial strife, Enjoy the dear prerogative of life. Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold. Not all Apollo's Pythiau treasures hold, Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway, Can bribe the poor possession of a day! Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain, And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain; But from our hips the vital spirit fled. Returns no more to wake the silent dead. My fates long since by Thetis were disclosed, And each alternate, life or fame, proposed; Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town, Short is my date, but deathless my renown: If I return, I quit immortal praise For years on years, and long-extended days. Convenced, though late, I find my fond mistake And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make; To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy. Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies 📙 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories risk Go then to Greece, report our fix'd design; Bid all your counsels, all your armies join, Let all your forces, all your arts conspire, To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs, from 💵 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will: Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still. Go then -digest my message as ye may-But here this night let reverend Phœnix stay: His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land. But whether he remain or sail with me, His age be sacred, and his will be free.

The son of Peleus ceased , the chiefs around in silence wrapt, in constantation drown'd,

e stern reply. Then Phoenix rose; white bread a stream of sorrow flows;) the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd, ent weak these tender words return'd. Achilles! wilt thou then retire. our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire? o dreadful fill thy ruthless mind, thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind? Peleus, when from Pthia's coast thee early to the Achaian host; 🚵 as then in sage debates unskill'd, to perils of the direful field: me teach thee all the ways of war, in councile, and in camps to dare. , never let me leave thy side! hall part us, and no fate divide, gh the god, that breathed my life, restore a I boasted, and the port I bore, resce of old beheld my youthful flames fal Greece, the land of lovely dames,) raithless to my mother's arms. was, adored a stranger's charms. est youth could do (at her desire) se damsel, and prevent my sire. with curses loads my hated head. Ye furies! harren be his hed.'
Jove, the vengeful fiends below, cless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow. and grief distract my labouring mind! hat a crime my impious heart design'd ! t (but some kind god that thought supthe poniard in my father's breast; ditate my flight: my friends in vain yers entreat me, and with force detain. rams, black bulls, and brawny swine, y feast, with draughts of fragrant wine; pards they placed, and watch'd nine nights and porches flamed with constant fire.

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The afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, From Cleopatra changed their daughter's name And call'd Alcyone; a name to show The father's grief, the mourning mother's woo To her the chief retired from stern debate. But found no peace from fierce Althma's hate: Althwa's hate the unhappy warrior drew. Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew; She beat the ground, and call'd the powers ben On her own son to wreak her brother's death; Hell heard her curses from the realms profound And the red fiends that walk the nightly round In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits. War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gate She sent ambassadors, a chosen band, Priests of the gods, and elders of the land; Besought the chief to save the sinking state: Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers (Full fifty acres of the richest ground, Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crow His suppliant father, aged (Eneus, came; His sisters follow'd; even the vengeful dame, Althma, sues; his friends before him fall: He stands relentless, and rejects them all. Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies ? The walls are scaled; the rolling flames arise: At length his wife (a form divine) appears, With piercing cries, and supplicating tears; She paints the borrors of a conquer'd town. The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown, The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslaved The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he saved The Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their to And left the chief their broken faith to mourn Learn hence, betimes to curb permicious ire, Nor stay till yonder fleets ascend in fire; Accept the presents; draw thy conquering swe And be amongst our guardian gods adored." Thus he: the stern Achilles thus replied:

"My second father, and my reverend guide;

Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands, And asks no honours from a mortal's hands: Jove honours me, and favours my designs; His pleasure guides me, and his will confines: And here I stay (if such his high behest) While life's warm spirit beats within my breast, Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart: No more molest me on Atrides' part : is it for him these tears are taught to flow, For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe? A generous friendship no cold medium knows, Barns with one love, with one resentment glows; One should our interests and our passions be; My friend must hate the man that injures me. Do this, my Phænix, 'tis a generous part; And share my realms, my honours, and my heart. let these return : our voyage, or our stay, Rest undetermined till the dawning day.

He ceased; then order'd for the sage's bed A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread. With that, stern Ajax his long allence broke, And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:

" Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain? See what effect our low submissions gain! laked or not liked, his words we must relate, The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait. Proud as he is, that iron heart retains Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains. Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed, On just atonement, we remit the deed; A sire the slaughter of his son forgives. The price of blood discharged, the murderer lives: The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign, And gifts can conquer every soul but thine. The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd, And cursed thee with a mind that cannot yield. One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms: Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms. Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind: Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind :

And know the men of all the Grecian host, Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most "O soul of battles, and thy people's guide (To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied) Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame: 'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave Disgraced, dishenour'd, like the vilest slave! Return, then, heroes! and our answer bear. The glorious combat is no more my care; Not till, amidst you sinking navy slain, The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main: Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown, Consume your vessels, and approach my own; Just there, the impetuous homicide shall stand. There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.

This said, each prince a double goblet crown And cast a large libation on the ground; Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shade. The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads. Meantime Achilles' slaves prepared a bed, With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread; There, till the sacred morn restored the day, In slumber sweet the reverend Phænix lay. But in his inner tent, an ampler space, Achilles slept, and in his warm embrace. Fair Diomede of the Lesbian race. Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepared, Whose nightly joys the beauteous liphis shared. Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms. When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.

And now the elected chiefs whom Greece had Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the tent.

Then rising all, with goblets in their hands, The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands Hail'd their return: Atrides first begun:

"Say what success? divine Laertes' son!

Achilles' high resolves declare to all.

Returns the chief, or must our pavy full?"

"Great king of nations! (Ithacus replied)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride:
He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And, thus implored, with fiercer fury burns.
To save our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the

sky,
Beneath his cars the whitening billows fly;
Is too he bids our cars and sails employ,
Act hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,
Impres her war, and bids her glory shine.
The was his word—what further he declared,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phonix in his tent the chief retains,
Sife to transport him to his native plains
When morning dawns; if other he decree,
His age is sacred, and his choice is free."

Hysses ceased: the great Achaian host,
In the sorrow seized, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The general silence, and undaunted spoke.
Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send,
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
He country's wees he glories to devide,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd,

Our battles let him or desert or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit:
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our powers;
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are owed to generous wine and food;)
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine
In flaming arms, a long-extended line

In the dread front let great Atrides stand, The first in danger, as in high command."

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise Then each to Heaven the due libations pays; Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows The grateful blessings of desired repose.

## BOOK X

## ARGUMENT

THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES

pon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He lak i no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awak ing the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the procesafety. Mene aus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Domed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a muncil of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp to learn their posture and discover their intentions. Damed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes dute of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they upose Dolon whom Hector had sent on a like design to be camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Irojan and auxiliary forces, and parutilarly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with everal of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that mace, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay, and lost in sleep the labours of the day . All but the king: with various thoughts oppress'd, His country's cares lay rolling in his breast As when by lightnings Jove's ethereal power Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower, Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore, Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar; By fits one flash succeeds as one expires, And heaven flames thick with momentary fires: So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast, Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess'd, Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys From thousand Trojsn fires the mounting blaze; Hears in the passing wind their music blow.
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.
He rends his hair, in sacrifice to Jove,
And sues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a double war.

A thousand cares his labouring breast revolved To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves, With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate What yet remains to save the afflicted state. He rose, and first be cast his mantle round, Next on his feet the shining sandals bound; A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd; His warlike hand a pointed javelin held. Meanwhite his brother, press'd with equal woes Alike denied the gifts of soft repose, Laments for Greece, that in his cause before So much had suffer'd and must suffer more. A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread: A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head : Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went To wake Atrides in the royal tent. Already waked, Atrides he descried, His armour buckling at his vessel's side. Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun. "Why puts my brother his bright armour on?" Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours, To try you camp, and watch the Trojan powers But say, what hero shall sustain that task? Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask: Guideless, alone, through might's dark shade to And midst a hostile camp explore the foe."

To whom the king: "In such distress we stand No vulgar counsel our affairs demand; Greece to preserve, is now no easy part, But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art. For Jove, averse, our humble prayer denies. And hows his head to Hector's sacrifice.

What eye has witness'd, or what ear believed, in one great day, by one great arm achieved, but wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done, and we beheld, the last revolving sun? What honours the beloved of Jove adorn! Sprang from no god, and of no goddess born; Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shail tell, and curse the battle where their fathers fell.

"Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty be his care,
(for Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
Whose son with Merion, o'er the watch presides.")
To whom the Spartan. "These thy orders borne,
Sat, shall I stay, or with despatch return?"

There shalt thou stay, (the king of men replied,)
the may we miss to meet, without a guide,
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
this, with your voice the slothful soldiers raise,
tree by their fathers' fame their future praise.
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
To abour is the lot of man below;

And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe."

This said, each parted to his several cares

The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
The sage protector of the Greeks he found stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
The various colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears;
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch raised his eyes and said:

"What art thou, speak, that on designs un-

While others sleep, thus range the camp alone; Seek'st thou some friend or nightly sentinel?

Seek'st thou some friend or nightly sentinel?
Sound off, approach not, but thy purpose tell."

"O son of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd,) Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind ! Lo. here the wretched Agamemnon stands. The unhappy general of the Grecian bands, Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend, And woes, that only with his life shall end! Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain And scarce my heart support its load of pain. No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known, Confused, and sad, I wander thus alone, With fears distracted, with no fix'd design; And all my people's miseries are mine. If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest, (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest,) Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend: Now let us jointly to the trench descend, At every gate the fainting guard excite, Tired with the toils of day and watch of night; Else may the sudden foe our works invade, So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor: "Trust the powers above, Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jose How ill agree the views of vain mankind, And the wise counsels of the eternal mind! Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain That great Achilles rise and rage again, What toils attend thee, and what woes remain! Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys; The care is next our other chiefs to raise: Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need; Meges for strength, Oileus famed for speed. Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet, To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet, Where lie great Ajax and the king of Crete.1 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree; Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee, Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share With his great brother in his martial care:

<sup>1</sup> The king of Crete, Idomeneus.

tim it behoved to every chief to sue, reventing every part perform'd by you; or strong necessity our toils demands, mims all our hearts, and urges all our hands" To whom the king: "With reverence we allow by just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now ty generous brother is of gentle kind, seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind; brough too much deference to our sovereign sway, intent to follow when we lead the way: at now, our ills industrious to prevent, ag ere the rest he rose, and sought my tent. the chiefs you named, already at his call, repare to meet us near the navy-wall, stembling there, between the trench and gates, ter the night-guards, our chosen council waits. Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand, for great examples justify command." with that, the venerable warrior rose; The shining greaves his manly legs enclose; Es purple mantie golden buckles join'd, Farm with the softest wool, and doubly lined. Den rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste his steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd. The camp he traversed through the sleeping crowd, topp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud. flysses, sudden as the voice was sent, wakes, starts up, and issues from his tent. What new distress, what sudden cause of fright, Thus leads you wandering in the silent night?" O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage replied) Vise as thou art, be now thy wisdom tried whatever means of safety can be sought. whatever counsels can inspire our thought, hatever methods, or to fly or fight; All, all depend on this important night!" 🌬 leard, return'd, and took his painted shield ; then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field. Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, M sheathed in arms, his brave companions round : Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide composed the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumbering chief, and in these words awaker

"Rise, son of Tydeus to the brave and strong Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long But sleep'st thou now, when from you hill the for Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?"

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled:

The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said : "Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite know Though years and honours bid thee seek repose, Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake: III fits thy age these toils to undertake." "My friend, (he answered,) generous is thy care; These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear! Their loyal thoughts and pious love conspire To ease a sovereign and relieve a sire. But now the last despair surrounds our host; No hour must pass, no moment must be lost: Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife. Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life: Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage, Employ thy youth as I employ my age; Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest: He serves me most, who serves his country best. This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung

This said, the hero o er his shoulders hung A lion's spoils, that to his aukles hung; Then seized his ponderous lance, and strode along Meges the bold, with Ajax famed for speed, The warrior roused, and to the entreuchmented.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared. The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep And, couching close, repel invading sleep.

Iful dogs their fleecy charge maintain, il protected from the prowling train; the gaunt honess, with hunger bold, from the mountains toward the guarded fold : h breaking woods her rustling course they hear: ind more loud, the clamours strike their ear ads and men; they start, they gaze around, every side, and turn to every sound. stch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise, sice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes : of passing feet increased the affright; tile Troy was ever full in sight. with joy the wakeful band survey'd. accosted through the gloomy shade: all, my soue ! your nightly cares employ; t our host become the scorn of Troy.

Thus, and Greece shall live." The hero said; the trench the following chieftains led. and godlike Merion, march'd behind se the princes to their council join'd). nches pass'd, the assembled kings around state the consistory crown'd. there was, yet undefiled with gore, 💸 where Hector stopp'd his rage before; night descending, from his vengeful hand and the relics of the Grecian band: in beside with mangled corps was spread, his progress mark'd by heaps of dead:) at the mournful kings, when Neleus' son, micil opening, in these words begun: here (said he) a chief so greatly brave, to hazard, and his country save? wre a man, who singly dares to go Ler camp, or seize some straggling foe? ir'd by the night approach so near, sech, their counsels, and designs to hear? dege our navies they prepare, once more must be the seat of war? ald he learn, and to our peers recite, anharm'd the dangers of the night:

What fame were his through all succeeding days, While Pheebus shines, or men have tongues to prow What gifts his grateful country would bestow 'What must not Greece to her deliverer owe? A sable ewe each leader should provide, With each a sable lambkin by her side; At every rate his share should be increased, And his the foremost honours of the feast."

Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke—"The man you seek is here.
Through you black camps to bend my dangerous w
Some god within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made,
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,

And one brave hero fans another's fire."

Contending leaders at the word arose;
Each generous breast with emulation glows;
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:
"Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends.
Undaunted Diomed ' what chief to join
In this great enterprise, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here "The monarch spake.
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

"Then thus (the godhke Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So famed, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of 6

"It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame. eplied the sage,) to praise me, or to blame: raise from a friend, or censure from a foe, e lost on hearers that our merits know. at let us haste. Night rolls the hours away, he reddening orient shows the coming day, stars shine fainter on the ethereal plains, id of night's empire but a third remains." Thus having spoke, with generous ardour press'd, arms terrific their huge limbs he dress'd. wo-edged falchion Thrasymed the brave, and ample buckler, to Tydides gave ' Den in a leathern helm he cased his head, port of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread: to arms are worn:) spoils enrich it, and no stude adorn. ext him Ulysses took a shining sword, bow and quiver, with bright arrows stored: well-proved casque, with leather braces bound, by gift, Meriones,) his temples crown'd; ft wool within; without, in order spread, boar's white teeth grun'd horrid o'er his head. his from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son, utolycus by fraudful rapine won, od gave Amphidamas; from him the prize olus received, the pledge of social ties; he helmet next by Merion was possess'd, ind now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd, hus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake, **bd** dark through paths oblique their progress take. est then, in sign she favour'd their intent, long wing'd heron great Minerva sent : bis, though surrounding shades obscured their view, the shrill clang and whistling wings they knew. from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd, ail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid: (O daughter of that god whose arm can wield we avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield! thou! for ever present in my way, to all my motions, all my toils survey !

Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade, Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd, And let some deed this signal night adorn, To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn."

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer "Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear. Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus wou, As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son. When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers Peace was his charge; received with peaceful sha He went a legate, but return'd a foe: Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield, He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield So now be present, O celestial maid! So still continue to the race thine aid! A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke, Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke, With ample forehead, and with spreading horns, Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise. Now, like two lions panting for the prey, With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary wa Through the black horrors of the ensanguined placed placed placed placed placed by the control of the control o Through dust, through blood, o'er arms, and hill slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy, On high designs the wakeful hours employ; The assembled peers their lofty chief enclosed; Who thus the counsels of his breast proposed.

"What glorious man, for high attempts prepares greatly venture for a rich reward?

Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,

What watch they keep, and what resolves

If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And, spent with toil, neglect the watch of night!
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;

His the fair steeds that all the rest excel, And his the glory to have served so well"

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy, Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy, (Five girls beside the reverend herald told.) Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold; Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face, But swift of foot, and matchless in the race. "Hector (he said) my courage bids me meet This high achievement, and explore the fleet: But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies, And swear to grant me the demanded prize; The immortal coursers, and the glittering car, That bear Pelides through the ranks of war, Encouraged thus, no idle scout I go, Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know, Even to the royal tent pursue my way, And all their counsels, all their aims betray."

The chief then heaved the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:

"Be witness thou! immortal lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone the immortal steeds adorn."

Thus Hector swore: the gods were call'd in vain, But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain: Across his back the bended bow he flung, A welf's grey hide around his shoulders hung, A ferret's downy fur his helmet lined, And in his hand a pointed javelin shined. Then (never to return) he sought the shore, And trod the path his feet must tread no more. Scarce had he pase'd the steeds and Trojan throng, (Still bending forward as he coursed along,) When, on the hollow way, the approaching treal Tysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed

"O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet, Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet; Some spy, perhaps, to lurk beside the main; Or nightly pillager that strips the slain. Yet let him pass, and win a little space: Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. But if too swift of foot he flies before, Confine his course along the fleet and shore. Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ, And intercept his hoped return to Troy "

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With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their bea (As Dolon pass'd,) behind a heap of dead: Along the path the spy unwary flew; Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue. So distant they, and such the space between, As when two teams of mules divide the green. (To whom the hind like shares of land allows,) When now new furrows part the approaching plong Now Dolon, listening, heard them as they pased, Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste, Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw, No voice succeeding, he perceived the foe. As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind: Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, And from the herd still turn the flying prey: So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew; So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue. Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls. And mingles with the guards that watch the walls; When brave Tydides stopp'd; a gen'rous thought (Inspired by Pallas) in his bosom wrought, Lest on the fee some forward Greek advance, And snatch the glory from his lifted lance. Then thus aloud: "Whoe'er thou art, remain; This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain." He said, and high in air the weapon cast, Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder pass'd; Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood : A sudden palsy seized his turning head; His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled; The panting warriors seize him as he stands. And with unmanly tears his life demands.

my youth, and for the breath I owe,
of price my father shall bestow:
of brass shall in your ships be told,
well-temper'd and refulgent gold."
Ulysses made this wise reply:
thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
thee, say, when sleep has closed the

e silent fields in dead of night? n the secrets of our camp to find, prompted, or thy daring mind? wretch by hopes of plunder led, saps of carnage, to despoil the dead?" us pale Dolon, with a fearful look; spoke, his limbs with horror shook :) came, by Hector's words deceived; Le promise, rashly I believed: wibe than great Achilles' car, wift steeds that sweep the ranks of war, unwilling, this attempt to make; that counsels, what resolves you take: bdued, you fix your hopes on flight, with toils, neglect the watch of night." was thy aim, and glorious was the prize, with a scornful smile, replies,) rulers those proud steeds demand, the guidance of a vulgar hand; Achilles scarce their rage can tame, prung from an immortal dame. e faithful, and the truth recite! encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night? ad his coursers? in what quarter sleep princes? tell what watch they keep. this conquest, what their counselware; combat, from their city far, Ilion's walls transfer the war?" hhus, and thus Eumedes' son: plon knows, his faithful tongue shall own. peers assembling in his tent. holds at Hus' monument.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake; Where'er you fires ascend, the Trojans wake: Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; Safe in their cares, the auxiliar forces sleep, Whose wives and infants, from the danger far, Discharge their souls of half the fears of war."

"Then sleep those aids among the Trojan tra (Inquired the chief,) or scatter'd o'er the plant? To whom the spy: "Their powers they thus disp The Peons, dreadful with their bended bows, The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host, And Leleges, encamp along the coast, Not distant far, lie higher on the land The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band, And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall The Thracians utmost, and apart from all. These Troy but lately to her succour won, Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son: I saw his coursers in proud triumph go, Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow: Rich silver plates his shining car infold; His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold; No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load. Celestial panoply, to grace a god! Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne, Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn, In cruel chains, till your return reveal The truth or falsehood of the news I tell."

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
"Think not to live, though all the truth be the Shall we dismise thee, in some future strife. To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more."

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared With humble blandishment to stroke his beard, Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew, Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell, The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.

The furry believt from his brow they tear, the wolf's grey hide, the unbended bow and spear; These great Ulysses lifting to the skies, To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:

"Great queen of arms, receive this hostile spoil, and let the Thracian steeds reward our toil: Thee, first of all the heavenly host, we praise; pspeed our labours, and direct our ways!" this said, the spoils, with dropping gore defaced, digh on a spreading tamarisk he placed; then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain.

To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Through the still night they cross the devious fields, Appery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields. arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay, and eased in sleep the labours of the day. saged in three lives they view the prostrate band : De horses voked beside each warrior stand. Their arms in order on the ground reclined, Drough the brown shade the fulgid weapons shined: tmidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound, and the white steeds behind his chariot bound. the welcome sight Ulysses first descries, and points to Diomed the tempting prize. The man, the coursers, and the car behold! Described by Dolon, with the arms of gold. low, brave Tydides! now thy courage try, approach the chariot, and the steeds untie; if thy soul aspire to hercer deeds, fige thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds." Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms, eathed in his heart, and strung his nervous arms; Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood, thed all his footsteps, dyed the fields with gore, and a low groan remurmur'd through the shore. the grim hon, from his nightly den, Ferleaps the fences, and invades the pen, On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,

to falls, and feaming rends the guardless prey;

Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely cleared the way:
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last they for
Tydides' falchion fixed him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent,
A warlike form appeared before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awaked no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung;)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire;
Doubtful he stood, or with his recking blade
To send more heroes to the infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolved the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:

"Enough, my son; from further slaughter of Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy, Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy."

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid: In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd; The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow, Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserved they pass'd: the god of light. Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight. Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour bless'd, And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast. Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power, And wakes Hippocoon in the morning-hour;

On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend;)
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid, Mysses stopp'd; to him Tydides hore The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore: Then mounts again, again their nimbler feet

The coursers ply, and thunder towards the fleet
Old Nester first perceived the approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around.

"Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Tackening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Terhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
So may, ye gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Tet much I fear (ah, may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train;

Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more."
Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! the chiefs appear,
and spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear
with words of frieudship and extended hands
they greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:

rerhaps, even now pursued, they seek the shore;

"Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim, thou living glory of the Grecian name!

by whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd, the spoil of foes, or present of a god?

tot those fair steeds, so radiant and so gay, that draw the burning charlot of the day.

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield, and daily mungle in the martial field:

But sure till now no coursers struck my sight Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize, Bless'd as ye are, and favourites of the skies; The care of him who bids the thunder roar, And her, whose fury bathes the world with gore"

"Father! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd,)
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame;
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore."

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers for The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne, The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn: The neighing coursers their new fellows greet, And the full racks are heap'd with generous when But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd, High on the painted stern Ulysses laid, A trophy destin'd to the blue-eyed maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat and sanguine stain
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main
Then in the polished bath, refresh'd from toil,
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour.
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wins.

## BOOK XI

## ARGUMENT

THIRD MATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON

mnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to : Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them: while ter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agaanon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded Capiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the seement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from deid. He then makes a great alaughter of the enemy mes and Diomed put a stop to him for a time but the being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his comon, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him tor comes against Ajax; but that here alone opposes titudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime chaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. thes (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent coclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an count of the accidents of the day and a long recital of former wars which he remembered, tending to put sectus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countryor at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' Patroclus, on his return, meets Eurypylus also nded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and twentieth day of the and the same day, with its various actions and adsures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, foursth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the exteenth books. The scene has in the field near the

nument of Ilus.

😘 saffron morn, with early blushes spread, rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed; th new-born day to gladden mortal sight, gild the courts of heaven with sacred light: When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends.
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and h
Even Ajax and Achilles heard the sound.
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury through the Grecian the
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires With loud command, with great example fires Himself first rose, himself before the rest His mughty limbs in radiant armour dress'd, And first he cased his manly legs around In shining greaves with silver buckles bound: The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, The same which once king Cinyras possess'd: (The fame of Greece and her assembled host Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast 'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain, This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain :) Ten rows of azure steel the work infold. Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold: Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise, Whose imitated scales against the skies Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, Lake colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud (Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dies, Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies). A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied. Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased The shining blade, and golden hangers graced. His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd. That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade; nes of brass its ample brim surround, •ice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd : adous Gorgon frown'd upon its field, cling terrors fill'd the expressive shield: its concave hung a silver thong, ch a mimic serpent creeps along, re length in easy waves extends, three heads the embroider'd monster ends. er his brows his fourfold helm he placed, codding horse-hair formidably graced; his hands two steely javelins wields, se to beaven, and lighten all the fields. instant Juno, and the martial maid, y thunders promised Greece their aid; er the chief they clash'd their arms in air, ming from the clouds, expect the war. to the limits of the trench and mound, coursers to their chariots bound drea restrain'd: the foot, with those who wield **litter arms, rush forward to the field.** ad these, in close array combined, tadrons spread their sable wings behind. **buts and tumults** wake the tardy sun, the light the warriors' toils begun. eve, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd eps of blood o'er all the fatal field; bes of men unwilling to survey, the alaughters that must stain the day, "Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, ojan lines possess'd the rising ground: wise Polydamas and Hector stood; houour'd as a guardian god ; olybus. Agenor the divine: other warriors of Antenor's line . outhful Acamas, whose beauteous face proportion match'd the ethereal race. tlector, cover'd with his spacious shield, the troops, and orders all the field. Tred star now shows his sanguine fires the dark clouds, and now in night retires,

Thus through the ranks appear'd the godlike. Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van: While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies, < Flash from his arms, as lightning from the 🛍 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field. Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons Bear down the furrows, till their labours med Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet: So Greece and Troy the field of war divide, And falling ranks are strow'd on every side. None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight But horse to horse, and man to man they fig-Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their pre-Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign to Discord with joy the scene of death descries. And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine 🧓 Discord alone, of all the immortal train, Swells the red horrors of this direful plain: The gods in peace their golden mansions fill. Ranged in bright order on the Olympian hill But general murmurs told their griefs above And each accused the partial will of Jove. Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone, The eternal Monarch, on his awful throne, Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sate: And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes, And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers are The sea with ships, the fields with armies spe The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams, increasing O'er heaven's pure azure spread the glowing Commutual death the fate of war confounds. Each adverse battle gored with equal wound. But now (what time in some sequester'd value of the weary woodman spreads his sparing me. When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear, And claim a respite from the sylvan war; But not till half the prostrate forests lay Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day)

ten, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might arced the black phalanx, and let in the light. est Agamemnon then the slaughter led, ad slew Breagr at his people's head: hose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring, ap'd from the chariot to revenge his king; in his front he felt the fatal wound, Phich pierced his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground. rides spoil'd, and left them on the plain : in was their youth, their glittering armour vain: w soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, air snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie. Two sons of Priam next to battle move. De product, one of marriage, one of love : the same car the brother-warriors ride; is took the charge to combat, that to guide: or other task, than when they wont to keep. a lda's tops, their father's fleecy sheep. Dese on the mountains once Achilles found. and captive led, with pliant osiers bound; en to their sire for ample sums restored; st now to perish by Atrides' sword: rced in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds: of through the head his brother's fate succeeds. wift to the spoil the hasty victor falls, ad, stript, their features to his mind recalls, le Trojans see the youths untimely die, at helpless tremble for themselves, and fly, when a lion ranging o'er the lawns, inds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns, teir bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws. ad grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws; e frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay, at swift through rustling thickets bursts her way; drown'd in sweat, the panting mother flies, ad the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. Amidst the tumult of the routed train, se sons of false Antimachus were slain; who for bribes his faithless counsels sold, woted Heleu's stay for Paris' gold.

Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
And slew the children for the father's fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;
Then in the chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:

"Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe, Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow: Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain, The Grecian ships his captive sons detain, Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, And steel well-tempered, and persuasive gold."

These words, attended with the flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply:
"If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die;
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace ' and sues his seed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race."

This said. Pisander from the car he cast. And prerced his breast supine he breathed his last His brother leap'd to earth; but, as he lay, The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away; His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng. And, rolling, drew a bloody train along. Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew; The king's example all his Greeks pursue. Now by the foot the flying foot were slain, Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain. From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise, Shade the black host, and intercept the skies. The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and boun And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground: Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds; The distanced army wonders at his deeds, As when the winds with raging flames conspire, And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire. In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall, And one refulgent ruin levels all:

Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword,
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate, But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he stood, Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient llus lay, Through the mid field the routed urge their way: Where the wild figs the adjoining summit crown, The path they take, and speed to reach the town. As swift, Atrides with lond shouts pursued, Hot with his toil, and bathed in hostile blood. Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates, The hero halts, and his associates waits Meanwhile on every side around the plain, Dispersed, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train. So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd The lion's roaring through the midnight shade; On heaps they tumble with successless haste; The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last. Not with less fury stern Atrides flew, Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew; Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd. And rage, and death, and carnage load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall; Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall. But Jove descending shook the Idæan hills, And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills: The unkindled lightning in his hand he took, And thus the many-coloured maid bespoke:

" Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey—
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend "

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd: On wings of winds descends the various maid. The chief she found amidst the ranks of war. Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car. The goddess then . "O son of Priam, hear ' From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear. While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around. Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the group Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands, And trust the war to less important hands: But when, or wounded by the spear or dart, The chief shall mount his charlot, and depart, Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy bread Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, Till to the main the burning sun descend, And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd. Hector, with a bound. Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground. In clanging arms he grasps in either hand. A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band: Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight. And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. They stand to arms the Greeks their onset dare, Condense their powers, and wait the coming war. New force, new spirit, to each breast returns: The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns: The king leads on: all fix on him their eye, And learn from him to conquer, or to die.

Ye sacred nine! celestial Muses! tell, Who faced him first, and by his prowess fell? The great Iphidamas, the bold and young, From sage Antenor and Theans spring;

shom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred. d nursed in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed. arce did the down his rosy cheeks invest. ad early honour warm his generous breast, hen the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms heano's sister) to his youthful arms, t call'd by glory to the wars of Troy, leaves untasted the first fruits of joy; om his loved bride departs with melting eyes, and swift to aid his dearer country flies. ith twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand. ence took the long laborious march by land. w herce for fame, before the ranks he springs, wering in arms, and braves the king of kings. indes first discharged the missive spear; te Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air. en near the corslet, at the monarch's heart, ith all his strength, the youth directs his dart : the broad belt, with plates of silver bound, the point rebated, and repell'd the wound. boumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands, III. grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands; t once his weighty sword discharged a wound all on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground. wetch'd in the dust the unhappy warrior lies, nd sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 🏞 worthy better fate | oh early slain ! by country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain! o more the youth shall join his consort's side, t once a virgin, and at once a bride! more with presents her embraces meet, lay the spoils of conquest at her feet, whom his passion, lavish of his store, pertow'd so much, and varnly promised more! wept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay, Thile the proud victor bore his arms away. Coon, Antenor's eldest hope, was migh. mrs, at the sight, came starting from his eye, Thile pierced with grief the much-loved youth heview d. ad the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then, with his spear, unseen, his time he took, Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook. The thrilling steel transpierced the brawny part, And through his arm stood forth the barbed dark Surprised the monarch feels, yet void of fear On Coon rushes with his lifted spear: His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws, And calls his country to assert his cause: Defends him breathless on the sanguine field, And o'er the body spreads his ample shield, Atrides, marking an unguarded part, Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart; Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay. The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away: The social shades the same dark journey go, And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthr.
This, while yet warm distill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood.
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Less keen those darts the fierce llythiz send:
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's threeSad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:

"O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours we Proceed, and finish what this arm begun: Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay, And envise half the glories of the day"

He said: the driver whirls his lengthful thong!
The horses fly; the chariot smokes along.
Clouds from their postrils the fierce coursers blow.
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retired, But thus his Trojans and his aids he fired: "Hear, all ve Dardan, all ye Lycian race! Famed in close fight, and dreadful face to face: Now call to mind your ancieut trophies won, Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own. Behold, the general flies! deserts his powers! Lo. Jove himself declaree the conquest ours! Now on you ranks impel your foaming steeds; And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds." With words like these the fiery chief alarms His fainting host, and every bosom warms. As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear The brindled lion, or the tusky bear. With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart, And springs the foremost with his lifted dart; So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare; Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war. On the black body of the foe he pours; As from the cloud a deep bosom, swell'd with showers, A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps. Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd, Beneath his arm what heroes but the ground? Assaus, Dolops, and Autonous died, Opites next was added to their side: Then brave Hipponous, famed in many a fight, Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless might; Esympus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name; The rest were vulgar dealas unknown to fame. As when a western whirlwind, charged with storms, Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms: The gust continued, violent and strong, Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along; Now to the skies the foaming billows rears, Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares:

Thus, raging Hector, with resistless hands,

Now the last ruin the whole host appals;

O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.

Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;

But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awaked his worth.
"And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side."
The warrior thus, and thus the friend replied:

"No martial toil I shun, no danger fear; Let Hector come; I wait his fury here. But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train: And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain."

He sigh'd; but, sighing, raised his vengeful over And from his car the proud Thymbraus fell. Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord, His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword. There slain, they left them in eternal night, Then plunged amidst the thickest ranks of fight. So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds, Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds. Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respired again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war; Towering they rode in one refulgent car : In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd. Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field, Fate urged them on: the father warn'd in vain; They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain; Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms; The stern Tydides strips their shining arms, Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies, And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize, Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight. And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight. By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain, The far-famed hero of Pæoman strain; Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly, His steeds too distant, and the fee too nigh: Through broken orders, swifter than the wind, He fled, but flying left his life behind. This Hector sees, as his experienced eyes Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;

Shouts, as he pass'd, the crystal regions rend, And moving armies on his march attend. Great Diomed himself was seized with fear, And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

"Mark how this way you bending squadrons yield! The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field: Here stand his utmost force."—The warrior said; wift at the word his ponderous javelin fled; Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danced Razed the smooth come, and thence obliquely glanced. afe in his helm (the gift of Phæbus' hands) Without a wound the Trojan hero stands; But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain, his arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain; Ver his dim sight the misty vapours rise, and a short darkness shades his swimming eyes. Tydides followed to regain his lance; While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance, Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd: The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud: Once more thank Phoebus for thy forfest breath, Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death. Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid, And oft that partial power has lent his aid. Thou shalt not long the death deserved withstand, If any god assist Tydides' hand. My then, inglorious but thy flight, this day, Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay. Him, while he triumph'd. Paris eyed from far, The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war;) around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent. From ancient llus' ruin'd monument: Schind the column placed, he bent his bow, And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe; Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus s crest To seize, and drew the corslet from his breast, The bowstring twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,

But pierced his foot, and uail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Trops from his ambush, and insults the king.

"He bleeds! (he cries) some god has sped my dat!
Would the same god had fixed it in his heart.
So Troy, relieved from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter and in combat stand.
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear."

He dauntless thus: "Thou conqueror of the bit Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair; Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart, Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part ! Thou hast but done what boys or women can; Such hands may wound, but not incense a man. Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave, A coward's weapon never hurts the brave. Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel; Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel: Where this but lights, some noble life expires: Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sire Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air, And leaves such objects as distract the fair. Ulvases hastens with a trembling heart, Before him steps, and bending draws the dart: Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds; Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone, The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on; But stands collected in himself, and whole, And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul;

"What further subterfuge, what hopes remain? What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain? What danger, singly if I stand the ground, My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around? Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice, The brave meets danger, and the coward flies. To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart; And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part."

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast, Near, and more near, the shady cohorts presid; These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose; And round him deep the steely excle grows.

fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds shouting huntamen and of clamorous hounds; grinds his ivory tusks; he feams with ire; sanguine eve-balls glare with living fire; these, by those, on every part is plied; nd the red slaughter spreads on every side. exced through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell; ext Ennomus and Thoon sank to hell; persidamas, beneath the navel thrust, alls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust. parops, the son of Hippasus, was near; ysses reach'd him with the fatal spear; to his aid his brother Socus flies, cus the brave, the generous, and the wise. r as he drew, the warrior thus began . \*\*O great Ulysses! much-enduring man! deeper skill'd in every martial sleight, was worn to toils, and active in the fight! a day two brothers shall thy conquest grace, at end at once the great Hippasian race, thou beneath this lance must press the field." aid, and forceful pierced his spacious shield: grough the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown, and bared it to the bone. Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd, opp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd. The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew, in furious thus (but first some steps withdrew): Inhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace a calls thee hence and finish'd is thy race. longer check my conquests on the fee; pierced by this, to endless darkness go, d add one spectre to the realms below!" He spoke, while Socus, setzed with sudden fright, mbling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight; ween his shoulders pierced the following dart, d held its passage through the panting heart: de in his breast appear d the grisly wound; falls; his armour rings against the ground.

Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the claim:

"Famed son of Hippasus! there press the plan.
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compositive dying eyes no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their pressure of the corps with solemn funerals and a lasting tomb."

Then raging with intolerable smart, He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued, And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade. Forced he recedes, and loudly calls for aid. Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears: Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cried, Who shares his labours, and defends his side: "O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear; Distressed he seems, and no assistance near; Strong as he is, yet one opposed to all, Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall. Greece robb'd of him must bid her host despair And feel a loss not ages can repair."

Then, where the cry directs, his course he be Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends, The prudent chief in sore distress they found, With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round. As when some huntsman, with a flying spear, From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer; Down his cleft side, while fresh the blood distilled bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills. Till life's warm vapour issuing through the would mountain-wolves the fainting beast surroughst as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, The lion rushes through the woodland shade, The wolves, though hungry, scour dispersed the lordly savage vindicates his proy.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior half a host sustains:
But soon as Ajax leaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, saved from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew,
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruius! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
Raged on the left, and ruled the tide of war:
Loud grouns proclaim his progress through the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury; there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound:
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
"Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey;
A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal

Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey;
A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."
Old Nester mounts the seat; beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing god.
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car, Survey'd the various fortune of the war: "While here (he cried) the flying Greeks are dis Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. Before great Ajax see the mingled throng Of men and chariots driven in heaps along! I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field By the broad glittering of the sevenfold shield. Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds, There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds. There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite, And groans of slaughter nux with shouts of fight

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds; Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the field O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields. The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore. And, dashing, purple all the car before. The groaning axle sable drops distils. And maugled carnage clogs the rapid wheels. Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light · (By the long lance, the sword, or pouderous stor The ranks lie scatter'd and the troops o'erthrown Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate, And fears that arm whose force he felt so late. But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part, Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's h Confused, unnerved in Hector's presence grown. Amazed he stood, with terrors not his own. O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw. And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew. Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains, Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains; Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls, Though rage impels him, and though hunger cal-Long stands the showering darts, and missile find Then sourly slow the indignant beast retires: So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast, with heavy strength enduction in some wide field by troops of boys pursued,

Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain, Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain; Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound, The patient animal maintains his ground, Bearce from the field with all their efforts chased, And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last: On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung. The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung; confiding now in bulky strength he stands, Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands; Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly, And threats his followers with retorted eye. Fx'd as the bar between two warring powers, While hissing darts descend in iron showers: h his broad buckler many a weapon stood, is surface bristled with a quivering wood; and many a javelin, guiltless on the plain, Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain. But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts, And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts; Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe, Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow; from his tern liver the red current flow'd. And his slack knees desert their dying load. The victor rushing to despoil the dead, From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled; fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood. Back to the lines the wounded Greek retired. Yet thus retreating, his associates fired: "What god, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?

"What god, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage.
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save."
Thus urged the chief. a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend; while thus they stand

With pious care, great Ajax joins the band :

Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;

The hero rallies, and renews the fight.

Thus raged both armies like conflicting fire.
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with.
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain.
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much loved son he sent.
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent;
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom.

And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.
"Why calls my friend? thy loved injunction

Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey."

"O first of friends! (Pelides thus replied)

Still at my heart, and ever at my side!

The time is come, when you despairing host

Shall learn the value of the man they lost:

Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their p

And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.

Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught

What wounded warrior late his chariot brough

For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,

His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;

Nor could I, through you cloud, discern his f

The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace"

The hero said. His friend obey'd with hast
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass.
The chiefs descending from their car he found.
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
Here paused a moment, while the gentle gala
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shudy tent.

The draught prescribed, fair Hecamede prepares, Arsinous' daughter, graced with golden hairs: (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave, Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom gave:) A table first with azure feet she placed; Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced; Honey new-press'd, the sacred flour of wheat, And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat. Next her white hand an antique goblet brings, A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings From eldest times: emboss'd with stude of gold, Two feet support it, and four handles hold; On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink, In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink: i massy weight, yet heaved with ease by him, When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim. femper'd in this, the nymph of form divine Fours a large portion of the Pramnian wine; With goat's-milk cheese a flavourous taste bestows, and last with flour the smiling surface strows This for the wounded prince the dame prepares . The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares . Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay, And pleasing conference beguiles the day. Meantime l'atroclus, by Achilles sent, Unheard approached, and stood before the tent. Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led To his high seat . the chief refused and said : "Tis now no season for these kind delays; The great Achilles with impatience stays. To great Achilles this respect I owe; Who asks, what hero, wounded by the foe, Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds? With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds, This to report, my hasty course I bend; Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend." "Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd) Excite compassion in Achilles' mind? Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know? This is not half the story of our woe,

Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone, Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed, And stern Eurypylus, already bleed. But, ah! what flattering hopes I entertain! Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain: Even till the flames consume our fleet he stay And waits the rising of the fatal blaze. Chief after chief the raging foe destroys; Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys. Now the slow course of all-impairing time Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prim Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess When this bold arm the Epeian powers oppress The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led, And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead! Then from my fury fled the trembling swains And ours was all the plunder of the plains: Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine. As many goats, as many lowing kine: And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds. All teeming females, and of generous breeds. These, as my first essay of arms, I won; Old Neleus gloried in his conquering son. Thus Elis forced, her long arrears restored. And shares were parted to each Pylian lord. The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair. When the proud Elians first commenced the For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain; Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain! Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain d. (That large reprisal he might justly claim, For prize defrauded, and insulted fame, When Elis' monarch, at the public course, Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.) The rest the people shared; myself survey'd The just partition, and due victims paid. Three days were past, when Elis rose to war-With many a courser, and with many a car;

The sons of Actor at their army's head (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led. High on the rock fair Thryoessa stands, Our atmost frontier on the Pylian lands: Not far the streams of famed Alphæus flow; The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below. Pallas, descending in the shades of night, Marms the Pylians and commands the fight. Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride, Myself the foremost; but my sire denied; fear'd for my youth, exposed to stern alarms; And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. My sire denied in vain: on foot I fled Amidst our chariots; for the goddess led. "Along fair Arenè's delightful plain 30ft Minyas rolls his waters to the main: here, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite, and sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light. Thence, ere the sun advanced his noon day flame, To great Alphæus' sacred source we came. There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid; an untamed heifer pleased the blue-eyed maid; A bull, Alphæus; and a bull was slain To the blue monarch of the watery main. In arms we slept, beside the winding flood, While round the town the fierce Epsians stood. Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray, Flamed in the front of Heaven, and gave the day. Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear; The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here. The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled; King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede: (She that all simples' healing virtues knew, And every herb that drinks the morning dew:) I seized bis car, the van of battle led; The Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled. The foe dispersed, their bravest warrior kill'd, Merce as the whirlwind now I swept the field: Full fifty captive chariots graced my train; Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.

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Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shroul The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate thron Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along. Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the for Where o'er the vales the Chemian rocks arose: Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows. Even there the hindmost of the rear I slay. And the same arm that led concludes the day: Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way. There to high Jove were public thanks assign d. As first of gods; to Nestor, of mankind. Such then I was, impell d by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good,

" Achilles with unactive fury glows, And gives to passion what to Greece he owes. How shall he grieve, when to the eternal shade-Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid ! O friend 'my memory recalls the day, When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea, I, and Ulysses, touch'd at l'hthia's port, Aud entered Peleus' hospitable court. A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice. And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs. Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire Menætius, turn'd the fragments on the fire. Achilles sees us, to the feast invites: Social we sit, and share the genial rites. We then explained the cause on which we came Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for far Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave : Peleus said only this . 'My son! be brave.' Menætius thus: 'Though great Achilles shine In strength superior, and of race divine, Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend; Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend." Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court: Words now forgot, though now of vast import. Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say: Such gentle force the hercest minds obey ;

Some favouring god Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If aught from Heaven withhold his saving arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'er-labour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again."

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent Along the shore with hasty strides he went; Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand, The public mart and courts of justice stand, Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies, and alters to the guardian gods arise; There, sad, he met the brave Evæmon's son, large painful drops from all his members run; an arrow's head yet rooted in his wound, The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground. As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart, Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart. Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast, Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd:

"Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?

Eurypylus replies: "No more, my friend;
Greece is no more! this day her glories end;
Even to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force increasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that used her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierced with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But, thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;

With lukewarm water wash the gore away; With healing balms the raging smart allay, Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy, Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee. Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands; And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, Now wants that succour which so oft he lent."

To him the chief: "What then remains to a The event of things the gods alone can view. Charged by Achilles' great command I fly, And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply: But thy distress this instant claims relief." He said, and in his arms upheld the chief. The slaves their master's slow approach surve And hides of oxen on the floor display'd: There stretch'd at length the wounded hero later the process of the forky steel away: Then in his hands a bitter root he bruised; The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused. The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow. The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

## BOOK XII

### ARGUMENT

#### THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL

thempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the dict. Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack, in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall. Hector also, casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

Wante thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse the ill-fated works arose;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were raised, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands. The proudest monument of mortal hands. This stood while Hector and Achilles raged, While sacred Troy the warring hosts engaged; But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd, And what survived of Greece to Greece return'd; Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store; Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills, Caresus roaring down the stony hills,

Asepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source.
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain.
These, turn'd by Phæbus from their wouted we
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
The god of ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the treshore.

Vast stones and piles from their foundation her And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves. Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the file No fragment tells where once the wonder store. In their old bounds the rivers roll again, Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the gods in later times perform:
As yet the bulwark stood, and braved the store.
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers to War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain

towers. Smote by the arm of Jove with dire dismay, Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay: Hector's approach in every wind they hear. And Hector's fury every moment fear. He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering thr Mingled the troops, and drove the field along. So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands. Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands; Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form. And hissing javelins rain an iron storm. His powers untamed, their bold assault defy, And where he turns the rout disperse or die: He foams, he glares, he bounds against them And if he falls, his courage makes him fall. With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows; Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.

ag steeds impatient fury breathe, and tremble at the gulf beneath; be brink they neigh, and paw the ground, tarf trembles, and the skies resound y view'd the prospect dark and deep. the leap, and headlong hung the steep; m bare, (a formidable show ') cled thick with sharpen'd stakes below. Mone this strong defence could force, the pass impervious to the horse. Polydamas; who, wisely brave, (d great Hector, and this counsel gave: ou, bold leader of the Trojan bands! confederate chiefs from foreign lands! brance here can cumbrous chariots find, beneath, the Grecian walls behind? brough those, without a thousand wounds. for combat in you narrow bounds. the favours mighty Jove has shown, and dangers we too rashly run: will our haughty foes to tame, this instant end the Grecian name! from Argos, let their heroes fall, great day destroy and bury all! and they turn, and here oppress our train, pes, what methods of retreat remain? in the trench, by our own troops confused, romischous carnage crush'd and bruised, must perish, if their arms prevail, a Trojan live to tell the tale. a, ye warriors! and obey with speed; the trenches let your steeds be led; Mighting, wedged in firm array, on foot, and Hector lead the way. shall stoop before our conquering power, (if Jove consent) her fatal hour." ounsel pleased—the godlike Hector sprung in his seat, his clanging armour rung. s example follow'd by his train, w his car, and issues on the plain,

By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd Compel the coursers to their ranks behind. The forces part in five distinguish'd bands, And all obey their several chiefs' commands; The best and bravest in the first conspire, Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with ! Great Hector glorious in the van of these, Polydamas, and brave Cebriones. Before the next the graceful Paris shines, And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins. The sons of Priam with the third appear, Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer, In arms with these the mighty Asius stood, Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood. And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore, The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore. Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide, And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide. Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd, Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid. Next him, the bravest, at their army's head, But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array. The moving legions speed their headlong was Already in their hopes they fire the fleet, And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
The advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urged to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advised in vain;
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the
No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall.
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain
Swift through the wall their horse and chariot.
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.

exulting in his force, he flies: lowing host with clamours rend the skies: age the Grecians headlong in the main, beir proud hopes; but all their hopes were vain! mard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend, fom the Lapiths' warlike race descend; olypætes, great Perithous' heir. at Leonteus, like the god of war. tall oaks, before the wall they rise; roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies; spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd, the tempest, and protect the ground; in the hills appears their stately form, **Fir deep roots for ever brave the storm.** eful these, and so the shock they stand bg Asius, and his furious band. 💃 Acamas, in front appear, nomaus and Thoon close the rear: their clamours shake the ambient fields, ' around them beat their hollow shields: wiess brothers on the Grecians call. and their navies, and defend the wall. then they saw Troy's sable troops impend, seece tumultuous from her towers descend, from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair, their breasts, and stood themselves the war. wild boars spring furious from their den. with the cries of dogs and voice of men; my side the crackling trees they tear, ot the shrubs, and lay the forest bare; hash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll. be wide wound lets out their mighty soul. their heads the whistling javelins sung, ounding strokes their brazen targets rung; was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers in'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers: their fleet their last efforts they try, mes and darts in mingled tempests fly. ten sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings mry winter on his frozen wings;

Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow Descend, and whiten all the fields below: So fast the darts on either army pour, So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower. Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields, And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repulsed, with grief and fury drive. The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven.

"In powers immortal who shall now believe? Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive? What man could doubt but Troy's victorious powers Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour? But like when wasps from hollow cranules drive. To guard the entrance of their common hive. Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wing. They strike the assailants, and infix their stings? A race determined, that to death contend So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend. Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates, Repel an army, and defraud the fates?"

These empty accents mingled with the wind, Nor moved great Jove's unalterable mind; To godlike Hector and his matchless might Was owed the glory of the destined fight. Like deeds of arms through all the forts were the And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide; Through the long walls the stony showers were her The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd. The spirit of a god my breast inspire. To raise each act to life, and sing with fire! While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war. Secure of death, confiding in despair; And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,

Even yet the dauntless Lapithe maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the alai
First Damasus, by Polypoetes' steel,
Pierced through his helmet's brazen visor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!

Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath: Nor less Leonteus strews the field with death; First through the belt Hippomachus he gored, Then sudden waved his unresisted sword: Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke, The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke: lämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled; And round him rose a monument of dead. Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew. Bold Hector and Polydamas, pursue; Fierce with impatience on the works to fall, And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall. These on the farther bank now stood and gazed. By Heaven alarm'd, by produgies amazed: A signal omen stopp'd the passing host, Their martial fury in their wonder lost, Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies; A bleeding serpent of enormous size, His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round, He stung the bird, whose throat received the wound: Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey, in airy circles wings his painful way, Floats on the winds, and rends the heaven with cries: Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd, And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold. Then first Polydamas the silence broke, Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke: "How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, For words well meant, and sentiments sincere? True to those counsels which I judge the best, I tell the faithful dictates of my breast. To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right, In peace, in war, in council, and in fight; And all I move, deferring to thy sway, But tends to raise that power which I obey. Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain! Seek not this day the Grecian ships to gain; For sure, to warn us, Jove his omen sent, And thus my mind explains its clear event :

The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize;
Thus, though we gird with fires the Grecian flect
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise;
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies."

To him then Hector with disdain return'd: (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd;) "Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue? Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong . Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent, Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent. What coward counsels would thy madness move Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove? The leading sign, the irrevocable nod, And happy thunders of the favouring god, These shall I slight, and guide my wavering min-By wandering birds that flit with every wind? Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend, Or where the suns arise, or where descend; To right, to left, unheeded take your way, While I the dictates of high heaven obey Without a sign his sword the brave man draws, And asks no omen but his country's cause. But why should'st thou suspect the war's succe None fears it more, as none promotes it less: Though all our chiefs amidst you ships expire, Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire. Troy and her sons may find a general grave. But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave. Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' by My javelin can revenge so base a part, And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall, Calls on his host; his host obey the call. With ardour follow where their leader flies: Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies. Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide, And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide; Re fills the Greeks with terror and dismay, And gives great Hector the predestined day. Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid, Cose to the works their rigid siege they laid In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, While these they undermine, and those they rend; pheaved the piles that prop the solid wall; and heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall. breece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms: The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms, held touching shield, a long refulgent row; Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below. The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower, And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power. The generous impulse every Greek obeys; Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praise,

"Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame, And you, whose ardour hopes an equal name! Since not alike endued with force or art; Behold a day when each may act his part! A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold, To gain new glories, or augment the old. Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite; Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight; Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall; So Jove once more may drive their routed train, And Troy lie trembling in her walls again."

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the stones descend in beavier showers.
As when high Jove his sharp art.llery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then power the silent tempest thick and deep;

And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er.
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight, the nodding woods are seed.
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas, alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall:
So from each side increased the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yit
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame
His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile god
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian band

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's Mescends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain.
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolved alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foca.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms the aspiring wall;
Then casting on his friend an ardent look.
Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:

"Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain. Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field. And hills where vines their purple barvest yield, Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sour

hy on those shores are we with joy survey'd, Idmired as heroes, and as gods obey'd, mless great acts superior merit prove. and vindicate the bounteous powers above? Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace; the first in valour, as the first in place; that when with wondering eyes our martial bands bold our deeds transcending our commands, such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state, Thom those that envy dare not imitate! anid all our care elude the gloomy grave, which claims no less the fearful and the brave, for lust of fame I should not vainly dare a fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. at since, alas! ignoble age must come, bisease, and death's inexorable doom; the life, which others pay, let us bestow, **Lod** give to fame what we to nature owe; rave though we fall, and honour'd if we live, 🕩 let us glory gain, or glory give !" He said: his words the listening chief inspire With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire; the troops pursue their leaders with delight, **Rush to the foe, and claim the promised fight.** senestheus from on high the storm beheld **Pareatening the fort, and blackening in the field:** bround the walls he gazed, to view from far What aid appear'd to avert the approaching war, and saw where Teucer with the Ajaces stood, Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood. a vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Kings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, the brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, leaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground, hen thus to Thoos: "Hence with speed (he said),

and urge the bold Ajaces to our aid; their strength, united, best may help to bear the bloody labours of the doubtful war; Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, The best and bravest of the hostile force. But if too fiercely there the foes contend, Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend, And Teucer haste with his unerring bow To share the danger, and repel the foe."

Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,
And finds the heroes, bathed in sweat and gore,
Opposed in combat on the dusty shore.
"Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (said Thoos) Peteus' son demands;
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war.
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe."

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care, And thus bespoke his brothers of the war "Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might, And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight; To you I trust the fortune of the field, Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd: That done, expect me to complete the day;" Then with his sevenfold shield he strode away. With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore, Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gathering round the tow
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepared to labour in the unequal fight:
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
Fierce Ajax first the advancing bost invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend. Across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;

ges not the strongest swain we the unwieldy burden from the plain : and swung it round; then toss'd on high, h force, and labour'd up the sky; Lycian's helmet thundering down. erous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. divers from some airy steep descend, and shoot into the deep, picles; then in groans expires, muring to the shades the soul retires. 10 the ramparts daring Glaucus drew, mer's hand a winged arrow flew; sed shaft the destined passage found, naked arm inflicts a wound. who fear'd some foe's insulting boast the progress of his warlike host, the wound, and, leaping from his height, eductant from the unfinish'd fight. proedon with regret beheld Glaucus slowly quit the field; ing breast with generous ardour glows, to fight, and flies upon the foes. first was doom'd his force to feel; his breast he plunged the pointed steel; the yawning wound with fury tore pursued by gushing streams of gore : the warrior with a thundering sound, armour rings against the ground. the battlement the victor flies, full force, and every nerve applies: 🚼 the ponderous stones disjointed yield ; 🕊 ruins smoke along the field. breach appears; the walls lie bare; **a** deluge, rushes in the war. old Teucer draws the twanging bow, sends his javelm at the fee; his belt the feather'd weapon stood, igh his buckler drove the trembling wood; was present in the dire debate, to offspring, and avert his fate.

The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fired with glory's charmed.
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
"Oh where, ye Lycians, is the strength you boast?
Your former fame and ancient writing lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall:
The force of powerful union conquers all."

This just rebuke inflamed the Lycian crew: They join, they thicken, and the assault renew: Unmoved the embodied Greeks their fury dare, And fix'd support the weight of all the war; Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers, Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers. As on the confines of adjoining grounds, Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bound They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield, One foot, one inch, of the contended field; Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall; Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall. Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound; The copious slaughter covers all the shore. And the high ramparts drip with human gore.

As when two scales are charged with doubtful loof
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store,)
Till poised aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevaling, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries.
"Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!"
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:

d the works a wood of glittering spears s up, and all the rising host appears. iderous stone bold Hector heaved to throw, ed above, and rough and gross below: :wo strong men the enormous weight could raise, men as live in these degenerate days: this, as easy as a swain could bear snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air; Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load s unwieldy rock, the labour of a god. us arm'd, before the folded gates he came, massy substance, and stupendous frame; ith iron bars and brazen hinges strong, n lofty beams of solid timber hung: hen thundering through the planks with forceful sway, rives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way, The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar. Now rushing in, the furious chief appears, Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears: A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame. He moves a god, resistless in his course, And seems a match for more than mortal force. Then pouring after, through the gaping space, A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place; The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly; The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult ren the sky.

# BOOK XIII

#### ARGUMENT

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH REPTURA

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seed the fortification forced by Hector, (who had entered the gri near the station of the Ajaces,) assumes the shape of Calchi and inspires those heroes to oppose him then, in the foot of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who 🔝 retired to their vessels. The Ajaces form their troops in close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojan Several deeds of valour are performed, Meriones, losing b spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the to of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between the two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomena signalizes his courage above the rest, he kills Othryones Asius, and Alcathous. Deiphobus and Ameas march again him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wound Helenus, and kills Pisander The Trojans are repulsed 6 the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaca till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Pol damas advises to call a council of war. Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Pari rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene

between the Gree, an wall and the sea shore

When now the Thunderer on the sea-best coast Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host, He left them to the fates, in bloody fray To tool and struggle through the well-fought day Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight Those eyes that shed insufferable light, To where the Mysians prove their martial force, And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;

And where the far-famed Hippomolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race ' that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Meantime the monarch of the watery main Observed the Thunderer, nor observed in vain. in Samothracia, on a mountain's brow, Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below, He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise; Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen; The crowded ships and sable seas between. There, from the crystal chambers of the main Rmerged, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain, At Jove incensed, with grief and fury stung, Frome down the rocky steep he rush'd along: Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod, The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod, and felt the footsteps of the immortal god. from realm to realm three ample strides he took, and, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook. Far in the bay his shining palace stands,

Heet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.

Mefulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.

He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
Hambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,

Kults, and owns the monarch of the main;

This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he

Sternal frame! not raised by mortal hands:

The parting waves before his coursers fly; The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave. Between where Tenedos the surges lave, And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave: There the great ruler of the azure round Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound, Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band, Infrangible, immortal: there they stay The father of the floods pursues his way: Where, like a tempest, darkening heaven around, Or fiery deluge that devours the ground. The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng, Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along. To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply: They yow destruction to the Grecian name, And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most the Apaces, adding fire to fire.

"Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise:
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!
Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall:
There Greece has strength: but this, this part o'c
thrown,

Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone:
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire:
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to figh
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain.
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, he vain."

Rh his sceptre, that the deep controls, 🕯 the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls : not their own, the touch divine imparts, heir light limbs, and swells their daring hearts. falcon from the rocky height, y seen, impetuous at the sight, inging instant, darts herself from high, the wing, and skims along the sky: so swift, the power of ocean flew; horizon shut him from their view. piring god Oileus' active son the first, and thus to Telamon: god, my friend, some god in human form descends, and wills to stand the storm. this, the venerable seer; e turned, I saw the power appear: his parting, and the steps he trod; right evidence reveals a god. some energy divine I share, to walk on wings, and tread in air !" logual ardour (Telamon returns) kindled, and my bosom burns; g spirits all my force alarm, impatient limb, and brace my arm. y arm, unthinking, shakes the dart; pours back, and fortifies my heart: sthinks, you towering chief I meet, ch the dreadful Hector at my feet." the god that urged their burning breast, thus their mutual warmth express'd. meanwhile the routed Greeks inspired: sthless, pale, with length of labours tired, be ships; while Troy to conquest calls, ma victorious o'er their yielding walls: before the impending storm they lie. s of rage stand burning in their eye k they thought, and this their fatal hour; he new courage as they feel the power. Leitus first his words excite; Peneleus rises to the fight:

Thoas, Delpyrus, in arms renown'd, And Merion next, the impulsive fury found; Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes, While thus the god the martial fire awakes:

"Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly race I I trusted in the gods, and you, to see Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free: Ah, no the glorious combat you disclaim, And one black day clouds all her former fame. Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey, Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day! Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd band And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands? A rout undisciplined, a straggling train, Not born to glories of the dusty plain; Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursued, A prev to every savage of the wood. Shall these, so late who trembled at your name, Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame? A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrough The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault? Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice; The purchase infamy, and life the price? "Tis not your cause, Achilles' injured fame: Another's is the crime, but yours the shame. Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust? Prevent this evil, and your country save : Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave. Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame I waste no anger, for they feel no shame: But you, the pride, the flower of all our host, My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost! Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose: A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues. Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath, On endless infamy, on instant death. For, lo! the fated time, the appointed shore: Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers rour

Nector thunders at the wall; be spot, to conquer, or to fall." rds the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, armies catch the godlike fire. post was each bold Ajax found, anged squadrons strongly circled round: ar order, so disposed their fight, elf might view with fix'd delight; god of war inclined his eyes, war had own'd a just surprise. halanx, firm, resolved as fate, Hector and his battle wait. me gleams dreadful o'er the fields, rmour lock'd, and shields in shields, on spears, on targets targets throng, k to helms, and man drove man along. 🛊 plumes unnumber'd wave above, earthquake stirs the nodding grove; at the skies with pointing rays, dish'd lances at each motion blaze. thing death, in terrible array, mpacted legions urged their way: drove on, impatient to destroy; ed the first, and Hector first of Troy. ne mountain's craggy forehead torn, and fragment flies, with fury borne, in the stubborn stone a torrent rends,) the ponderous mass descends . to steep the rolling ruin bounds; tock the crackling wood resounds; ing force, it smokes; and urged amain, and thunders down, impetuous to the

so Hector. Their whole force he proved, then he raged, and, when he stopp'd,

he war is bent, the darts are shed, ir falchions wave around his head. e stands, nor from his stand retires; rested shouts his army fires.

"Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way Through you square body, and that black array: Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering por Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower; For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms, The first of gods, this day inspires our arms."

He said; and roused the soul in every breast: Urged with desire of fame, beyond the rest, Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held Before his wary steps his ample shield. Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide); The glittering javelin pierced the tough bull hide! But pierced not through; unfaithful to his hand, The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand. The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear, On the raised orb to distance bore the spear The Greek, retreating, mourn'd his frustrate blow And cursed the treacherous lance that spared a for Then to the ships with surly speed he went,

To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows, The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows. By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds. The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds. Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led, In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, The youth had dwelt, remote from war's alarms, And blest in bright Medesicaste's arms : (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy. Allied the warrior to the house of Trov ·) To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame: With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne, He lived, beloved and honour d as his own. Him Teucer pierced between the throat and ear: He groans beneath the Telamonian spear. As from some far-seen mountain's airy trown. Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down, And soils its verdant tresses on the ground; So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.

on Teucer rushing to despoil the dead, m Hector's hand a shining javelin fled: waw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart og on, and pierced Amphimachus's heart, atus' son, of Neptune's forceful line; in was his courage, and his race divine! estrate he falls; his clanging arms resound, d his broad buckler thunders on the ground seize his beamy helm the victor flies, d just had fastened on the dazzling prize, ten Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung , I on the shield's round boss the weapon rung; felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel, sure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel. onlsed he yields; the victor Greeks obtain spouls contested, and bear off the slain. ween the leaders of the Athenian line, chius the brave, Menestheus the divine,) plored Amphimachus, sad object! lies; frius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize. two grim hons bear across the lawn, stch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn. their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood, a sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood; these, the chief; great Ajax from the dead ips his bright arms; Oileus lops his head: in'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away, Hector's feet the gory visage lay. The god of ocean, fired with stern disdain, pierced with sorrow for his grandson slain, pires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands, d breathes destruction on the Trojan bands. fift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet, inds the lance-famed Idomen of Crete, pensive brow the generous care express d Ith which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast, bom in the chance of war a javelin tore, and his sad comrades from the battle bore; in to the surgeons of the camp he sent; of office paid, he issued from his tent

Fierce for the fight: to whom the god begun, In Thoas' voice, Andremon's valiant son, Who ruled where Calydon's white rocks arise, And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:

"Where's now the imperious vaunt, the daring of Greece victorious, and proud llion lost?"

To whom the king: "On Greece no blame be the Arms are her trade, and war is all her own. Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains: "Tis heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom. That far, far distant from our native home Wills us to fall inglorious! Oh, my friend! Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best, And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest."

Thus he and thus the god whose force can manage the solid globe's eternal basis shake:

"Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine.
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst, nor even this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight."

This said, he rushes where the combat burns; Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns: From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand, And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand, Fierce on the foe the impetuous hero drove, Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove, Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declared Or terrifies the offending world with wars; In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies, From pole to pole the trail of glory flies: Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch hash'd along.

his tent, Meriones attends; he questions . "Ever best of friends! every art of battle skill'd, thy courage from so brave a field? sportant message art thou bound, y friend by some unhappy wound? here, my soul abhors to stay. with prospects of th' approaching day," • ! (Meriones replies) whose care the embattled sons of Crete to war; my grief · this headless lance I wield; 🕶 rooted in a Trojan shield.'' the Cretan . "Enter, and receive weapons; those my tent can give; we store, (and Trojan lances all,) is lustre round the illumined wall, disdainful of the distant war, be dart, nor aim the uncertain spear, o hand I fight, and spoil the slain; these trophies, and these arms I gain. see on heaps the helmets roll'd, pung spears, and shields that flame with

in (said Merion) are our martial toils; boast of no ignoble spoils: my ship contains; whence distant far, picuous in the van of war, [1] more? If any Greek there be not Merion, I appeal to thee." Idomeneus: "The fields of fight d thy valour, and unconquer'd might: ome ambush for the foes design'd, thy courage would not lag behind: erp service, singled from the rest, **each**, or valour, stands confe ≼d. no firmness, the pale coward shows; in place: his colour comes and goes: weat creeps cold on every part; **bosom beats** his quivering heart; death in his wild eye-balls stare;

With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffenion And looks a bloodless image of despair!

Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same Unchanged his colour, and unmoved his frame Composed his thought, determined is his eye, And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die If aught disturb the tenour of his breast, 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

"In such assays thy blameless worth is known And every art of dangerous war thy own. By chance of fight whatever wounds you bork. Those wounds were glorious all, and all before Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms? Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest to And to their owners send them nobly back."

Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the was So Mars armipotent invades the plain, (The wide destroyer of the race of man,) Terror, his best-beloved son, attends his cour Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous for The pride of haughty warriors to confound, And lay the strength of tyrants on the groun From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarm Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms; Invoked by both, relentless they dispose, To these glad conquest, murderous rout to the So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train, And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plant.

Then first spake Merion: "Shall we join the Or combat in the centre of the fight? Or to the left our wonted succour lend? Hazard and fame all parts alike attend."

"Not in the centre (Idomen replied):
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,

Rill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,

Pr bear close battle on the sounding shield.

These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:

Lafe in their arms, the navy fears no flame,

Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,

And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.

Great must he be, of more than human birth,

Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth.

Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,

Whom Ajax fells not on the ensanguined ground.

In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,

Licell'd alone in swiftness in the course.

Then to the left our ready arms apply,

And live with glory, or with glory die."

He said: and Merion to th' appointed place,
fierce as the god of battles, urged his pace.
from as the foe the shining chiefe beheld
tash like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
their force embodied in a tide they pour;
the rising combat sounds along the shore.
Is warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
from different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
In every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
Ind the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
let the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glared the iron face of war,
tristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and

and polish'd arms emblazed the flaming fields:

remendous scene! that general horror gave,
but touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied, and crowds of heroes in their anger died. The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son, Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers, But spared awhile the destined Trojan towers; While Neptune, rising from his azure main,

Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern die.
And breath'd revenge, and fired the Greciar
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skie.
And more than men, or gods, supremely with
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers enfold the Greek and Trojan to In war and discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong, the fatal tie

Is stretch'd on both, and close compell'd the Dreadful in arms, and grown in combate 📂 The hold Idomeneus controls the day. First by his hand Othryoneus was slain, Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame, From high Cabesus' distant walls he came; Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of po-And promised conquest was the proffer'd de-The king consented, by his vaunts abused: The king consented, but the fates refused. Proud of himself, and of the imagined bride The field he measured with a larger stride. Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found: Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound His dream of glory lost, he plunged to hell: His arms resounded as the boaster fell The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead: "And thus (he cries) behold thy promise spi Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring, And such the contract of the Phrygian kine Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive! For such an aid what will not Argos give? To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join, And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine. Meantime, on further methods to advise. Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies: There hear what Greece has on her part to He spoke, and dragg'd the gory come away.

This Asins view'd, unable to contain, fore his chariot warring on the plain: his crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd, epatient panted on his neck behind:) o vengeance rising with a sudden spring, hoped the conquest of the Cretan king. be wary ('retan, as his foe drew near, all on his throat discharged the forceful spear: eneath the chin the point was seen to glide, ad glitter'd, extant, at the further side. when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall, pine, fit mast for some great admiral, to the oft-heaved axe, with many a wound, ten spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground: eunk proud Asius in that dreadful day, ed stretch'd before his much-loved coursers lay. grinds the dust distain d with streaming gore, ad, herce in death, lies foaming on the shore. prived of motion, stiff with stupid fear, ands all aghast his trembling charioteer, or shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away, at falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey: erced by Antilochus, he pants beneath e stately car, and labours out his breath. hus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) main the urize of Nestor's youthful son. Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh, nd made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly. the Cretan saw, and, stooping, caused to glance com his slope shield the disappointed lance. eneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round, thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound, his raised arm by two strong braces stay'd,) lay collected in defensive shade. Ver his safe head the javelin idly sung, and on the tinkling verge more faintly rung. From them the spear the vigorous arm confess'd, and pierced, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast : Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore De chief, his people's guardian now no more !

"Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries) Nor unrevenged, lamented Asius lies: For thee, through hell's black portals stand display

This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade."

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast, Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most. Grieved as he was, his pious arms attend, And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd frical Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws; Resolved to perish in his country's cause, Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall door To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom. He sees Alcathous in the front aspire: Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire; His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair, Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care: Who charm'd her parents' and her husband's hear With beauty, sense, and every work of art : He once of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy. The fairest she of all the fair of Troy. By Neptune now the hapless hero dies, Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes. And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Creta. Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak, While the winds sleep; his breast received stroke.

Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields. Long used to ward the death in fighting fields. The riven armour sends a jarring sound; His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay. Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain : "Behold, Derphobus! nor vaunt in vain; See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend; This, my third victim, to the shades I send.

ing now thy beasted might approve. the prowess of the seed of Jove. . enamour'd of a mortal dame, nos, guardian of his country, came : 🐩 blameless prince, was Minos' heir : born I, the third from Jupiter . ious Crete, and her bold sons, I reign, ee my ships transport me through the main: host, o'er all my host I shine, to thee, thy father, and thy line." mjan heard; uncertain or to meet, h venturous arms the king of Crete, axiliar force; at length decreed me hero to partake the deed, Aneas rises to his thought. in Troy's remotest lines he sought, incensed at partial Priam, stands, superior posts in meaner hands. ambitious of so great an aid, Deiphobus approach'd, and said : . Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms, y bosom felt fair honour's charms. adies, thy brother and thy friend; d the warrior's loved remains defend. his cares thy early youth was train'd, in fed you, and one roof contain'd. 🚵 to fierce Idomeneus we owe; od revenge it on th' insulting foe." beard, and for a space resign'd r pity all his mauly mind; in his rage, he burns to fight: awaits him with collected might. d boar, on some rough mountain's head, ith wild terrors, and to slaughter bred, loud rustics rise, and shout from far, the tumult, and expects the war; bent back the bristly horrors rise; am in lightning from his sanguine eyes, ing tusks both dogs and men engage; his hunters rouse his mighty rage:

So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook, And met the Trojan with a lowering look. Antilochus, Deîpyrus, were near, The youthful offspring of the god of war, Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around. "Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite; Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold; He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old Else should this hand, this hour decide the strift

The great dispute, of glory, or of life."

He spoke, and all, as with one soul, obey'd; Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade Around the chief. Æneas too demands Th' assisting forces of his native bands; Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, join; (Co aids and captains of the Trojan line;) In order follow all th' embodied train, Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain; Before his fleecy care, erect and hold, Stalks the proud ram, the father of the bold: With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads To the cool fountains, through the well-known t So joys Æneas, as his native band Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dread Alcathous now the battle rose; On every side the steely circle grows: Now batter'd breast plates and hack'd helmets 🖻 And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing. Above the rest, two towering chiefs appear, There great Idomeneus, Æneas here Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood, And burn'd to dreuch the ground with mutual b The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air; The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear: Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood. But Œnomas received the Cretan's stroke: The forceful spear his hollow corsist broke,

belly with a ghastly wound, the smoking entrails on the ground. 🐷 the plain, he sobs away his breath, as, grasps the bloody dust in death. from his breast the weapon tears; e could not, for the shower of spears. 🗰 unfit an active war to wage, cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age, limbs unable for the course, fight he yet maintains his force; with labour, and by foes repell'd, low steps he drags from off the field. beheld him as he pass'd. with hate, a parting javelin cast: a err'd, but held its course along, Ascalaphus, the brave and young: Mars fell gasping on the ground, (d the dust, all bloody with his wound. 🗰 the furious father of his fall ; hed amidst the great Olympian hall, colouds th' immortal synod sate; rom bloody war by Jove and Fate. here in dust the breathless hero lay, acalaphus commenced the fray, to seize his helmet flies, his temples rends the glittering prize; Mars, Meriones drew near, loaded arm discharged his spear : he weight, disabled with the pain; belmet rings against the plain. valture leaping on his prey, orn arm the Grecian rent away 🕊 javelın, and rejoin'd his friends. ed brother good Polites tends; waist his pious arms he threw, the rage of battle gently drew: on his splendid car, the lessening thunder of the war; by drove him, groaning from the shore, ling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sangi ground, Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resou Bold Aphareus by great Æness bled; As toward the chief he turn'd his daring head, He pierced his throat; the bending head, depre Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast; His shield reversed o'er the fallen warrior lies. And everlasting slumber seals his eyes. Antilochus, as Thoôn turn'd him round, Transpierced his back with a dishonest wound: The hollow vein, that to the neck extends Along the chine, his eager javelin rends: Supine he falls, and to his social train Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in value Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay, From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away: His time observed; for closed by foes around, On all sides thick the peals of arms resound. His shield emboss'd the ringing storm sustains, But he impervious and untouch'd remains. (Great Neptune's care preserved from hostile re This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age.) In arms intrepid, with the first he fought, Faced every foe, and every danger sought; His winged lance, resistless as the wind, Obeys each motion of the master's mind! Restless it flies, impatient to be free, And meditates the distant enemy. The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near, And struck his target with the brazen spear Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe: In the broad buckler half the weapon stood, Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood. Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew: But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew, Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found. Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the woun Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,

Thus an ox in fetters tied, i's strong pange distend his labouring side, normous on the field displays; heart beats thick as obbing life decays. the conqueror from his body draw, dim shadows swarm before his view. Deïpyrus in dust was laid : ans waved high the Thracian blade, his temples with an arm so strong, sall off, and roll'd amid the throng: nome luckier Greek it rests a prize; in death the godlike owner lies! h grief, great Menelaus burns, at with vengeance, to the victor turns: the ponderous lance, in act to throw; cood adverse with the bended bow: breast the Trojan arrow fell, less bounded from the plated steel. 🕳 ample barn's well-harden'd floor, collected at each open door,) broad fan with force is whirl'd around, the golden grain, resulting from the ground : steel that guards Atrides' heart, to distance flies the bounding dart. ratchful of the unwary foe, th his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow, a it to the yew: the wounded hand long lance that mark'd with blood the sand : Agenor gently from the wound colicits, and the bandage bound; oft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side, e tent and ligature supplied. Pisander, urged by fate's decree, rough the ranks to fall, and fall by thee, mlaŭa! to enhance thy fame : ring in the front, the warrior came. harp lance was by Atrides thrown; far distant by the winds was blown. A Pisander through Atrides' shield: spear fell shiver'd on the field.

Not so discouraged, to the future blind, Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind: Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord Like lightning brandish'd his far beaming sword His left arm high opposed the shining shield: His right beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held; (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made, Distinct with stude, and brazen was the blade:) This on the helm discharged a noble blow; The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below, Shorn from the crest. Atrides waved his steel: Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell; The crashing bones before its force gave way; In dust and blood the groaning hero lay Forced from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore The clotted eve-balls tumble on the shore. And fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled, Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said:

"Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fee O race perfidious, who delight in war! Already noble deeds ve have perform'd: A princess raped transcends a navy storm'd. In such bold feats your impious might approve, Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove. The violated rites, the ravish'd dame; Our heroes slaughter'd and our ships on flame. Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory do And whelm in ruins you flagitious town. O thou, great father! lord of earth and skies, Above the thought of man, supremely wise! If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow, From whence this favour to an impious foe? A godless crew, abandon'd and un ust, Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust? The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy; Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy; The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire, Even the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire. But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight."

This said, he seized (while yet the carcase heaved) be bloody armour, which his train received hen sudden mix'd among the warring crew. ind the bold son of Pylæmenes slew arpalion had through Asia travell'd far, ollowing his martial father to the war arough filial love he left his native shore. ever, ah, never to behold it more ! is unsuccessful spear he chanced to fling gainst the target of the Spartan king; hus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies, nd turns around his apprehensive eyes. im, through the hip transpiercing as he fied, shaft of Merion mingled with the dead. meath the bone the grancing point descends, od, driving down, the swelling bladder rends: ink in his sad companions' arms he lay, d in short pantings sobb'd his soul away; the some vile worm extended on the ground;) bile life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound. Him on his car the Paphlagonian train slow procession bore from off the plain. be pensive father, father now no more! Biends the mournful pomp along the shore; and unavailing tears profusely shed; ad, unrevenged, deplored his offspring dead. Paris from far the moving sight beheld, "ith pity soften'd and with fury swell'd is honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace, ad loved of all the Paphlagonian race! With his full strength he bent his angry bow, and wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe. chief there was, the brave Euchenor named, for riches much, and more for virtue famed. The held his seat in Corinth's stately town; folydus' son, a seer of old renown, Uft had the father told his early doom, y arms abroad, or slow disease at home: de climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath, and chose the certain glorious path to death.

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent.
His limbs, unnerved, drop useless on the ground;
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield, (Wrapp'd in the cloud and tumult of the field :) Wide on the left the force of Greece commands, And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands; With such a tide superior virtue sway'd, And he that shakes the solid earth gave aid. But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd, Where first the gates were forced, and bulwarks at There, on the margin of the hoary deep, (Their naval station where the Ajaces keep. And where low walls confine the beating tides, Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides: Where late in fight both foot and horse engaged, And all the thunder of the battle raged,) There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remain The proud laonians with their sweeping trains, Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epwan force: But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course. The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led; Bias and great Menestheus at their head: Meges the strong the Epzean bands controll'd, And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold: The Phthians, Medon, famed for martial might, And brave Podarces, active in the fight. This drew from Phylacus his noble line; Iphiclus' son and that (O'lleus) thine: (Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace; He dwelt far distant from his native place. By his fierce step-dame from his father's reign Expell'd and exiled for her brother slain :) These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ, Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unwearied care, Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war: So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil, Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear, And trace large furrows with the shining share; O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow, And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow. A train of heroes followed through the field. Who bore by turns great Ajax' sevenfold shield; Whene'er he breathed, remissive of his might, Tired with the incessant slaughters of the fight. No following troops his brave associate grace: In close engagement an unpractised race, The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield, Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield; But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing, Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling, Dexterous with these they aim a certain wound, Or fell the distant warrior to the ground. Thus in the van the Telamonian train, Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain: Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie, Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, The mingled tempest on the foes they pour; Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquired, And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retired; But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,

Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:

"Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well!
Content with what the bounteous gods have given,
beek not alone to engross the gifts of Heaven.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some sweet music and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess.
And towns and empires for their safety bless.

If Heaven have lodged this virtue in my breast, Attend, O Hector! what I judge the best, See, as thou movist, on dangers dangers spread, And war's whole fury burns around thy head. Behold! distress'd within you hostile wall, How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall l What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maint And what brave heroes at the ships he slain! Here cease thy fury : and, the chiefs and kings Convoked to council, weigh the sum of things. Whether (the gods succeeding our desires) To you tall ships to bear the Trojan fires; Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away, Contented with the conquest of the day. I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone, Pay the large debt of last revolving sun; Achilles, great Achilles, vet remains On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains

The counsel pleased; and Hector, with a bound Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground. Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound. To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ, And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy; Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way, And hasten back to end the doubtful day."

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow.
And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain.
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear;
For these were pierced with many a ghastly wor.
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground Some low in dust (a mountful object) lay,
High on the wall some breathed their souls and

the left, amid the throng he found ag the troops, and dealing deaths around) seful Paris; whom, with fury moved. dous thus, th' impatient chief reproved ; ated Paris! slave to womankind. th of face as fraudulent of mind! Deiphobus, where Asius gone? like father, and th' intrepid son? ce of Helenus, dispensing fate; est Othryoneus, so fear'd of late? te hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods, Troy from her foundations nods; d in thy country's ruin shalt thou fall, e devouring vengeance swallow all." Paris thus . "My brother and my friend, impatience makes thy tongue offend. battles I deserved thy blame. then not deedless, nor unknown to fame; e you rampart by thy arms lay low, rd slaughter from my fatal bow. efs you seek on yonder shore lie slain; hose heroes, two alone remain; bus, and Helenus the seer, aw disabled by a hostile spear. a, successful, where thy soul inspires: art and hand shall second all thy fires: th this arm I can, prepare to know, th for death be paid, and blow for blow. not ours, with forces not our own bat: strength is of the gods alone." words the hero's angry mind assuage: arce they mingle where the thickest rage. Polydamas, distain'd with blood, a. Phalces, atern Orthæus stood, with Polypertes the divine, to bold brothers of Hippotion's line reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far, mer day; the next engaged in war). n from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs. ers Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,

Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to
shore:

Thus rank on rank, the thick battalions throng, Chief urged on chief, and man drove man along Far o'er the plains, in dreadful order bright, The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shined, Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind. Before him flaming his enormous shield, Like the broad sun, illumined all the field; His nodding helm emits a streamy ray; His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along, Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look.
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanced the first, and thus the chief defied:

"Hector! come on ; thy empty threats forbear; 'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear The skill of war to us not idly given, Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven. Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts, To force our fleet—the Greeks have hands and been Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall, Your boasted city, and your god-built wall, Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground: And apread a long unmeasured ruin round. The time shall come, when, chased along the plain, Even thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain; Even thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course, The wings of falcons for thy flying horse; Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame, While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame."

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view, On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.

s's glad omen all the Grecians rise, il, with shouts, his progress through the skies: oing clamours bound from side to side; ased; and thus the chief of Troy replied: m whence this menace, this insulting strain? us boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain. the gods on Hector life bestow, at short life which mortals lead below, h as those of Jove's high lineage born, e-eyed maid, or he that gilds the morn,) decisive day shall end the fame ce, and Argos be no more a name. ou, imperious! if thy madness wait ce of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate: int-corse, extended on the shore, rgely feast the fowls with fat and gore." id; and like a lion stalk'd along: louts incessant earth and ocean rung, m his following host: the Grecian train iswering thunders fill'd the echoing plain; that tore heaven's concave, and, above, he fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

## BOOK XIV

## ARGUMENT

JUNO DECRIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENU

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with increasing clamour of war, and bastens to Agamemnon his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, we he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agament proposes to make their escape by night, which Ul withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, would as they were, they should go forth and encourage the with their presence, which advice is pursued. Juno, so the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design over reach him; she sets off her charms with the uncare, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the mi girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the got sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal eyes of Jupiter this done, she goes to mount Ida, when the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sink her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advanof his slumber, and succours the Greeks. Hector is still to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and car off from the battle: severa, actions succeed, till the Iroll much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser signalizes himself in a particular manner.

But not the genial feast, nor flowing bowl, Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul; His startled ears the increasing cries attend; Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:

"What new alarm, divine Machaon, say.
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they mee
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,

thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore; I the adventures of the day explore. aid: and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield, Miant offspring,) hasten'd to the field; day the son his father's buckler bore;) match'd a lance, and issued from the door. the prospect open'd to his view, panded eyes the scene of sorrow knew; marray ' the tumult of the fight, II in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. en old ocean's silent surface sleeps. wes just heaving on the purple deeps: get the expected tempest hangs on high. down the cloud, and blackens in the sky, se of waters will no wind obey; ends one gust, and bids them roll away. wavering counsels thus his mind engage. stes in doubtful thought the Pylian sage, the host, or to the general haste; ng long, he fixes on the last: he moves, the sight his bosom warms, ad rings dreadful with the clang of arms, ming falchions flash, the javelins fly; ocho blows, and all or kill or die. in his march, the wounded princes meet, by steps ascending from the fleet: mg of men, Ulysses the divine, bo to Tydeus owes his noble line. ships at distance from the battle stand, advanced along the shelving strand : bay, the fleet unable to contain h; beside the margin of the main, move rank, the crowded ships they moor: anded first, lay highest on the shore.) rted on the spears, they took their way, to fight, but anxious for the day. s approach alarm'd each Grecian breast, thus the general of the host address'd: rrace and glory of the Achaian name; trives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame? Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd, Our fleets in ashes, and our beroes kill'd? Such was his threat, ah! now too soon

good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflamed with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I lived to see with mournful eyes

In every Greek a new Achilles rise?"

Gereman Nestor then: "So fate has will'd;

And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Not he that thunders from the aerial bower,

Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

The wall, our late inviolable bound,

And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:

Even to the ships their conquering arms extended and ground of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven and

On speedy measures then employ your thought

In such distress! if counsel profit aught.

Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls in

Arms cannot much; though Mars our souls in These gaping wounds withhold us from the fig.

To him the monarch : "That our army bend That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends, And that the rampart, late our surest trust And best defence, lies smoking in the dust; All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear, Who, far from Argos, wills our rum here. Past are the days when happier Greece was ble And all his favour, all his aid confess'd ; Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies. Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain. And launch what ships lie nearest to the main! Leave these at anchor, till the coming night: Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight, Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. Better from evils, well foreseen, to run, Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replied, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes to

That shameful words (unkingly as thou art) I from that trembling tongue and timerous heart? were thy sway the curse of meaner powers, d thou the shame of any host but ours! host, by Jove endued with martial might, taught to conquer, or to fall in fight: wenturous combats and bold wars to wage, sploy'd our youth, and yet employs our age. d wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain? d have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain? such base sentence if thou couch thy fear, ak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear. res there a man so dead to fame, who dares think such meanness, or the thought declares? 🙀 comes it even from him whose sovereign sway banded legions of all Greece obey? this a general's voice that calls to flight, le war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight? at more could Troy? What yet their fate denies a givest the foe : all Greece becomes their prize. more the troops (our hoisted sails in view. mselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue; thy ships flying, with despair shall see; d owe destruction to a prince like thee." Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies) arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise. willing as I am to lose the host, were not Greece to quit this hateful coast; 1 I submit, whos'er, or young, or old, tht, more conducive to our weal, unfold." Tydides cut him short, and thus began: such counsel if you seek, behold the man boldly gives it, and what he shall say, ung though he be, disdain not to obey: youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs, speak to councils and assembled kings. w then in me the great Œnides' son, Mose honour'd dust (his race of glory run) whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall; ere in his life, and glorious in his fall.

With three bold sons was generous Prothous ble Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd; Melus and Agrius, but (who far surpass'd The rest in courage) Œneus was the last. From him, my sire From Calydon expell'd. He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd; The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd, Behold his vines their liquid harvest yield, And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame! Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name Then, what for common good my thoughts may Attend, and in the son respect the sire. Though sore of battle, though with wounds opposit Let each go forth, and animate the rest, Advance the glory which he cannot share, Though not partaker, witness of the war. But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpow quite,

Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war."

He added not the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrowed o'er with age;
Press'd in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:

Atrides! lo! with what disdsinful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind, impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shall
But Heaven forsakes not thee: o'er youder san
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renow
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved as

their winged wheels employ Signominious heads in Troy," then rush'd amid the warrior crew, voice before him as he flew, hout encountering armies yield can thousand shake the labouring field; voice, and such the thundering sound brident rends the solid ground. **Dosom** beats to meet the fight, ar appears a pleasing sight. Saturnia from Olympus' brow, in gold, beheld the fields below; glorious conflict she survey'd, reat brother gave the Grecians aid. woft, on Ida's shady height Move, and trembles at the sight. we, what methods shall she try, to blind his all-beholding eye? trusts her power; resolved to prove will successful, cheat of love; wisdom to oppose her charms, Mord of thunders in her arms. er bright apartment she repairs, ns and beauty's pleasing cares: wine had Vulcan form'd the bower, wese of each intruding power. her secret key, the doors unfold : **Sch**ind her shut the valves of gold. le bathes; and round her body pours ragrance, and ambrosial showers: perfumed, the balmy gate convey wen, through earth, and all the aerial way 🕆 whose exhalation greets gods with more than mortal sweets. he breathed of heaven, with decent pride ands the radiant tresses tied ; head in shining ringlets roll'd, shoulders waved like melted gold. next a heavenly mantle flow'd, h Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd :

Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumined with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she cast a veil more white
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome the imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

"How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?"

"Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said) Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd."

"Then grant me (said the queen) those conque

ing charms,

That power, which mortals and immortals warms, That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires, And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires!

"For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents, (sacred source of gods of Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal fends again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage.
And, what my youth has owed, repay their age!"

She said. With awe divine, the queen of love Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove; And from her fragrant breast the zone embraced, With various skill and high embroidery graced.

In this was every art, and every charm,

To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and the more persuasive sighs,
Scence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid:
"Take this, and with it all thy wish;" she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling press'd

press a

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleased Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

"Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O power of slumbers! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan, to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please."

"Imperial dame (the balmy power replies),
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand.
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.

When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore:
Great Jove, awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven,) her wings display
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Even Jove revered the venerable dame."

"Vain are thy fears (the queen of heaven replies, And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes); Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour woo Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son? Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies, Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize; For know, thy loved-one shall be ever thine.

The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine."

"Swear then (he said) by those tremendous flood
That roar through hell, and bind the invoking gods
Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main:
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my loved-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine."

The queen assents, and from the infernal bowers invokes the sable subtartarean powers,
And those who rule the inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil;
Through air, unseen, involved in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide:
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills:)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;

mbowering shade, conceal'd from sight, in likeness of the bird of night. his name by those of heavenly birth, Cymindis by the race of earth.) 🗱 top successful Juno flies ; we surveys her with desiring eyes: whose lightning sets the heavens on fire, all his bosom feels the fierce desire; when first by stealth he seized her charms, th her soul, and melted in her arms. her eves he fed his eager look, d her hand, and thus with transport spoke: comes my goddess from the ethereal sky, her eteeds and flaming chariot nigh?" he—"I haste to those remote abodes he great parents of the deathless gods, rend Ocean and gray Tethys, reign, est limits of the land and main. ese, to whose indulgent cares nursing of my tender years: . I hear, has made that union cease eld so long that ancient pair in peace. ds, prepared my chariot to convey h and seas, and through the aërial way, der Ide: of thy superior power easent, I leave the Olympian bower; unknown to thee, the sacred cells der seas, where hoary Ocean dwelle." that (said Jove) suffice another day! r love denies the least delay. r cares the present hour employ. hese moments sacred all to joy. ny soul so strong a passion prove, a carthly, or a heavenly love: I press'd Ixion's matchless dame, rose Pirithous like the gods in fame: n fair Danae felt the shower of gold ato life, whence Perseus brave and bold. I burn'd for either Theban dame: from this, from that Alcides came :)

Nor Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young, Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung. Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face, Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace. Not thus even for thyself I felt desire, As now my veins receive the pleasing fire."

He spoke; the goddess with the charming eyes. Glows with celestial red, and thus replies: "Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height, Exposed to mortal and immortal sight! Our joys profaned by each familiar eye; The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky: How shall I e'er review the blest abodes, Or mix among the senate of the gods? Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms, All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms? With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower, Sacred to love and to the genial hour; If such thy will, to that recess retire, In secret there indulge thy soft desire."

She ceased; and, smiling with superior love, Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove: "Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold, Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold; Not even the sun, who darts through heaven his and whose broad eye the extended earth surveys."

Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pour
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers.
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow.
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair.
Steep'd in soft joys and circumfused with air:
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round;
At length, with love and sleep's wift power opposite
The panting thunderer node, and sleep's voltage.

law to the navy borne on silent wings, Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings; ide him sudden, unperceiv'd, he stood, I thus with gentle words address'd the god . Now, Neptune! now, the important hour employ, check a while the haughty hopes of Troy; He Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed golden vision round his sacred head; Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties, re closed those awful and eternal eyes." a having said, the power of slumber flew, human lids to drop the balmy dew. tune, with zeal increased, renews his care. towering in the foremost ranks of war, tenant thus-" Oh once of martial fame ! kreeks! if yet ye can deserve the name! half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain? Hector thunder at your ships again? still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires, Le stern Achilles in his wrath retires. hero's loss too tamely you deplore, Itill yourselves, and ye shall need no more. evet, if glory any bosom warms, to on your firmest helms, and stand to arms: strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield, h valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield; to the weak the lighter arms belong, ponderous targe be wielded by the strong. 📷 arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay ; welf, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way." The troops assent: their martial arms they change: busy chiefs their banded legions range. kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain, Ith helpful hands themselves assist the train. strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield, 🜬 weaker warrior takes a lighter shield tes sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array legions march, and Neptune leads the way: brandish'd falchiou flames before their eyes, be lightning flashing through the frighted skies.

Clad in his might, the earth-shaking power appears: Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unawed. Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god : And lo! the god, and wondrous man, appear: The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here. The roaring main, at her great master's call, Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores, Both armies join : earth thunders, ocean roars, Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound, When stormy winds disclose the dark profound; Less loud the winds that from the Æolian hall Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven, And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven. The first bold javelin, urged by Hector's force, Direct at Ajax' bosom winged its course; But there no pass the crossing belts afford, (One braced his shield, and one sustain'd his sword Then back the disappointed Trojan drew, And cursed the lance that unavailing flew: But 'scaped not Ajax; his tempestuous hand A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand. (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet-Or served to ballast, or to prop the fleet,) Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings; On the razed shield the fallen ruin rings, Full on his breast and throat with force descends; Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends, But whirling on, with many a fiery round, Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground. As when the bolt, red-hissing from above, Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove, The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies, Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise; Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand, And own the terrors of the almighty hand !

great Hector prostrate on the shore; backen'd hand deserts the lance it bore: following shield the fallen chief o'erspread: th his helmet dropp'd his fainting head; cad of armour, sinking to the ground, on the field, a dead and hollow sound. houts of triumph fill the crowded plain; 🖦 sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain : ring to seize him; storms of arrows fly, thicker javelins intercept the sky. in an iron tempest hisses round; a protected, and without a wound. amas, Agenor the divine, lous warrior of Anchises' line. each bold leader of the Lycian band. covering shields (a friendly circle) stand. cournful followers, with assistant care, croaning hero to his chariot bear; baming coursers, swifter than the wind, to the town, and leave the war behind. en now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side, ce gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide, watery drops the chief they sprinkle round, on the margin of the flowery ground. an his knees, he now ejects the gore; mints anew, low-sinking on the shore; be breathes, half views the fleeting skies, cals again, by fits, his swimming eyes. a as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld, double fury each invades the field. 🖪 Ajax first his javelin sped, ad by whose point the son of Enops bled; ins the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore t her flocks on Satnio's silver shore :) through the belly's rim, the warrior lies and shades eternal veil his eyes. iduous battle rose around the dead; irns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled. d with revenge, Polydamas drew near, \* Prothenor shook the trembling spear;

The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust. He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust. "Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field, And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield: From this unerring hand there flies no dart. But bathes its point within a Grecian heart. Propp'd on that spear to which thou owest thy so, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary he

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breather soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest. As by his side the groaning warrior fell, At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel. The foe, reclining, shunn'd the flying death; But fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath: Thy lofty birth no succour could impart, The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart; Swift to perform heaven's fatal will, it fled Full on the juncture of the neck and head, And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain. The dropping head first tumbled on the plain. So just the stroke, that yet the body stood Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

"Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes
(The towering Ajax loud-insulting cries:)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain
A worthy vengeance for Prothonor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face,
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage kno

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son,"

He spake, and smiled severe, for well he knet.
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas avenged his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierced his heart—"Such fate attends you
Proud Argives! destined by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus deprived of breath,
A victim owed to my brave brother's death.

Not unappeased he enters Pluto's gate, Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate,"

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host, But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most: At the proud boaster he directs his course; The boaster flies, and shuns superior force. But young Ilioneus received the spear; llioneus, his father's only care: (Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train Whom Hermes loved, and taught the arts of gain:) Full in his eye the weapon chanced to fall, And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball, Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain ; He lifts his miserable arms in vain! Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread, And from the spouting shoulders struck his head: To earth at ouce the head and helmet fly: The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye, The victor seized; and, as aloft he shook The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

"Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn."

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojaus hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine, Ye all beholding, all-recording nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blessed trophies, will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on the ensauguined plain Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.

Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew, Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew. Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled, By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead, Pierced in the flank by Menelaüs' steel, His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell; Eternal darkness wrapp'd the warrior round, And the fierce soul came rushing through the we But stretch'd in heaps before O'lleus' son, Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run; Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

### BOOK XV

### ARGUMENT

THE FIFTH BATTLE AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS
OF AJAX

iter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks be is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her subm ssions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. funo, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter, in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment; he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Ins commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, be consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, mings him back to the battle, marches before him with his egis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Bound the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes,)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.

The god beheld him with a pitying look, And thus, incensed, to fraudful Juno spoke: "O thou, still adverse to the eternal will, For ever studious in promoting ill! Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield, And driven his conquering squadrons from the fell Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles, withstand Our power immense, and brave the almighty hand Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high, From the vast concave of the spangled sky, I hung thee trembling in a golden chain, And all the raging gods opposed in vain? Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall, Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall For godlike Hercules these deeds were done. Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son: When, by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast, Him through a thousand forms of death I bore, And sent to Argos, and his native shore. Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head; Lest arts and blandishments successiess prove, Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love."

The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd.
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd.
"By every oath that powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below.
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd,
To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd.
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the sire of heaven."

"Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the shall (The immortal father with a smile replies;)

Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey, Nor dare to act but when we point the way. If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will To you bright synod on the Olympian hill; Our high decree let various Iris know, And call the god that bears the silver how. Let her descend, and from the embattled plain Command the sea-god to his watery reign: While Phoebus hastes great Hector to prepare To rise afresh, and once more wake the war: His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath, And calls his senses from the verge of death. Greece chased by Troy, even to Achilles' fleet, Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet. He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain. What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls I Even my loved son, divine Sarpedon, falls! Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he hes. Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise: And lo! that instant, godlike Hector dies, From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,

Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
I gave, and seal'd it with the almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys."

The trembling queen (the almighty order given)

Swift from the Idean summit shot to heaven.

As some wayfaring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,

Bends forth his active mind from place to place,

Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:

So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,

If thought of man can match the speed of gods.

There sat the powers in awful synod placed;

They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd

# THE ILLAD

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Steeps Troy in ble By his own ar To belp bie

Else had And t

on the haughty sea-god shall obey, to act but when we point the way. inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will a bright synod on the Olympian hill; the decree let various Iris know, the god that bears the silver bow. descend, and from the embattled plain nd the sea-god to his watery reign : Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare afresh, and once more wake the war : abouring bosom re-inspires with breath, his senses from the verge of death. chased by Troy, even to Achilles fleet, by thousands at the hero's feet. untouch'd with pity, to the plain end Patroclus, but shall send in vain. Youths he slaughters under lion's walls! loved son, divine Sarpedon, falls! ah'd at last by Hector's lauce he lies. por till then, shall great Achilles rise : that instant, godlike Hector dies, hat great hour the war's whole fortune ets, and lofty Ilion burns at day shall Jove relax his ruge, all the heavenly host eugage e promise of a god th the almighty nod, to raise, "e word obeys" highly order givets; the earsened of onlone · Limber to place, MERCHANIST PROPERTY. municipal and ndering the thirties was

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Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown They hail her queen; the nectar streams around. Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl, And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replet:
"Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmoved his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall.
But Jove shall thunder through the ethereal dom.
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come.
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp the eternal banquets of the skies."

The goddess said, and sullen took her place; Black horror sadden'd each celestial face, To see the gathering grudge in every breast, Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express'd; While on her wrinkled front, and eyebrow bent, Sat stedfast care, and lowering discontent. Thus she proceeds-" Attend, ye powers above ! But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove: Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway, Your vassal godheads gradgingly obey : Fierce in the majesty of power controls: Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the pol-Submiss, immortals | all he wills, obey : And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way. Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die, But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh; Thy own loved boasted offspring lies o'erthrown, If that loved boasted offspring be thy own."

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd so. Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun: "Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey; Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way: Descending first to you forbidden plain, The god of battles dares avenge the slain; Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead."

With that he gives command to Fear and Flight to join his rapid coursers for the fight: Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies; Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies. and now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven, Discharged his wrath on half the host of heaven; but Pallas, springing through the bright abode, starts from her azure throne to calm the god. truck for the immortal race with timely fear, from frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear: then the huge belmet lifting from his head, thus to the impetuous homicide she said: "By what wild passion, furious | art thou toss'd? privist thou with Jove? thou art already lost. hall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain, and was imperial Juno heard in vain? tack to the skies wouldst thou with shame be driven. and in thy guilt involve the host of heaven? tion and Greece no more should Jove engage, The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage; Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state. Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call; Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall. Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply, Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?" This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne; Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan. Then June call'd (Jove's orders to obey) The winged Iris, and the god of day. \*Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cried) On you tall summit of the fountful Ide: There in the father's awful presence stand, seceive, and execute his dread command." She said, and sat; the god that gilds the day, and various Iris, wing their airy way, Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came, Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game) There sat the eternal; he whose nod controls The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleased the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddess of the showery bow;

"Iris! descend, and what we here ordain,
Report to you mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the lord of heaven?"

The all-mighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her fly To sacred Ilion from the Idean height. Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows, Drive through the skies, when Boreas flercely blown So from the clouds descending Iris falls, And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls:

"Attend the mandate of the sire above!
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thine own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refused, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior eway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the lord of heaven?"

"What means the haughty sovereign of the skies"
(The king of ocean thus, incensed, replies;)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;

the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain, thereal Jove extends his high domain; Iy court beneath the hoary waves I keep, and hush the roarings of the sacred deep; Thympus, and this earth, in common lie: What claim has here the tyrant of the sky? The in the distant clouds let him control, and awe the younger brothers of the pole; There to his children his commands be given, the trembling, servile, second race of heaven."

"And must I then (said she), O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,

Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field:
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.

If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heaven,
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half the ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay you proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er the offence by other gods be pass'd,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last."

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode, and plunged into the bosom of the flood.

The lord of thunders, from his lofty height Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:

"Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound;

And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spared;
Even power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till the Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again.
Then Greece shall breathe from toils." The godher
said:

His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.

Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,
As Phæbus, shooting from the Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his loved companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away,
To whom the god who gives the golden day:

"Why sits great Hector from the field so far? What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the

The fainting hero, as the vision bright Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:

"What blest immortal, with commanding breath, Thus wakene Hector from the sleep of death? Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword Bathed Greece in slaughter, and her battle gored, The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow Had almost sunk me to the shades below? Even yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy, And hell's black horrors swim before my eye."

To him Apollo · "Be no more dismay'd; See, and be strong! the Thunderer sends thee aid. Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ, Phæbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.

pire thy warriors then with manly force, to the ships impel thy rapid horse: on I will make thy fiery coursers way, ad drive the Grecians headlong to the sea." Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove, ad breathed immortal ardour from above. when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound, caks from his stall, and pours along the ground; ith ample strokes he rushes to the flood. bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood; head, now freed, he tosses to the skies; s mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies . snuffs the females in the well-known plain, and springs, exulting, to his fields again: fred by the voice divine, thus Hector flew, all of the god; and all his hosts pursue. when the force of men and dogs combined wade the mountain goat, or branching hind; ar from the hunter's rage secure they lie **Sose** in the rock, (not fated yet to die) Then lo! a lion shoots across the way! hey fly : at once the chasers and the prey. o Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued, and mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood, oon as they see the furious chief appear, orget to vanquish, and consent to fear. Thoas with grief observed his dreadful course, hoas, the bravest of the Ætolian force; kill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight, ad bold to combat in the standing fight, ot more in councils famed for solid sense, than winning words and heavenly eloquence. Gods! what portent (he cried) these eyes invades? ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades! e saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd: What god restores him to the frighted field; and not content that half of Greece lie slain, tours new destruction on her sons again? Se comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will; b! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!

Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand.
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms, and when such foes appear
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear."

The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array. Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command, The valuant leader of the Cretan band: And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite, Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight. Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend, To flank the navy, and the shores defend. Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear, And Hector first came towering to the war. Phœbus himself the rushing battle led : A veil of clouds involved his radiant head: High held before him, Jove's enormous shield Portentous shone, and shaded all the field: Vulcan to Jove the immortal gift consign'd. To scatter hosts and terrify mankind, The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise From different parts, and mingle in the skies. Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung, And arrows leaping from the bow string sung; These drink the life of generous warriors slain: Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain. As long as Phæbus bore unmoved the shield, Sat doubtful conquest hovering o'er the field; But when aloft he shakes it in the skies. Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes, Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast, Their force is humbled, and their fear confess d. So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide, No swain to guard them, and no day to guide. When two fell lions from the mountain come. And spread the carnage through the shady gloom Impending Phoebus pours around them fear, And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.

Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads, First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds; One to the bold Bœotians ever dear, And one Menestheus' friend and famed compeer. Medon and Iasus, Æneas sped; This sprang from Phelus, and the Athenians led; But hapless Medon from Oileus came; Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name, Though born of lawless love : from home expell'd, 🧥 banish'd man, ın Phylace he dwell'd, Fress'd by the vengeance of an angry wife; Proy ends at last his labours and his life Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew; And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew. By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies, Fierced through the shoulder as he basely flies. Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain; stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain. The Greeks dismay'd, confused, disperse or fall, Some seek the treuch, some skulk behind the wall. While these fly trembling, others pant for breath, And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death. On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night; Forbids to plunder, animates the fight, Points to the fleet : " For, by the gods! who flies, Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies: No weeping sister his cold eye shall close, No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose. Who stops to plunder at this signal hour, The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour." Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds; The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds; The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore; The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar! Apollo, planted at the trench's bound, Push'd at the bank : down sank the enormous mound : **Boll'd** in the ditch the heapy ruin lay; 🦍 sudden road! a long and ample way. O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space) Now steeds, and men, and care tumultuous pass.

The wondering crowds the downward level trod;
Before them fiamed the shield, and march'd the go
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagined houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleased with some new play.
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair, Confused, and weary all the powers with prayer: Exhort their men, with praises, threats, command And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands. Experienced Nestor chief obtests the skies, And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

"O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod:
Perform the promise of a gracious god!
This day preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the relics of the Grecian name."

Thus prayed the sage: the eternal gave consent.
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Presumptuous Troy mistook the accepting sign.
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin through

While thus the thunder of the battle raged, And labouring armies round the works engaged,

ill in the tent Patroclus sat to tend e good Eurypylus, his wounded friend. sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind, adds discourse, the medicine of the mind. but when he saw, ascending up the fleet, letorious Troy; then, starting from his seat, With bitter grouns his sorrows he express'd, le wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast. Though yet thy state require redress (he cries) epart I must: what horrors strike my eyes! harged with Achilles' high command I go, mournful witness of this scene of woe: haste to urge him by his country's care to rise in arms, and shine again in war. erhaps some favouring god his soul may bend; the voice is powerful of a faithful friend." He spoke; and, speaking, swifter than the wind orung from the tent, and left the war behind. the embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain, at strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain. or could the Trojans, through that firm array, orce to the fleet and tents the impervious way. when a shipwright, with Palladian art, mooths the rough wood, and levels every part: With equal hand he guides his whole design, y the just rule, and the directing line the martial leaders, with like skill and care, reserved their line, and equal kept the war. rave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried, nd every ship sustained an equal tide. t one proud bark, high towering o'er the fleet. iax the great, and godlike Hector meet: or one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend, for this the ships can fire, nor that defend : ne kept the shore, and one the vessel trod; hat fix'd as fate, this acted by a god. the son of Clytius in his daring hand, he deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand; at, pierced by Telamon's huge lance, expires: bundering he falls, and drops the extinguish'd fixes. Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
"Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space!
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!"

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, and war, for ever at his side,
Near his loved master, as he lived, he died.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:

"Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our loved companion! now no more!
Desr as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars he left his native air.
This death deplored, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bead

Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stored quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of the embattled plain
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies:
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spure his smooty car;

Ill sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd, and gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand; **Men**, fired to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe: Rage edged his sword, and strengthen'd every blow. Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause. M Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws: And had the weapon found the destined way, Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day. But Hector was not doom'd to perish then: he all-wise disposer of the fates of men Imperial Jove) his present death withstands; Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands. It its full stretch as the tough string he drew. wruck by an arm unseen, it burst in two; wwn dropp'd the bow : the shaft with brazen head bil innocent, and on the dust lay dead. the astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries; Bome god prevents our destined enterprise: ome god, propitious to the Trojan foe, tas, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow, and broke the nerve my hands had twined with art, cong to impel the flight of many a dart." Since heaven commands it (Ajax made reply) ramiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by: by arms no less suffice the lance to wield. and quit the quiver for the ponderous shield. the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame, my brave example shall the rest inflame. perce as they are, by long successes vain; force our fleet, or even a ship to gain, ks toil, and sweat, and blood : their utmost might sall find its match No more : 'tis ours to fight. Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside: ne fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied; ha his brave head a crested helm he placed, with nodding horse-hair formidably graced; dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines, he warrior wields; and his great brother joins. This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy: We troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !

Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame, And spread your glory with the navy's flame. Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now, From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow: Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine, When happy nations bear the marks divine! How easy then, to see the sinking state Of realms accursed, deserted, reprobate! Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours: Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers. Death is the worst; a fate which all must try: And for our country, 'tis a blass to die The gallant man, though slain in fight he be, Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free; Entails a debt on all the grateful state; His own brave friends shall glory in his fate; His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed, And late posterity enjoy the deed !"

This roused the soul in every Trojan breast: The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd:

"How long, ye warriors of the Argive race, (To generous Argos what a dire disgrace ') How long on these cursed confines will ye lie, Yet undetermined, or to live or die? What hopes remain, what methods to retire. If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire? Mark how the flames approach, how near they fi How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call! Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites, It calls to death, and all the rage of fights. 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates, To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglerious hand

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flams.
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedus died;

here, pierced by Ajax, sunk Laodamas, kief of the foot, of old Antenor's race. olydamas laid Otus on the sand, be herce commander of the Epeian band. Is lance bold Meges at the victor threw; he victor, stooping, from the death withdrew; hat valued life, O Phoebus! was thy care) at Crosmus' bosom took the flying spear : corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore; He radiant arms triumphant Meges bore. clops, the son of Lampus, rushes on, rung from the race of old Laomedon, and famed for prowess in a well-fought field, be pierced the centre of his sounding shield: t Meges, Phyleus' ample breastplate wore, well-known in fight on Selle's winding shore; or king Euphetes gave the golden mail, ompact, and firm with many a jointed scale) Thich oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, d saved the father, and now saves the son. all at the Trojan's head he urged his lance, here the high plumes above the helmet dance, ow ting'd with Tyrian dye : in dust below, orn from the crest, the purple honours glow. antime their fight the Spartan king survey'd, ad stood by Meges' side a sudden aid. trough Dolops' shoulder urged his forceful dart, Thich held its passage through the panting heart, and assued at his breast. With thundering sound the warrior falls, extended on the ground. a rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain: Hector's voice excites his kindred train; he here most, from Hicetaon sprung, wree Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young. to (ore to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main) d his large oxen on Percotè's plain; 🕏 when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care, **turn'd to** Ilion, and excell d in war ; or this, in Priam's court, he held his place, doved no less than Priam's royal race.

Him Hector singled, as his troops he led, And thus inflamed him, pointing to the dead. "Lo, Melanippus! lo, where Dolops lies; And is it thus our royal kinsman dies? O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey, And lo! they bear the bloody arms away! Come on a distant war no longer wage. But hand to hand thy country's foes engage: Till Greece at once, and all her glory end; Or Ilion from her towery height descend, Heaved from the lowest stone; and bury all In one sad sepulchre, one common fall." Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes: With equal ardour Melanippus glows: Then Ajax thus—"O Greeks! respect your fame, Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame: Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire. And catch from breast to breast the noble fire. On valour's side the odds of combat lie: The brave live glorious, or lameuted die; The wretch that trembles in the field of fame. Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame

His generous sense he not in vain imparts; It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts: They join, they throng, they thicken at his call, And flank the navy with a brazen wall; Shields touching shields, in order blaze above, And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove. The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause, Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause. "Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you, So strong to fight, so active to pursue? Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed? Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed."

He said; and backward to the lines retired; Forth rush'd the youth with martial fury fired, Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw, And round the black battalions cast his view. The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear, While the swift javelin him a slong in air.

Advancing Melanippus met the dart With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart: Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound, And his broad buckler rings against the ground. The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize: Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies, And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart The distant hunter sent into his heart. Observing Hector to the rescue flew: Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew. So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain, Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's swain, While conscious of the deed, he glares around, And hears the gathering multitude resound, Timely he flies the yet-untasted food, And gains the friendly shelter of the wood: So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue, While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew; But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns His manly breast, and with new fury burns. Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove. Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove: The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer, The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands. Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands. On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes, To view the navy blazing to the skies; Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn, The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn. These fates revolved in his almighty mind, He raises Hector to the work design'd, Bids him with more than mortal fury glow, And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe. So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call, Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall. Not with more rage a conflagration rolls, Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles. He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow Like hery meteors his red eye-balla glow :

The radiant helmet on his temple burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes Burn at each foe, and single every prize: Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight, He points his ardour and exerts his might. The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower, On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power: So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main. By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain, Unmoved it hears, above, the tempest blow, And sees the watery mountains break below. Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall Lake fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all: Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends. And, swell'd with tempests, on the ship descends: White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud Howl o'er the masts, and sings through every shrough Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with feats And instant death on every wave appears. So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet, The chief so thunders, and so shakes the flest.

As when a hon, rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies;
Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seized, and slews
Myceman Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to feme;

The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire
Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
in every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fallen chief the invading Trojan press'd,
And plunged the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
The unhappy hero, fled, or shared his fate.

Chased from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding toward the main:
Wedged in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desperate band,
Now manly shame forbids the inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;

And by their parents, by themselves implores. "Oh friends! be men : your generous breasts inflame With mutual honour, and with mutual shame! Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care Your wives, your infants, and your parents share : Think of each living father's reverend head; Think of each ancestor with glory dead; Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue, They ask their safety, and their fame, from you: The gods their fates on this one action lay, and all are lost, if you desert the day." He spoke, and round him breathed heroic fires; Minerva seconds what the sage inspires. The mist of darkness Jove around them threw the clear'd, restoring all the war to view; A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain, And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main:

Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light,
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size
A ponderous mace with study of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;

High on the decks with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his sest, and vaults from one to one;

And now to this, and now to that he flies; Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew, No less the wonder of the warring crew. As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud. And rush'd enraged before the Trojan crowd; Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores: So the strong eagle from his airy height, Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood. Jove leads him on with his almighty hand. And breathes fierce spirits in his following band. The warring nations meet, the battle roars. Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores. Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their No force could tame them, and no toil could tire As if new vigour from new fights they won. And the long battle was but then begun. Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war. Secure of death, confiding in despair: Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes clain:

Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair, And each contends, as his were all the war.

Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seized a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow;
Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging, Hector with his ample hand Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command:

"Haste, bring the flames! that toil of ten long years Is finished; and the day desired appears! This happy day with acclamations greet, Bright with destruction of you hostile fleet. The coward-counsels of a timorous throng Of reverend dotards check'd our glory long: Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms, But now in peals of thunder calls to arms: In this great day he crowns our full desires, Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires."

He spoke the warriors at his fierce command Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.

Even Ajax paused, (so thick the javelins fly,) Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die. Yet, where the oars are placed, he stands to wait What chief approaching dares attempt his fate: Even to the last his naval charge defends, Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends; Even yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires, Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

"O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear, Once some of Mars, and thunderbolts of war Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor further wastes his breath, But turns his javelin to the work of death. Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands, Against the sable ships, with flaming brands, So well the chief his naval weapon sped, The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead: Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell, Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

## BOOK XVI

#### ARGUMENT

THE BIXTH BATTLE; THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

stroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet without further pursuit of the enemy The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers are described Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the uttermost consternation. he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate, Several other particulars of the battle are described in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy where Apolio repulses and disarms him Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book,

So warr'd both armies on the ensanguined shore, While the black vessels smoked with human gore. Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies, The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes: Not faster, trickling to the plains below, From the tall rock the sable waters flow. Divine Pelides, with compassion moved, Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best beloved:

"Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mether keeps
Prom her loved breast, with fonder passion weeps;
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Not more the mother's soul, that infant warms, Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms, Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

"Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care),
Thy good Mencetius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleased in their age to hear their children's praise.
Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps you relies of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share."

A sigh that instant from his bosom broke, Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:

"Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierced with wounds, and bleeding in his tent:
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

"O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caused thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produced thee in a storm,

A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind, So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind. "If some dire oracle thy breast alarm, If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm. Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine, If I but lead the Myrmidonian line: Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear, Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war; Without thy person Greece shall win the day, And thy mere image chase her foes away. Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again." Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath, Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death. Unfortunately good! a boding sigh Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply: "Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears; Nor words from Jove nor oracles he hears: Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest; The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast. My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought

11156 25 2 Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage: I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong Even me: I felt it; and shall feel it long. The maid, my black-eyed maid, he forced away, Due to the toils of many a well-fought day: Due to my conquest of her father's reign; Due to the votes of all the Grecian train. From me he forced her; me, the bold and brave, Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave. But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past: Tis time our fury should relent at last : I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears: How Hector to my ships his battle bears, The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears. Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms In Troy's famed fields, and in Achilles' arms : Lead forth my martial Myrmidous to fight, Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.

See the thin relics of their baffled band At the last edge of you deserted land! Behold all Ilion on their ships descends: How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends. It was not thus, when, at my sight amazed, Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blazed: Had not the injurious king our friendship lost, You ample trench had buried half her host. No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear, Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there; No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' sou : No more your general calls his heroes on: Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your deal Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain: Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain, And give the Greeks to visit Greece again. But heed my words, and mark a friend's command Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand. And from thy deeds expects the Achaian host Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost. Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew. But touch not Hector, Hector is my due. Though Jove in thunder should command the was Be just, consult my glory, and forbear. The fleet once saved, desist from further chase. Nor lead to Hion's walls the Grecian race: Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy; Some god, like Phæbus, ever kind to Troy. Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait. Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate. O! would to all the immortal powers above, Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove! That not one Trojan might be left alive. And not a Greek of all the race survive: Might only we the vast destruction shan, And only we destroy the accursed town! Such conference held the chiefs; while on strand

Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan bear

Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick short pantings, comes and goes:
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post;
Dangers on dangers all around him glow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, throned above the starry frame, How first the navy blazed with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector waved his sword, and standing near,
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head;
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine;
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign,
Warn'd he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
"Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops."—The hero said;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cased his limbs in brass; and first around His manly legs, with silver buckles bound The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes; Emblazed with study of gold his falchion shone in the rich belt, as in a starry zone. Achilles' shield his ample shoulders apread, Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:

Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not to be possed but by Pelides' hands:
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shaped it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed.
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
(Once great Action's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace.
A mortal courser match'd the immortal race

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings:
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughtered in the woo
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue:
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorged with slaughter still they thirst for mod
Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, loved of Jove, had launched for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty ours:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in eway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Derived from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espoused the dame.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Famed in the graceful dance, produced to day.
Her, sly Cellenius loved: on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god pursued her, urged, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecleüs, bless'd in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart; No band so sure of all the Emathian line, Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was graced,

Laerces' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had cail'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
"Ye far-famed Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dared the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endured so long;
'Stern son of Peleus, (thus ye used to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
Oh nursed with gall, unknowing how to yield;
Whose rage defrauds us of so famed a field:
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!'
Such were your words—Now, warnors! grieve no more,

Lo there the Trojans; bathe your swords in gore !

This day shall give you all your soul demands, Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands!"

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the last when a circling wall the builder forms, Of strength defensive against wind and storms, Compacted stones the thickening work compose, And round him wide the rising structure grows: So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng, Shield urged on shield, and man drove man along Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join d, Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest in glittering pomp appear, There bold Automedon, Patroclus here; Brothers in arms, with equal fury fired; Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went To the rich coffer in his shady tent: There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd. And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold, (The presents of the silver-footed dame) From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame, Which never man had stained with ruddy wine, Nor raised in offerings to the power divine. But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none Had raised in offerings, but to Jove alone. This tinged with sulphur, sacred first to flame, He purged; and wash'd it in the running stream. Then cleansed his hands; and fixing for a space His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd Forth in the midst; and thus the god implored:

"O thou supreme! high-throned all height about O great Pelasgic, Dodonwan Jove! Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill, Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
(Whose groves the Selli, race austere! surround, Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground.

Who hear, from rusting oaks, thy dark decrees; And catch the fates, low-whispered in the breeze;) Hear, as of old Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer, Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair. Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield, Though still determined, to my ships confined; Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind, Oh! be his guard thy providential care. Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war; Press'd by his single force let Hector see His fame in arms not owing all to me. But when the fleets are saved from foes and fire, Let him with conquest and renown retire; Preserve his arms, preserve his social train, And safe return him to these eyes again!"

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request, But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest; To free the fleet was granted to his prayer; His safe return, the winds dispersed in air. Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies, And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care, Invade the Trojans, and commence the war. As wasps, provoked by children in their play, Pour from their mansions by the broad highway, In swarms the guiltless traveller engage, Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage: All rise in arms, and, with a general cry, Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny. Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms, So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms: Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires, Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

"O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days;
Your godl.ke master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think your Achilles sees you fight; be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save."

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke, Flew to the fleet, involved in fire and smoke. From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound, The hollow ships return a deeper sound. The war stood still, and all around them gazed, When great Achilles' shining armour blazed: Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh, At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew. Where the war raged, and where the tumult grew. Close to the stern of that famed ship which bore Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore, The great Peonian, bold Pyrechmes stood; (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood;) His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound: The groaning warrior pants upon the ground. His troops, that see their country's glory slain, Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain. Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires. And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires: Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies; In heaps on heaps the fee tumultuous flies; Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends, And loud acclaim the starry region rends. So when thick clouds enwrap the mountain's head. O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray, Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise, And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes The smiling scene wide opens to the sight, And all the unmeasured ether flames with light.

But Troy repulsed, and scatter'd o'er the plant.
Forced from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost, beid Patroclus flew:
As Areilycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound.
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:

Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas was thy chance; Thy breast, unarm'd, received the Spartan lance. Phylides' dart (as Amphidus drew nigh) His blow prevented, and transpierced his thigh, Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away; In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay. In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand, And two bold brothers of the Lycian band: By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies, Pierced in the flank, lamented youth! he lies. Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound, Defends the breathless carcase on the ground . Furious he flies, his murderer to engage: But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage, Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow; His arm falls spouting on the dust below: He einks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er: And vents his soul, effused with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abborr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies, Beneath Odens' arm, a living prize; A living prize not long the Trojan stood; The thirsty falchion drank his recking blood; Plunged in his throat the smoking weapon lies; Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came; In vain their javelins at each other flew, Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew. On the plumed crest of his Bostian foe The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow; The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped Full on the juncture of the neck and head: The head, divided by a stroke so just, Hung by the skin; the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds, Pierced through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; Back from the car he tumbles to the ground; His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth received the Cretan steel:
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore;
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain, Or kids, or lambs, lie scatter'd o'er the plain, A troop of wolves the unguarded charge survey, And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd, Still, pointed at his breast, his javelin flamed. The Trojan chief, experienced in the field, O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield, Observed the storm of darts the Grecians pour, And on his buckler caught the ringing shower: He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise, Yet stops, and turns, and saves his loved allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms. And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms, Dark o'er the fields the ascending vapour flies, And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies: So from the ships, along the dusky plain, Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train. Even Hector fied; through heads of disarray The fiery coursers forced their lord away: While far behind his Trojans fall confused: Wedged in the trench, in one vast carnage bruised Chariots on chariots roll—the clashing spokes Shock; while the madding steeds break short their vol In vain they labour up the steepy mound; Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground. Fierce on the rear, with shouts Patroclus flies; Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;

Mick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight; ouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight. he affrighted steeds their dying lords cast down, sour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town. oud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry, here the war bleeds, and where the thickest die, here horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown, ind bleeding heroes under axles groan, stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew : from bank to bank the immortal coursers flew. ligh-hounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car mokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war, and thunders after Hector: Hector flies, htroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies. Not with less noise, with less impetuous force, tide of Trojans urge their desperate course, than when in autumn Jove his fury pours, and earth is loaden with incessant showers: When guilty mortals break the eternal laws, ir judges, bribed, betray the righteous cause;) from their deep beds he bids the rivers rise. and opens all the flood-gates of the skies: the impetuous torrents from their hills obey, Thole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away ; Loud rours the deluge till it meets the main; ad trembling man sees all his labours vain! And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd) ack to the ships his destined progress held, ore down half Troy in his resistless way, and forced the routed ranks to stand the day. Stween the space where silver Simois flows. There lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose. ill grim in dust and blood Patroclus stands, ad turns the slaughter on the conquering bands. First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart. Which pierced below the shield his valiant heart. thestor was next, who saw the chief appear, and fell the victim of his coward fear: brunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye, for stood to combat, nor had force to fly;

Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaw
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard; as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involved him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, he;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread

In heaps on heaps a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field, With this reproach his flying host he warms: "Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms! Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain; This hand unaided shall the war sustain: The task be mine this hero's strength to try, Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fiv."

He spake: and, speaking, leaps from off the car. Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war. As when two vultures on the mountain's height Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight; They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry; The desert echoes, and the rocks reply: The warriors thus opposed in arms, engage With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat . whose event foreseen. He thus bespoke his sister and his queen : "The hour draws on; the destinies ordain, My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain Already on the verge of death he stands, His life is owed to fierce Patroclus' hands, What passions in a parent's breast debate! Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate, And send him safe to Lycia, distant far From all the dangers and the toils of war; Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield, And fatten, with celestial blood, the field?"

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes: "What words are these, O sovereign of the skies! Short is the date prescribed to mortal man; Shall Jove for one extend the narrow span, Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began? How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death, Before proud Ilion must resign their breath! Were thine exempt, debate would rise above, And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove. Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight; And when the ascending soul has wing'd her flight, Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command, The breathless body to his native land. His friends and people, to his future praise, A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise, And lasting honours to his ashes give; His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live."

She said . the cloud compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestined to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear;
Each heaved the shield, and poised the lifted spear;
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbraced no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.

Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw:
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierced Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed:
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground
His sudden fall the entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
The encumbered chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein:
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance: And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course, And spent in empty air its dying force. Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart; Aim'd at his breast it pierced a mortal part, Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart. Then as the mountain oak, or poplar tall, Or pine (fit must for some great admiral) Node to the axe, till with a groaning sound It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground, Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine, Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine: He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore, And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore. So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws, While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood; Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through t wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command;
"Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.

di them. I charged them with my latest breath t unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death. that grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo, these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe! en as a friend, and as a warrior fight; fend my body, conquer in my right : that, taught by great examples, all may try te thee to vanquish, or like me to die." To ceased; the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath, od his eyes darken'd with the shades of death. the insulting victor with disdain bestrode De prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod; hen drew the weapon from his panting heart, The recking fibres clinging to the dart; som the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood, and the soul issued in the purple flood. Myrmidons detain, aguided now, their mighty master slain. li-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief, thappy Glaucus heard the dying chief: is painful arm, yet useless with the smart dicted late by Teucer's deadly dart, apported on his better hand he stay'd: Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd : "All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast, acred Ilion, thy bright presence boast, owerful alike to ease the wretch's smart; hear me! god of every healing art! I stiff with clotted blood, and pierced with pain, thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein, stand unable to sustain the spear, ad sigh, at distance from the glorious war, w in the dust is great Sarpedon laid, or Jove vouchsafed his hapless offspring aid; thou, O god of health! thy succour lend, guard the relics of my slaughter'd friend: ir thou, though distant, canst restore my might, bead my Lycians, and support the fight." spollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood, beavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood;

He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breathed a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns the assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas:
Aneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

"What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lyciaus lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his loved remains!
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost!"

He spoke: each leader in his grief partook:
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrowo
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshined them all.
Fired, they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands.

"Heroes, be men; be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread and send the living Lycians to the dead."

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falle;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;
Who chased for murder thence a suppliant came
To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came, And, like an eagle darting at his game, Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band. What grief thy heart, what fury urged thy hand, O generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown, At Sthenelaus flew the weighty stone, Which sunk him to the dead : when Troy, too pear That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear. Far as an able hand a lance can throw, Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe; So far the Trojans from their lines retired: Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspired. Then Bathy claus fell beneath his rage, The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age; Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain, With stately seats, and riches blest in vain Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew; Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound, He fell, and falling made the fields resound.

The Achaians sorrow for their heroes slain: With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plant And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;

An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath. Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death: On Ida's holy hill he made abode, The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god. Between the jaw and ear the javelin went: The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent. His spear Æneas at the victor threw. Who stooping forward from the death withdrew: The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield. And trembling struck, and rooted in the field: There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain, Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

"Swift as thou art (the raging here cries) And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize, My spear, the destined passage had it found, Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground,"

"O valuant leader of the Dardan host! (Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast) Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust, An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust. And if to this my lance thy fate be given. Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heaven: This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast; Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost."

"O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave) With words to combat, ill befits the brave; Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel. Your swords must plunge them to the shades of he To speak, beseems the council; but to dare In glorious action, is the task of war."

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies: Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise: Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close: And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows. As through the shrilling vale, or mountain group The labours of the woodman's axe resound;

Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide, While crackling forests fall on every side: Thus echoed all the fields with loud alarms, So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms,

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defaced with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chased return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey, And eyes that flash'd intolerable day. Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates The vengeance due, and meditates the fates: Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call The force of Hector to Patroclue' fall, This instant see his short-lived tropbies won, And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son; Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight, Augment the fame and horror of the fight. To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise At length he dooms; and, that his last of days Shall set in glory, bids him drave the foe; Nor unattended see the shades below. Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay: He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away; Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne;
Patroclus' ships the glorious spouls adorn.

Then thus to Phæbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud compelling Jove:
"Descend, my Phæbus! on the Phrygian plana,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slam;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharged, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the immortal charge shall bear.
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear:
What honour mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!"

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
There bathed his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in the immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Received Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plans.
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate ' thy headlong fury flew:
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain.
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vals.
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all.
He urged thee on, and urged thee on to fall

Who first, brave hero ' by that arm was slain, Who last beneath thy vengeance press à the plant

When heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd;
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power, But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower. Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook; His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook; He tried the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
"Patroclus! cease; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;

Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand, Troy shall not stoop even to Achilles' hand."

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires; The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires: While Hector, checking at the Scean gates His panting coursers, in his breast debates, Or in the field his forces to employ, Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy. Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood, in Asius' shape, who reigned by Sangar's flood; Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung, A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young;) Thus he accosts him . "What a shameful sight! God! is it Hector that forbears the fight? Were thine my vigour this successful spear Should soon convince thee of so false a fear. Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame, And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame. Perhaps Apolio shall thy arms succeed, And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed."

So spoke the inspiring god; then took his flight, And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight. He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car; The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.

The god the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe.
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crushed Cebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

"Good heaven! what active feasts you artist show What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes! Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!

Pity that all their practice is by land !"

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize. To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies: Swift as a lion, terrible and bold, That sweeps the field, depopulates the fold: Pierced through the dauntless heart, then tumbles sta And from his fatal courage finds his bane. At once hold Hector leaping from his car, Defends the body, and provokes the war. Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage, Two lordly rulers of the wood engage: Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades, And echoing roars rebellow through the shades. Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head. And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead: While all around, confusion, rage, and fright. Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight. So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood; Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown. The broad caks crackle, and the Sylvans groan: This way and that, the rattling thicket bends, And the whole forest in one crash descands.

Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
Now fights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones, some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven; While on each host with equal tempests fell The showering darts, and numbers sank to hell. But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main, Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train. Then from amidst the tumult and alarms, They draw the conquer'd corse and radiant arms. Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows, And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes, Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew. And thrice three heroes at each onset slew. There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine The last, black remnant of so bright a line: Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way; Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day!

For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunned senses reel
in giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding belimet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long used, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the mad divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls; his ample shield Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field: The corsiet his astonish'd breast forsakes: Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shake Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands. Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name; Famed for the manage of the foaming horse, Skull'd in the dart, and matchless in the course: Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car, While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war. His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore: He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more. Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood: But swift withdrew the long-protended wood, And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd. Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear, Wounded, at once, Patroclus yields to fear, Retires for succour to his social train. And flies the fate, which heaven decreed, in vain Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views, Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursue The lance arrests him with a mortal wound; He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound. With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall. So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert score, The roaming lion meets a bristly boar, Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood, With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood At length the sovereign savage wins the strife; And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life. Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown. So many lives effused, expires his own. As dying now at Hector's feet he lies, He sternly views him, and triumphant cries:

"Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy. Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy; The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames, And thy soft pleasures served with captive dames. Unthinking man! I fought those towers to free, And guard that beauteous race from lords like the

Ant thou a prey to vultures shalt be made:
The own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said),
Vithout the bloody arms of Hector dead.'
Le spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped."
Supme, and wildly gazing on the skies,
Vith faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:

Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers divine!

ove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
to heaven is owed whate'er your own you call,
and heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.

and twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
possed me fairly, they had sunk in fight.

y fate and Phobus was I first o'erthrown,
aphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.

that thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
the gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death:
asulting man, thou shalt be soon as I;
black fate o'erhangs thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
then now on life's last verge I see thee stand,

see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand."

He faints: the soul unwilling wings her way,
The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Tits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed on the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:

"From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounced, or why denounced to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heaven?"

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corse; the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Par from his rage the immortal coursers drove;
the immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

## BOOK XVII

## ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTE BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLE
THE ACTS OF MENELAÜS

Menelais upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body the enemy Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. He advancing, Menelaus retires, but soon returns with and drives him off. I his, Glaucus objects to Hector flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won Patroclus and renews the battle. The Greeks give was Ajax railies them Aneas sustains the Trojans and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles, which is off Patroclus Jupiter covers his body with a thick dark the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelais Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus dethen returns to the fight, where, though attacked will utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajacus off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and-twentieth

The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar des
Great Menelaus, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the a
Thus round her new fallen young the heifer more
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care,
Opposed to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send, Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend. "This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low; Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow;

poils my prowess won, resign: ife, and leave the glory mine." Ban thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd Mous anguish, and in scorn return'd : thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne, rtals boast of prowess not their own? the lion glories in his might, or braves his spotted fee in fight, he boar (those terrors of the plain;) yaunts his force, and vaunts in vain. vainest of the boastful kind, of Panthus vent their haughty mind. **But late**, beneath my conquering steel er's brother, Hyperenor, fell; arm which rashly he defied. his vigour, and as vain his pride. beheld him on the dust expire, to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire. youth! like his shall be thy doom, by brother to the Stygian gloom; thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate; to feel it, and are wise too late." d. Euphorbus thus: "That action known, my brother's blood repay thy own. of father claims thy destined head, 🐌, a widow in her bridal bed. by conquer'd spoils I shall bestow, 🔼 consort's and a parent's woe. then defer the glorious strife, adecide our fortune, fame, and life." the word the missile lance he flinge; am'd weapon on the buckler rings, ed by the brass, innoxious falls, **be** father great Atrides calls, he javelin from his arm in vain, his throat, and bent him to the plain; hagh the neck appears the grisly wound, the warrior, and his arms resound. og circlets of his golden hair, the Graces might be proud to wear,

Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore, With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene, Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green, Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair. And plays and dances to the gentle air; When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades The tender plant, and withers all its shades: It lies uprooted from its genial bed, A lovely ruin now defaced and dead : Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay, While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away. Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize, Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies: Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire The village curs and trembling swains retire, When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him room And see his jaws distil with smoking gore: All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round, They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urged great Hector to dispute the prize;
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war;)
"Forbear (he cried) with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,

They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command, Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amused with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain;
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress'd
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!"

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the wat
He darts his anxious eye; and, instant, view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbued,

1 Ciconians. A people of Thrace.

Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay) and in the victor's hands the shining prey. Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he files, And sends his voice in thunder to the skies: Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent, It flow, and fired the nations as it went. Atrides from the voice the storm divined. and thus explored his own unconquer'd mind: "Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain, blain in my cause, and for my honour slain! Desert the arms, the relics, of my friend? Or singly, Hector and his troops attend? Sure where such partial favour heaven bestow'd. To brave the hero were to brave the god: Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field; Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield. Yet, nor the god, nor heaven, should give me fear, Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear : Still would we turn, still battle on the plains, And give Achilles all that yet remains Of his and our Patroclus-" This, no more The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore. a sable scene! The terrors Hector led. slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead. So from the fold the unwilling hon parts, Forced by loud clamours, and a storm of darts; He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies, With heart indignant and retorted eyes, Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd; Ver all the black battalions sent his view. And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew; Where labouring on the left the warrior stood, All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood; There breathing courage, where the god of day Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay. To him the king: "Oh Ajax, oh my friend! Baste, and Patroclus' loved remains defend: The body to Achilles to restore Demands our care; alas, we can no more !

For naked now, despoiled of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize."
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierced the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seized his head,
And doom'd to Trojan gods the unhappy dead;
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield,
Sprung to his car, and measured back the field,
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step, the honess surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hauging eyebrow load.
Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows

With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids

"Where now in Hector shall we Hector find? A manly form, without a manly mind. Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame? How vain, without the merit, is the name! Since battle is renounced, thy thoughts employ What other methods may preserve thy Troy: 'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand: Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake? What from thy thankless arms can we expect? Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect; Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walk While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls? Even where he died for Troy, you left him there, A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. On my command if any Lycian wait, Hence let him march and give up Troy to fate.

Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart,
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
Even yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag you carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchased to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly."

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed

The Lycian leader, and sedate replied :

"Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear From such a warrior such a speech should hear? I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind, But ill this insult suits a prudent mind. I shun great Ajax I desert my train? Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain; I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds. But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd, The strong he withers, and confounds the hold; Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow! Come, through you squadrons let us hew the way, And thou be witness, if I fear to-day: If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread. Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries:

"Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!

Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.

Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine."

He strode along the field, as thus he said: (The sable plumage nodded o'er his head:)

Swift through the specious plain he sent a look:
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred llion bore.
There his own mail unbraced the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in the immortal arms he stands;
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar, The god whose thunder rends the troubled air Beheld with pity; as apart he sat, And, conscious, look'd through all the scene of He shook the sacred honours of his head; Olympus trembled, and the godhead said; "Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end! A moment's glory; and what fates attend! In heavenly panoply divinely bright Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight, As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part. Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn, Which once the greatest of mankind had worn. Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day, A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away. For ah! no more Andromachè shall come With joyful tears to welcome Hector home; No more officious, with endearing charms, From thy tired limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!"

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command disposed)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him closed:
Fill'd with the god, enlarged his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his work.

whorting loud through all the field he strode, and look'd, and moved, Achilles, or a god. low Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires, Now Phoreys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires; the great Thersilochus like fury found, teropæus kindled at the sound, and Ennomus, in augury renown'd. "Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands! Twas not for state we summon'd you so far, To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war: To came to fight; a valuant foe to chase, To save our present, and our future race. for this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy, and glean the relics of exhausted Troy. Yow then, to conquer or to die prepare; To die or conquer are the terms of war. Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain, Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train, With Hector's self shall equal honours claim; With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame." Fired by his words, the troops dismiss their tears. they join, they thicken, they protend their spears; all on the Greeks they drive in firm array, and each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey: Fain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread, That victims perish round the mighty dead! Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far, and thus bespoke his brother of the war : Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend; and all our wars and glories at an end! Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain, **Sondemn'd to** vultures on the Trojan plain: We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall n thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all. ee what a tempest direful Hector spreads, and lo' it bursts, it thunders on our heads! all on our Greeks, if any hear the call, he bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all."

The warrior raised his voice, and wide around The field re-echoed the distressful sound. "O chiefs! O princes, to whose hand is given The rule of men; whose glory is from heaven! Whom with due honours both Atrides grace: Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race! All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from All, whom I see not through this cloud of war. Come all! let generous rage your arms employ, And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd, Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid: Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age, And Merion, burning with a hero's rage. The long-succeeding numbers who can name? But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame. Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng: Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along. Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves, Where some swoln river disembogues his waves, Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide, The boiling ocean works from side to side, The river trembles to his utmost shore, And distant rocks re-bellow to the roar.

Nor less resolved, the firm Achaian band With brazen shields in horrid circle stand. Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight. Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night: To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend Had lived not hateful, for he lived a friend: Dead he protects him with superior care, Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain. Repulsed, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain; Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon, (Ajax to Peleus' son the second name, In graceful stature next, and next in fame) With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore; So through the thicket bursts the mountain bear

and rudely scatters, for a distance round, The frighted hunter and the baying bound. The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir, Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war: The smewy ankles bored, the feet he bound With thongs inserted through the double wound inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed; Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed; It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain: The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain. With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound: He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread, Now hes a sad companion of the dead : Far from Larissa lies, his native air, And ill requites his parents' tender care. Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell, Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell. Once more at Ajax Hector's javelin flies:

Once more at Ajax Hector's javelin flies;
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior and the noblest mind:
In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and ruled the realms around.
Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell and all

The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phoreys, as slain Hippothous he defends,

The Telamonian lance his belly rends;

The hollow armour burst before the stroke,

And through the wound the rushing entrails broke;

In strong convulsions panting on the sands

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Ted to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;

He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But Phæbus urged Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight:
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Revered for prudence, and with prudence bold.)

Thus he—"What methods yet, O chief! remain To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordan? There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care, By valour, numbers, and by arts of war, Have forced the powers to spare a sinking state, And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declare His partial favour, and assists your wars, Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ, And force the unwilling god to ruin Troy."

Eneas through the form assumed descries. The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries: "Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey, We seek our ramparts, and desert the day. A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms, And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms."

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew: The bold example all his bosts pursue. Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled, In vain beloved by valiant Lycomede: Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance, Swift to revenge it sent his angry lance; The whirling lance, with vigorous force address 4, Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast; From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came. Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame. Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain. And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain: Indissolubly firm, around the dead, Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread, And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Greciaus stoo A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood. Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care, And in an orb contracts the crowded war,

Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall, and stands the centre and the soul of all. Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wound; A sanguine torrent steeps the recking ground : On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled, and, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might, Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight; Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns, and now it rises, now it sinks by turns. In one thick darkness all the fight was lost; The sun, the moon, and all the ethereal host Seem'd as extinct ' day ravish'd from their eyes, And all heaven's splendours blotted from the skies, Buch o'er Patroclus' body hung the night, The rest in sunshme fought, and open light; Unclouded there, the acrial azure spread, No vapour rested on the mountain's head, The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, And all the broad expansion flamed with day. Dispersed around the plain, by fits they fight, And here and there their scatter'd arrows light: But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread, There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear, Their fellows routed,) toss the distant spear, And skirmish wide : so Nestor gave command, When from the ships he sent the Pylian band. The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend : In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.

But round the corse the heroes pant for breath, and thick and heavy grows the work of death. O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore, Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er; Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise, And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills

their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide, Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side. The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er. The extended surface, drunk with fat and gore: So tugging round the corse both armies stood, The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood; While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ, Now to the ships to force it, now to 'Troy. Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms, Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms, Could blamethis scene; such rage, such horror reign's Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend
Was more than heaven had destined to his friend.
Perhaps to him—this Theus had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still raged the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
"Cursed be the man even private Greeks would "Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice;
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boost
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!"

Thus they, while with one voice the Trojans said Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead Theu clash their sounding arms; the claugeurs risk And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in we

Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,
On some good man or woman unreproved
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prove to earth was hung their languid head
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

"Unhappy coursers of immortal strain, Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain; Did we your race on mortal man bestow, Only, alas! to share in mortal woe? For ah! what is there of inferior birth, That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth; What wretched creature of what wretched kind, Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind? A miserable race! but cease to mourn: For not by you shall Priam's son be borne High on the splendid car: one glorious prize He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies. Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart, Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart. Automedon your rapid flight shall bear Safe to the navy through the storm of war. For vet 'tis given to Troy to ravage o'er The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore; The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall With sacred darkness shades the face of all."

He said; and breathing in the immortal horse Excessive spirit, urged them to the course; From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear The kindling chariot through the parted war: So flies a vulture through the clamorous train Of geose, that scream, and scatter round the plain.

From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charloteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd:

"What god provokes thee rashly thus to dare, Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?

Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields."

"In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eves;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins.
Patroclus, while he lived, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine."

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descried,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
"Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope restored,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fgl
Can such opponents stand when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail."

Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields.

With brass refulgent the broad surface shined,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lined.

Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds.

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance ' not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores the Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
"Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!

Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow, For hard the fight, determined is the foe; Tis Hector comes: and when he seeks the prize, War knows no mean; he wins it or he dies."

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls the Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. "Hither turn, (he said,)
Turn where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: the event belongs to Jove."

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung, Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young. It pierced his belt, emboss'd with curious art, Then in the lower belly struck the dart. As when a ponderous axe, descending full, Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull: Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a

bound,

Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul received,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heaved.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharged his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head;
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had closed,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interposed;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
"Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice:
Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade."

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar, all grim with rage, and horrible with gore; From danger now with swiftest speed they flew, And now to conquest with like speed pursue; Sole in the seat the charioteer remains, Now plies the Javelin, now directs the reins : Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd, Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address the rashly thus to de

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High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung. And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid. The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid. As when high Jove denouncing future wee. O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow, (In sign of tempests from the troubled air, Or from the rage of man, destructive war,) The drooping cattle dread the impending skies, And from his half-till'd field the labourer files: In such a form the goddess round her drew A livid cloud, and to the battle flew. Assuming Phoenix' shape on earth she falls, And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls: "And hes Achilles' friend, beloved by all, A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall? What shame to Greece for future times to tell. To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!" "O chief, O father! (Atreus' son replies) O full of days! by long experience wise! What more desires my soul, than here unmoved To guard the body of the man I loved? Ah, would Minerva send me strength to rear This wearied arm, and ward the atorm of war! But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread, And Jove's own glories blaze around his head!

Pleased to be first of all the powers address'd, She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast, And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite, Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight. So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er), Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still of gore; (Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings. Fired with like ardour fierce Atrides flew, And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame, Action's son, and Podes was his name With riches honour'd, and with courses bloods. By Hector loved, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god;
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)

"Oh prince! (he cried) Oh foremost once in fame! What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name? Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield, A chief once thought no terror of the field? Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize He bears victorious, while our army flies: By the same arm illustrious Podes bled; The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead!" This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe, Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now the Eternal shook his sable shield, That shaded Ide and all the subject field Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud Involved the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud; The affrighted hills from their foundations nod, And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god: At one regard of his all-seeing eye The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And razed his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierced through the wrist; and raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariots the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the massive wood.
But erring from its aim, the impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Caranus his name,

Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had graced the triumphs of his Trojan foe,
But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war:
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Not Ajax less the will of heaven descried, And conquest shifting to the Trojan side, Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun, To Atreus's seed, the godlike Telamon

"Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand Transfers the glory to the Trojan band? Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart, He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart: Not so our spears; incessant though they rain. He suffers every lance to fall in vain. Deserted of the god, yet let us try What human strength and prudence can supply If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne, May glad the fleets that hope not our return, Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates And still hear Hector thundering at their gates. Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear The mournful message to Pelides' ear: For sure he knows not, distant on the shore, His friend, his loved Patroclus, is no more. But such a chief I spy not through the host: The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost In general darkness—Lord of earth and air Oh king! Oh father! hear my humble prayer: Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore: Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more: If Greece must perish, we thy will obey, But let us perish in the face of day !

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The god relenting clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
"Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy aight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news"——Atrides hastes away.

Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey,
So moved Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjured his train:

"O guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the ments of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end,
In death a hero, as in life a friend!"

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wings the mid aerial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass d this and that way, through the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around:

To him the king: "Beloved of Jove! draw near,
For endder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn

How Ilion triumphs, and the Achaians mourn.
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corse to gain:
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain."

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe. From his fair eyes the tears began to flow: Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say What sorrow dictates, but no word found way. To brave Laodocus his arms he flung. Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along Then ran the mournful message to impart. With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart. Swift fied the youth, nor Menelaus stands (Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain: Himself returns to his Patroclus slain. "Gone is Antilochus (the hero said): But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid: Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe, Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe. 'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain. Tis our own vigour must the dead regain. And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear:
Myself, and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried.
Have tried it, and have stood." The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the day
A general clamour rises at the sight
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded bear.

the savage turns his glaring eye, how! aloof, and round the forest fly. on retreating Greece the Trojans pour, their thick falchions, and their javelins shower Ajax turning, to their fears they yield, **male** they tremble and forsake the field, Thile thus aloft the hero's corse they bear, and them rages all the storm of war: fasion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng en, steeds, chariots, urged the rout along . interce the winds with rising flames conspire **helm** some city under waves of fire . ink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes, crack the blazing temples of the gods; rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls, sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles. heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load ; hen two mules, along the rugged road, 👛 the steep mountain with exerted strength groupe vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length: they groan, big drops of sweat distil, enormous timber lumbering down the hill; hese—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands, I breaks the torrent of the rushing bands. when a river swell'd with sudden rains ads his broad waters o'er the level plains, interposing hill the stream divides, breaks its force, and turns the winding tides. alose they follow, close the rear engage; as storms, and Hector foams with rage : le Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains, aged in one body, like a flight of cranes, shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung on poised pimons, threats their callow young. from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly, the wild terror, and the mingled cry : hin, without the trench, and all the way, wd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay; horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

# BOOK XVIII

## ARGUMENT

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE BY VULCAN

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to AchiAntilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations comall her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches
mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to
by the command of Juno, and orders him to show him
the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him to
fortunes of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carby the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where
and Polydamas disagree in their opinions, but the
the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field
grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thens goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new ther son. The description of the wonderful works of and, lastly, that noble one of the shie d of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and twent eth day, night ensuing, take up this book; the scene is at tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the of Vulcan.

Thus like the rage of fire the combat burns. And now it rises, now it sinks by turns Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad water Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe: There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails, On hoisted yards extended to the gales: Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd Rose in ead prospect to his boding mind. Thus to his soul he said: "Ah! what comb The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plants that the day, which heaven so long ago Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of wo (So Thetis warn'd;) when by a Trojan hand The bravest of the Myrmidonian band

endd lose the light! Fulfilled is that decree; den is the warrior, and Patroclus he! wain I charged him soon to quit the plain, d warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!" Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears, d tells the melancholy tale with tears. tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear; wretched I, the unwilling messenger! d is Patroclus! For his corse they fight; naked corse : his arms are Hector's right." sudden horror shot through all the chief, wrapp'd his senses in the cloud of grief; t on the ground, with furious hands he spread scorching ashes o'er his graceful head; purple garments, and his golden hairs, e he deforms with dust, and these he tears; the hard soil his groaning breast he threw. at roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew. virgin captives, with disorder'd charms, on by his own, or by Patroclus' arms,) h'd from their tents with cries; and gathering round, their white breasts, and fainted on the ground : ile Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart; ags on his arms, amidst his frantic woe, d oft prevents the meditated blow. Far in the deep abysses of the main, Ith hoary Nereus, and the watery train, 📷 mother-goddess from her crystal throne and his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan. e circling Nereids with their mistress weep, and all the sea-green sisters of the deep. alia, Glaucè (every watery name), mea mild, and silver Spio came : mothoe and Cymodoce were nigh, and the blue languish of soft Alia's eye. Bair locks Actæa and Limnoria rear, Den Proto, Doris, Panopè appear, hoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita; we gentle, and Amphithoë gay:

Next Callianira, Callianassa show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apsendes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow;

"Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in the immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him: but the fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too!
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,

And mourn my loved one with a mother's heart. She said, and left the caverus of the main, All bathed in tears; the melancholy train Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides, While the long pomp the silver wave divides. Approaching now, they touch'd the Frojan land; Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. The immortal mother, standing close beside Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied; Along the coast their mingled chamours ran. And thus the silver-footed dame began.

"Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care"

He, deeply groaning—"To this cureless grief, Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief. Patroclus-Ah!-say, goddess, can I boast A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost; Patroclus, loved of all my martial train, Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain! Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load. Cursed be that day, when all the powers above Thy charms submitted to a mortal love. O hadst thou still, a sister of the main, Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign : And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led A mortal beauty to his equal bed! Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb Had caused such sorrows past, and woes to come. For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain, New woes, new sorrows, shall create again. Tis not in fate the alternate now to give; Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live. Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart, Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart; On these conditions will I breathe: till then, I blush to walk among the race of men."

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed.

"Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!

When Hector falls, thou diest."—" Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)

Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!

He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.

Ah then, since from this miserable day

I cast all hope of my return away;

Since, unrevenged, a hundred ghosts demand

The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;

Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,

I live an idle burden to the ground,

(Others in council famed for nobler skill, More useful to preserve, than I to kill,) Let me-But oh! ye gracious powers above! Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove: Far, far too dear to every mortal breast, Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste: Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind. Me Agamemnon urged to deadly hate; "Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate. Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend; Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end. The stroke of fate the strongest cannot shun: The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son. To Juno's hate, at length resign'd his breath, And sunk the victim of all conquering death. So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead, No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread! Let me, this instant, rush into the fields, And reap what glory life's short harvest vields. Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair? Shall I not force her breast to heave with sight, And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes? Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms: In vain you hold me Hence! my arms! my arms Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide, That all shall know Achilles swells the tide."

"My son (coerciean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh,)
The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile thy generous ardour stay;
Assured, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charged with refulgent arms (a glorious load),
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god."

terning to the daughters of the main, dese thus dismiss'd her azure train : nater Nereids! to your deeps descend: and our father's sacred seat attend; find the architect divine. rast Olympus' starry summits shine : our hoary sire" --- This charge she gave : reen sisters plunge beneath the wave: moe more ascends the bless'd abodes. and the brazen threshold of the gods. now the Greeks from furious Hector's force, t broad Hellespont their headlong course; their chiefs Patroclus' body bore rough the tempest to the tented shore. me, the foot, with equal fury join'd, on the rear, and thunder'd close behind : a flame through fields of ripen'd corn, of Hector o'er the ranks was borne. the slain hero by the foot he drew: to the skies the Trojan clamours flew: he Ajaces his assault sustain ; sk'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again. rcer shouts his lingering troops he fires. les a step, nor from his post retires: aful shepherds strive to force, in vain, ngry lion from a carcase slain. Patroclus had he borne away, the glories of the extended day, high Juno from the realms of air, despatch'd her trusty messenger. ious goddess of the showery bow, whirlwind to the shore below; Achilles at his ships she came, 🗱 began the many-colour'd dame : son of Peleus! rise, divinely brave! he combat, and Patroclus save : Lthe slaughter to the fleet they spread. by mutual wounds around the dead. him back to Troy the fee contends. his death the rage of Hector ends:

A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie, And marks the place to fix his head on high. Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame) Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!"

"Who sends thee, goddess, from the ethereal skie

Achilles thus, And Iris thus replies :

"I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
The immortal empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky."
"Thou comest in vain (he cries, with fury warm'd):
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield,
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead.
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does what his Achilles should have done."

"Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know; But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go! Let but Achilles o'er you trench appear, Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear; Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly."

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose:
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flamed above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies;
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war;)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.

Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd, High on the rampart raised his voice aloud : With her own shout Minerya swells the sound: Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound. As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far With shrilling clangour sounds the alarm of war, Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high, And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply; So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd: Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard: and back the chariots roll, and coursers bound, And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground. Aghast they see the living lightnings play, and turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray. Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised, And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed. Twelve in the tumult wedged, untimely rush'd On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd: While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war;

(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found, Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unwearied with his heavenly way, in ocean's waves the unwilling light of day Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command, and from their labours eased the Achaian band. The frighted Trojans (panting from the war, Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car) a sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd in haste, and standing, for to sit they fear'd. Twas now no season for prolong'd debate; They saw Achilles, and in him their fate. Silent they stood · Polydamas at last, will'd to discern the future by the past,

The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears (The friend of Hector, and of equal years; The self-same night to both a being gave, One wise in council, one in action brave):

"In free debate, my friends, your sentence spen For me, I move, before the morning break, To raise our camp . too dangerous here our post, Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast. I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged In mutual feuds her king and hero raged . Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail, We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail. I dread Pelides now . his rage of mind Not long continues to the shores confined. Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray Contending nations won and lost the day: For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife. And the hard contest not for fame, but life. Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night Detains these terrors, keeps that arm from fight. If but the morrow's sun behold us here. That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear: And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy, If heaven permit them then to enter Troy. Let not my fatal prophecy be true, Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. Whatever be our fate, yet let us try What force of thought and reason can supply: Let us on counsel for our guard depend; The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend. When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers. Let the fierce hero, then, when fury calls, Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls, Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain, Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again: So may his rage be tired, and labour'd down! And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town."

"Return! (said Hector, fired with stern disdain What! coop whole armies in our walls again?

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say, Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay? Wide o'er the world was Ilion famed of old For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold: But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd, Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd: The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy, And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy. Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls, And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls; Darest thou dispirit whom the gods incite? Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight. To better counsel then attention lend: Take due refreshment, and the watch attend. If there be one whose riches cost him care. Forth let him bring them for the troops to share; Tis better generously bestow'd on those, Than left the plunder of our country's foes, Soon as the morn the purple orient warms, Fierce on you navy will we pour our arms. If great Achilles rise in all his might, His be the danger. I shall stand the fight, Honour, ye gods! or let me gain or give; And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live! Mars is our common lord, alike to all; And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall."

The shouting host in foud applauses join'd; So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind; To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose

The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so used to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The hon thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young;
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, souffe the track of men.

And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds; His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds. So grieves Achilles, and, impetuous, vents To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

"In what vain promise, gods! did I engage, When to console Menœtius' feeble age, I vowed his much-loved offspring to restore, Charged with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore? But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain. The long, long views of poor designing man One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike. And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alib Me too a wretched mother shall deplore, An aged father never see me more Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay, Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid. Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade: That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine: And twelve, the noblest of the Trojan line, Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire; Their lives effused around thy flaming pyre. Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely press'd. Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast! While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay. Weep all the night and murmur all the day: Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round Cleause the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound A massy caldron of stupendous frame. They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame: Then heap'd the lighted wood; the flame divides. Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides: In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream; The boiling water bubbles to the brim. The body then they bathe with pious toil, Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

Opuntia, a city of Locris.

High on a bed of state extended laid, And decent cover'd with a linen shade; Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw; That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above, (His wife and sister,) spoke almighty Jove.

"At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won. Say (for I know not), is their race divine, And thou the mother of that martial line?"

"What words are these? (the imperial dame replies, While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes) Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, And such success mere human wit attend: And shall not I, the second power above, Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove, Say, shall not I one nation's fate command, Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?"

So they Meanwhile the silver-footed dame Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame! High-eminent amid the works divine, Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine. There the lame architect the goddess found, Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round, While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flow; And puffing loud, the roaring billows blew. That day no common task his labour claim'd: Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed, That placed on living wheels of massy gold, (Wondrous to tell,) instinct with spirit roll'd From place to place, around the bless'd abodes Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods: For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers, in moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours. Just as responsive to his thought the frame Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came; Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair, (With purple fillets round her braided hair,) Observed her entering; her soft hand she press d, And, smiling, thus the watery queen address'd:

"What, goddess! this unusual favour draws? All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause; Till now a stranger, in a happy hour

Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower. High on a throne, with stars of silver graced, And various artifice, the queen she placed; A footstool at her feet: then calling, said, "Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid. Thetis (replied the god) our powers may claim. An ever-dear, an ever-bonour'd name! When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky, (My awkward form, it seems, displeased her evo-She, and Eurynome, my griefs redress'd, And soft received me on their silver breast. Even then these arts employ'd my infant though Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wroug Nine years kept secret in the dark abode. Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god : Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led; The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head. Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say, For such desert what service can I pay? Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share The genial rites, and hospitable fare ; While I the labours of the forge forego, And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow."

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd
His brawny arms embrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That moved and breathed in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine (such wonders are in heaven!)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetia attai

There placed beside her on the shining frame, He thus address'd the silver-footed dame:

"Thee, welcome, goddess! what occasion calls (So long a stranger) to these bonour'd walls? "Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,

And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey."

To whom the mournful mother thus replies: (The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes .) "O Vulcan | say, was ever breast divine So pierced with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine? Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare For Thetis only such a weight of care? I, only I, of all the watery race By force subjected to a man's embrace, Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays The mighty fine imposed on length of days, Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came, The bravest sure that ever bore the name; Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand He grew, he flourish'd, and he graced the land: To Troy I sent him! but his native shore Never, ah never, shall receive him more: (Even while he lives, he wastes with secret woe;) Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow! Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave, The king of nations forced his royal slave: For this he grieved; and, till the Greeks oppress'd Required his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd. Large gifts they promise, and their elders send: In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ: He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy: Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name) At once resigns his armour, life, and fame. But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won: Grace with immortal arms this short-lived son, And to the field in martial pomp restore, To shine with glory, till he shines no more !"

To her the artist-god: "Thy griefs resign, Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could I hide him from the Fates, as well, Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel, As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!"

Thus having said, the father of the fires To the black labours of his forge retires. Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd Their iron mouths; and where the furnace bur Resounding breathed at once the blast expire And twenty forges catch at once the fires; Just as the god directs, now loud, now low, They raise a tempest, or they gently blow; In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd. And stubborn brass, and till, and solid gold; Before, deep fix'd, the eternal anvils stand; The ponderous hammer loads his better hand. His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults a Then first he form'd the immense and solid shiel Rich various artifice emblazed the field: Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound; A silver chain suspends the massy round; Five ample plates the broad expanse compose. And godlike labours on the surface rose. There shone the image of the master-mind There earth, there heaven, there ocean he dea The unwearied sun, the moon completely round The starry lights that heaven's high convex cross The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team: And great Orion's more refulgent beam : To which, around the axle of the sky, The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye, Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain. Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptual bed:

The youthful dancers in a circle bound To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound: Through the fair streets the matrons in a row Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous train;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain.
One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produced on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands:
On seats of etone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each the attesting sceptre took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudged the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far) Glow'd with refulgent arms, and borrid war. Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace, And one would pillage, one would burn the place. Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care, A secret ambush on the foe prepare: Their wives, their children, and the watchful band Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand. They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold: Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold, And gold their armour: these the squadron led, August, divine, superior by the head ! A place for ambush fit they found, and stood, Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood. Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream. Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains, And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains; Behind them piping on their reeds they go, Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. In arms the glittering squadron rising round Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground; Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains, And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains! The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear; They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war: They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood; The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood. There Tumult, there Contention stood confess'd; One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast; One held a living foe, that freshly bled With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead; Now here, now there, the carcases they tore: Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore. And the whole war came out, and met the eye; And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.

A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil;
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper train. Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are four. Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the grow. With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands; The gatherers follow, and collect in bands; And last the children, in whose arms are borne (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of core. The rustic monarch of the field descries, With silent glee, the heaps around him rise. A ready banquet on the turf is laid. Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade. The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare; The reaper's due repast, the woman's care. Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines.

Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines,

A deeper dye the dangling clusters abow,
And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin the inclosure grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youths,) that smiling bear
The purple product of the autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measured dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads, And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between; And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figured dance succeeds; such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreath inroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape in oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:

Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring.
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their plant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,

And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
He forged; the cuirass that outshone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finished labour lay:
She, as a falcon cuts the aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

## BOOK XIX

## ARGUMENT

#### THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan, She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles, where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. descends to strengthen h.m., by the order of lupiter arms for the fight his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat. The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore,

Soon as Aurora heaved her Orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light,)
The immortal arms the goddess mother bears
Swift to her son . her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express'd.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said:

"Suppress, my son, this rage of grief, and know It was not man, but heaven, that gave the blow; Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd, Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god."

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Then drops the radiant burden on the ground; Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around. Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise, And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes. Unmoved the hero kindles at the show, And feels with rage divine his bosom glow; From his fierce eyeballs living flames expire, And flash incessant like a stream of fire. He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind On all the immortal artist had design'd

"Goddess! (he cried,) these glorious arms, that she with matchless art, confess the hand divine.

Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit field.
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?

"That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure goddess to her son replied,)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjured shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles, as affairs require,
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,

And heaven with strength supply the mighty rage Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prev. Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay. Achilles to the strand obedient went: The shores resounded with the voice he sent. The heroes heard, and all the naval train That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main. Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound, Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd; Studious to see the terror of the plain, Long lost to battle, shine in arms again. Tydides and Ulysses first appear, Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spec These on the sucred seats of council placed, The king of man, Atrides, came the last:

too sore wounded by Agenor's son, filles (rising in the midst) begun . O monarch! better far had been the fate Thee, of me, of all the Grecian state, ere the day when by mad passion sway'd, we contended for the black-eyed maid) eventing Dian had despatch'd her dart, ed shot the shining mischief to the heart! en many a hero had not press'd the shore, Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore. ng, long shall Greece the woes we caused bewail, d sad posterity repeat the tale. t this, no more the subject of debate. past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate. by should, alas, a mortal man, as l, n with a fury that can never die? ee then my anger ends: let war succeed, d even as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed. call the hosts, and try if in our sight by yet shall dare to camp a second night! bem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows, all 'scape with transport, and with joy repose." He said his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name. hen thus, not rising from his lofty throne, state unmoved, the king of men begun: Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear! d grant your monarch an impartial ear ; while your loud, untimely joy suspend, ad let your rash, injurious clamours end : wuly murmurs, or ill-timed applause, song the best speaker, and the justest cause. or charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate. low, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate, The fell Erinnys, urged my wrath that day then from Achilles' arms I forced the prey. hat then could I against the will of heaven? 🖈 by myself, but vengeful Atè driven ; a, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest race of mortale, enter'd in my breast.

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads, But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes Long-festering wounds, inextricable woes! Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes; And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods, The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart; Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art. For when Alcmena's nine long months were run And Jove expected his immortal son, To gods and goddesses the unruly joy He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy: 'From us (he said) this day an infant springs, Fated to rule, and born a king of kings. Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth, And fix dominion on the favour'd youth. The Thunderer, unsuspicious of the fraud. Pronounced those solemn words that bind a god The joyful goddess, from Olympus' height, Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight: Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife: She push'd her lingering infant into life: Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay. And stop the babe, just issuing to the day. Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind: 'A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs, And claims thy promise to be king of kings. Grief seized the Thunderer, by his oath engaged Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he raged. From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sate He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate. The dread, the irrevocable eath he swore, The immortal seats should ne'er behold her more And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever drives From bright Olympus and the starry heaven. Thence on the nether world the fury fell; Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell. Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd. Cursed the dire fury, and in secret grown d.

like Jove himself, was I misled, ing Hector heap'd our camps with dead. the errors of my rage atone? al troops, my treasures are thy own: nt from the navy shall be sent Ulysses promised at thy tent: appeased, propitious to our prayer, by arms, and shine again in war. of nations! whose superior sway Achilles) all our hosts obey! or send the presents, be thy care; equal · all we ask is war. 🗱 we talk, or but an instant shun our glorious work remains undone. Fireek, who sees my spear confound an ranks, and deal destruction round, elation, what I act survey, from thence the business of the day." of Peleus thus; and thus replies in councils, Ithacus the wise: a, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd, our armies claim repast and rest: is laborious must the combat be, the gods inspired, and led by thee, b derived from spirits and from blood, augment by generous wine and food. atful son of war, without that stay, hero through a single day? may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength, apported man must yield at length; with dry famine, and with tools declined, ping body will desert the mind: anew with strength-conferring fare, rbs and soul untamed, he tires a war. the people, then, and give command, long repast to hearten every band; he presents to Achilles made, cembly of all Greece be laid. of men shall rise in public sight, on swear (observant of the rite)

That, spotless, as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injured honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign me
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong d,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong

To him the monarch: "Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay.
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youths the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and you bright orb of day."

"For this (the stern Æacides replies) Some less important season may suffice, When the stern fury of the war is o'er. And wrath, extinguish'd, burns my breast no more By Hector slain, their faces to the sky. All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie : Those call to war! and might my voice incite. Now, now, this instant, shall commence the fight: Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowle And copious banquets, glad your weary souls. Let not my palate know the taste of food, Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood : Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigured o'er. And his cold feet are pointed to the door. Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care, Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there; Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds. And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds."

"O first of Greeks, (Ulysses thus rejoin'd,) The best and bravest of the warrior kind! Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine, But old experience and calm wisdom mine. Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield, The bravest soon are satiate of the field: Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain. The bloody harvest brings but little gain . The scale of conquest ever wavering lies, Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies! The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall, And endless were the grief, to weep for all. Eternal sorrows what avails to shed? Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead: Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay The tribute of a melancholy day. One chief with patience to the grave resign'd, Our care devolves on others left behind. Let generous food supplies of strength produce, Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice, Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow, And pour new furies on the feebler foe. Yet a short interval, and none shall dare Expect a second summons to the war; Who waits for that, the dire effects shall find, If trembling in the ships he lags behind. Embodied, to the battle let us bend, And all at once on haughty Troy descend." And now the delegates Ulysses sent, To bear the presents from the royal tent: The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir, Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war, With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain, And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train. Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid; A row of six fair tripods then succeeds; And twice the number of high-bounding steeds: Seven captives next a lovely line compose;

The eighth Brise's, like the blooming rose,

Closed the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword:
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to the attesting skies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fixed his eye.
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

"Witness thou first! thou greatest power above. All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove! And mother-earth, and heaven's revolving light, And ye, fell furies of the realms of night, Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear! The black-eyed maid inviolate removes, Pure and unconscious of my manly loves. If this be false, heaven all its vengeance shed, And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!"

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles: "Hear, ye Greeks! and knew Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe; Not else Atrides could our rage inflame, Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame. 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all, That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite; Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight."

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread:
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led;

To their new seats the female captives move:
Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:

"Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind, Once tender friend of my distracted mind! I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay; Now find thee cold, inanimated clay! What woes my wretched race of life attend! Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end ! The first loved consort of my virgin bed Before these eyes in fatal battle bled: My three brave brothers in one mournful day All trod the dark, irremeable way: Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain. And dried my sorrows for a husband slain; Achilles' care you promised I should prove, The first, the dearest partner of his love; That rites divine should ratify the band, And make me empress in his native land. Accept these grateful tears | for thee they flow, For thee, that ever felt another's woe!"

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan, Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own. The leaders press'd the chief on every side; Unmoved he heard them, and with sighs denied.

"If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care is bent to please him, this request forbear; Till yonder sun descend, ah, let me pay To grief and anguish one abstemious day."

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phænix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

"Thou too, Patroclus (thus his heart he vents) Once spread the inviting banquet in our tents. Thy sweet society, thy winning care, Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war. But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd, What hanquet but revenge can glad my mind? What greater sorrow could afflict my breast, What more if hoary Peleus were deceased? Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear. What more, should Neoptolemus the brave. My only offspring, sink into the grave? If yet that offspring lives; (I distant far, Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.) I could not this, this cruel stroke attend; Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend. I hoped Patroclus might survive, to rear My tender orphan with a parent's care, From Seyros' isle conduct him o'er the main. And glad his eyes with his paternal reign, The lofty palace, and the large domain. For Peleus breathes no more the vital air; Or drags a wretched life of age and care. But till the news of my sad fate invades His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades."

Sighing he said his grief the heroes join'd, Each stole a tear for what he left behind. Their mingled grief the sire of heaven survey'd, And thus with pity to his blue-eyed maid:

"Is then Achilles now no more thy care, And dost thou thus desert the great in war." Lo, where you sails their canvas wings extend, All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend. Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd, Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast."

He spoke, and sudden, at the word of Jove, Shot the descending goddess from above. So swift through ether the shrill harpy springs, The wide air floating to her ample wings, To great Achilles she her flight address d.

and pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast, (th nectar sweet, (refection of the gods!) men, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes. Now issued from the ships the warrior-train, ad like a deluge pour'd upon the plain. when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow, and scatter o'er the fields the driving snow: from dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies, hose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies: belms succeeding helms, so shields from shields, atch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields; road glittering breastplates, spears with pointed rays, fix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze; bick beats the centre as the coursers bound; with splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest, lis limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd; rms which the father of the fire bestow'd, forged on the eternal anvils of the god. rief and revenge his furious heart inspire, is glowing eyeballs roll with living fire; e grinds his teeth, and furious with delay rerlooks the embattled host, and hopes the bloody day. The silver cuishes first his thighs infold; hen o'er his breast was braced the hollow gold: he brazen sword a various baldric tied, that, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side; ad, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield lazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field. So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears, Vide o'er the watery waste, a light appears, Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high, areams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky: With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again; bud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main. Next, his high head the helmet graced; behind the sweepy crest hung floating in the wind: the the red star, that from his flaming hair ekes down diseases, pestilence, and war;

So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge, which not a Greek could rear,
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields

A spear which stern Achilles only wields, The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
The immortal coursers, and the radiant car;
(The silver traces sweeping at their side;)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied;
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Waved o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phæbus in the ethereal way
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:

"Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain,
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain,)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword.

Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord."

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane.
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

"Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:

But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Not ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day
(Confess'd we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand."
Then ceased for ever, by the Furies tied,

His fateful voice. The intrepid chief replied
With unabated rage—"So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate: to die, to see no more
My much-loved parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night:
Now perish Troy!" He said, and rush'd to fight.

# BOOK XX

#### ARGUMENT

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the delues are engaged. Apollo encourages Aneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter, but Aneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles fall upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before

Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood. Greece, sheathed in arms, beside her vessels stood: While near impending from a neighbouring height Troy's black battalions want the shock of fight. Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call The gods to council in the starry hall: Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies, And summons all the senate of the skies. These shining on, in long procession come To Jove's eternal adamantine dome. Not one was absent, not a rural power That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower; Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood, Each azure sister of the silver flood; All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps. On marble thrones, with lucid columns crown'd, (The work of Vulcan,) sat the powers around.

Even he whose trident sways the watery reign Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main, Assumed his throne amid the bright abodes, And question'd thus the sire of men and gods:

"Whatmoves the god who heaven and earth command And grasps the thunder in his awful hands, Thus to convene the whole ethereal state? Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate? Already met, the louring hosts appear, And death stands ardent on the edge of war."

This true (the cloud-compelling power replies)
This day we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; even Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate
Work out our will Celestial powers! descend,
And as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must be o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall."

He said, and fired their heavenly breasts with rage On adverse parts the warring gods engage . Heaven's awful queen; and he whose azure round Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd; Hermes, of profitable arts the sire; And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire: These to the fleet repair with instant flight: The vessels tremble as the gods alight. In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came, Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame, Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow, And the chaste huntress of the silver bow. Ere yet the gods their various aid employ, Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy, While great Achilles (terror of the plain), Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.

Dreadful he stood in front of all his host; Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost; Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear, And trembling see another god of war.

But when the powers descending swell'd the fight Then tumult rose: fierce rage and pale affright Varied each face: then Discord sounds alarms, Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms, Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls, And now she thunders from the Grecian walls. Mars hovering o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds: Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers. Now shouts to Simoïs, from her beauteous hill; The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still. Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls, And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles. Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground: The forests wave, the mountains nod around; Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods, And from their sources boil her hundred floods. Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain. And the tosa'd navies beat the heaving main. Deep in the dismal regions of the dead, The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head. Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should 📙 His dark dominions open to the day, And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes, Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful even to gods.

Such war the immortals wage; such horrors reached world's vast concave, when the gods contend First silver-shafted Phæbus took the plain Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main The god of arms his giant bulk display'd, Opposed to Pallas, war's triumphant maid. Against Latona march'd the son of May. The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day, (Her golden arrows sounding at her side,) Saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied.

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in fiery Vulcan last in battle stands sacred flood that rolls on golden sands; thus his name with those of heavenly birth, called Scamander by the sons of earth. Thile thus the gods in various league engage, lles glow'd with more than mortal rage : or he sought; in search of Hector turn'd eves around, for Hector only burn'd; burst like lightning through the ranks, and row'd plut the god of battles with his blood, neas was the first who dared to stay; do wedged him in the warrior's way, well'd his bosom with undaunted might, Fforced and half-persuaded to the fight, young Lycaon, of the royal line, gice and aspect, seem'd the power divine; bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn fistant threats he braved the goddess born. hen thus the hero of Anchises' strain ; meet Pelides vou persuade in vain: ady have I met, nor void of fear erved the fury of his flying spear; to the field, force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd; nessus. Pedasus in ashes lay; (Jove assisting) I survived the day: 🐞 had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight erce Achilles and Minerva's might. ere'er he moved, the goddess shone before, bathed his brazen lance in hostile gore. **at mortal man Achilles can sustain?** immortals guard him through the dreadful plain, a suffer not his dart to fall in vain. God my aid, this arm should check his power, agh strong in battle as a brazen tower." whom the son of Jove: "That god implore, be what great Achilles was before. besvenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain, he but from a sister of the main :

An aged sea-god father of his line;
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe."

This said, and spirit breathed into his breast,
Through the thick troops the embolden'd here proHis venturous act the white arm'd queen survey'd
And thus, assembling all the powers, she said

"Behold an action, gods! that claims your can Lo great Æneas rushing to the war! Against Pelides he directs his course, Phæbus impels, and Phæbus gives him force. Restrain his bold career; at least, to attend "Our favour'd hero, let some power descend. To guard his life, and add to his renown, We, the great armament of heaven, came down. Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design, That spun so short his life's illustrious line: But lest some adverse god now cross his way, Give him to know what powers assist this day: For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms. When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?"

Thus she; and thus the god whose force can a The solid globe's eternal basis shake:

"Against the might of man, so feeble known, Why should celestial powers exert their own? Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene, And leave to war the fates of mortal men. But if the armipotent, or god of light, Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight, Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend: Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end; And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd, Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Corulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanced upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid,)

What time a vengeful monster of the main Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heavenly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground: The trampled centre yields a hollow sound: Steeds cased in mail, and chiefs in armour bright, The gleaming champaign glows with brazen light. Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear, There great Achilles; bold Æneas, here. With towering strides Æneas first advanced; The nodding plumage on his belmet danced: Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore, And, as he moved, his javelin flamed before. Not so Pelides; furious to engage, He rush'd impetuous. Such the hon's rage, Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes, Though all in arms the peopled city rise, Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride; Till at length, by some brave youth defied, To his bold spear the savage turns alone, He murmurs fury with a hollow groan; He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around; Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound: He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth, Resolved on vengeance, or resolved on death. So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies; So stands Æneas, and his force defies. Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:

"Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far? Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war, In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy, And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?

Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies, The partial monarch may refuse the prize; Sons he has many; those thy pride may quell: And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well. Or, in reward of thy victorious hand, Has Troy proposed some spacious tract of land? An ample forest, or a fair domain, Of hills for vines, and arable for grain? Even this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot. But can Achilles be so soon forgot? Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear, And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear: With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled. Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head. Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd: Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid. In Grecian chains her captive race were cast: 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast. Defrauded of my conquest once before, What then I lost, the gods this day restore. Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late."

To this Anchises' son: "Such words employ To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy; Such we disdain; the best may be defied With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride: Unworthy the high race from which we came, Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame Each from illustrious fathers draws his line: Each goddess-born; half human, half divine. Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies, And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes: For when two heroes, thus derived, contend. "Tis not in words the glorious strife can end. If yet thou further seek to learn my birth (A tale resounded through the spacious earth) Hear how the glorious origin we prove From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove: Dardania's walls he raised; for Ilion, then, (The city since of many-languaged men,)

Was not. The natives were content to till The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill. From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs, The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings; Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred, Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed, Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train, Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd, And coursed the dappled beauties o'er the mead : Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind, Swift as their mother mares, and father wind. These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain, Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain; And when along the level seas they flew, Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew. Buch Erichthonius was. from him there came The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name. Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed, Bus, Assaracus, and Ganymed: The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair, Whom heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air, To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest, The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast). The two remaining sons the line divide: First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side; From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old, And Priam, bless'd with Hector, brave and bold; Clytus and Lampus, ever honour'd pair; And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war. From great Assaracus sprang Capys, he Begat Anchises, and Anchises me. Such is our race : 'tis fortune gives us birth, But Jove alone endues the soul with worth: He, source of power and might! with boundless sway, All human courage gives, or takes away. Long in the field of words we may contend, Reproach is infinite, and knows no end, Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong; So voluble a weapon is the tongue;

Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail, For every man has equal strength to rail: Women alone, when in the streets they jar, Perhaps excel us in this wordy war; Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd, And vent their anger impotent and loud. Cease then—Our business in the field of fight Is not to question, but to prove our might. To all those insults thou hast offer'd here, Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear'

He spoke With all his force the javelin flung.
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shiel.
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, the immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secured the temper of the ethereal arms.
Through two strong plates the point its passes.

held,

But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd. Five plates of various metal, various mould, Composed the shield; of brass each outward fold Of tin each inward, and the middle gold: There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw The forceful spear of great Achilles flew, And pierced the Dardau shield's extremest bound Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound: Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon glids: And the slight covering of expanded hides, Æneas his contracted body bends, And o'er him high the riven targe extends, Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air. And at his back perceives the quivering spear: A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright; And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries. Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies: Acheas rousing as the fee came on, With force collected, heaves a mighty stone:

A mase enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and moved the powers around

"Lo! on the brink of fate Eneas stands, An instant victim to Achilles' hands: By Phœbus urged; but Phœbus has bestow'd His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the god. And can ye see this righteous chief atone With guiltless blood for vices not his own? To all the gods his constant vows were paid; Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid. Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign The future father of the Dardan line: The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace, And still his love descends on all the race: For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind, At length are odious to the all-seeing mind; On great Æness shall devolve the reign, And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain."

The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
The imperial goddess with the radiant eyes:
"Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune! be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not even an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And even her crumbling ruins are no more."

The king of ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interposed between the warrior flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardau prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:

Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
The godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:

"What power, O prince! with force inferior far, Urged thee to meet Achilles' arm in war? Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom, Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come. But when the day decreed (for come it must) Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust, Let then the furies of that arm be known, Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own."

With that, he left him wondering as he lay, Then from Achilles chased the mist away: Sudden, returning with a stream of light, The scene of war came rushing on his sight. Then thus, amazed: "What wonders strike my mind! My spear, that parted on the wings of wind, Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord, That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword! I thought alone with mortals to contend. But powers celestial sure this foe defend. Great as he is, our arms he scarce will try. Content for once, with all his gods, to fly. Now then let others bleed." This said, aloud He vents his fury and inflames the crowd. "O Greeks! (he cries, and every rank alarms) Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms! 'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky, To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fiv: No god can singly such a host engage, Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage. But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire, Whate'er of active force, or acting fire; Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey: All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day. Through you wide host this arm shall scatter fear, And thin the squadrons with my single spear."

He said: nor less elate with martial joy, The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy;

Trojans, to war! Think, Hector leads you on; Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son. Deeds must decide our fate. E'en these with words Totalt the brave, who tremble at their swords, The weakest atheist-wretch all heaven defies, But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies. Nor from you boaster shall your chief retire, Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire; That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand, Ind brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand." Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said; A wood of lances rises round his head. Clamours on clamours tempest all the air, They join, they throng, they thicken to the war. But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun The single fight with Thetis' godlike son; More safe to combat in the mingled band, Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand. He hears, obedient to the god of light, and, plunged within the ranks, awaits the fight. Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies, On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies. First falls Iphytion, at his army's head; Brave was the chief, and brave the host be led; From great Otrynteus he derived his blood, His mother was a Naïs, of the flood; Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow, From Hyde's walls he ruled the lands below. Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides: The parted visage falls on equal sides: With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain; While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain: "Lie there, Otryntides ' the Trojan earth neceives thee dead, though Gyge boast thy birth; Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd, and plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold, Are thine no more."-The insulting hero said, and left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore, and dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid. The impatient steel with full-descending sway Forced through his brazen helm its furious way. Resistless drove the batter'd skull before, And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore This sees Hippodamas, and seized with fright. Deserts his charlot for a swifter flight. The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound The panting Trojan rivets to the ground. He groans away his soul ' not louder roars, At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores. The victim bull; the rocks re-bellow round. And ocean listens to the grateful sound. Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage. The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age: (Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass'd:) Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last, To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight; To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind. And golden rings the double back-plate join'd. Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel? And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell: The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore. Thus sadly slain the unhappy Polydore, A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight, His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight: Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came. And shook his javelin like a waving flame. The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd, His heart high bounding in his rising breast. "And, lo! the man on whom black fates attend. The man, that slew Achilles, is his friend! No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear Turn from each other in the walks of war'

Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er .
"Come, and receive thy fate!" He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus: "Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defied,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart."

Then parts the lance. but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plunged the dart;
The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

"Wretch! thou hast 'scaped again: once more

thy flight

Has saved thee, and the partial god of light.

But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,

If any power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then inglorious ' but thy flight this day

Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."

With that, he giuts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to the ensanguined plain,
Pierced through the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd the enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laoganus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world:

This difference only their sad fates afford That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpitted, young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads;
In vain he begs thee, with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,
The ruthless falchion oped his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Through Mulius' head then drove the impetuous spe The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear. Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves, Deep though the front the ponderous falchion cleaves: Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies, The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes. Then brave Deucalion died: the dart was flung Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung: He dropped his arm, an unassisting weight, And stood all impotent, expecting fate: Full on his neck the falling falchion sped, From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head: Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies. And, sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies. Rhigmas, whose race from fruitful Thracia came, (The son of Pierus, an illustrious name,) Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends; Prone from his car the thundering chief descends. The squire, who saw expiring on the ground His prostrate master, rem'd the steeds around: His back, scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gored, And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord. As when a fiame the winding valley fills, And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills: Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies, Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies. This way and that, the spreading torrent roars: So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores;

and him wide, immense destruction pours, earth is deluged with the sanguine showers. ith autumnal harvests cover'd o'er, thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor; in round and round, with never-wearied pain, trampling steers beat out the unnumber'd grain: ne fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls, d down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls. 'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly, k, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye: spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore; thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore. o'er the scene of death Achilles stood, rim with dust, all horrible in blood: still insatiate, still with rage on flame; . is the lust of never-dying fame!

## BOOK XXI

### ARGUMENT

#### THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, to the river Scamander he falls upon the latter with slaughter: takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to shade of Patroclus, and kills Lycaon and Astero Scamander attacks him with all his waves. Neptung Pallas assist the hero Simois joins Scamander at la Vuican, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the This combat ended, the other gods engage each of Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is continued in a could by Apollo, who (to delude Achilles) upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him indisguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring their city.

The same day continues The scene is on the banks

in the stream of Scamander.

And now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove, Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.

The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight Now chased, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds.)
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars.
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown as the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of the

Driven from the land before the smoky cloud. The clustering legions rush into the flood: So, plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force, Roars the resounding surge with men and horse. His bloody lance the hero casts aside, (Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide,) Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves, Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er the waves: Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round, Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound; Repeated wounds the reddening river dyed, And the warm purple circled on the tide. Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly, And close in rocks or winding caverns lie: So the huge dolphin tempesting the main, In shoals before him fly the scaly train, Confusedly heap'd they seek their inmost caves, Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves, Now, tired with slaughter, from the Trojan band Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land; With their rich belts their captive arms restrains (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains). These his attendants to the ships convey'd, Sad victims destined to Patroclus' shade:

Then, as once more he plunged amid the flood, The young Lycaon in his passage stood : The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand But late made captive in his father's land (As from a sycamore, his sounding steel Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel): To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave, Where Jason's son the price demanded gave; But kind Ection, touching on the shore, The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore Ten days were past, since in his father's reign He felt the sweets of liberty again; The next, that god whom men in vain withstand Gives the same youth to the same conquering band; Now never to return! and doom'd to go A sadder journey to the shades below.

His well-known face when great Achilles eyed, (The helm and visor he had cast aside With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field His useless lance and unavailing shield,) As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled, And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said . "Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view! Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue? Sure I shall see you beaps of Trojans kill'd Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field: As now the captive, whom so late I bound And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground! Not him the sea's unmeasured deeps detain, That bar such numbers from their native plain: Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear! Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer; If earth at length this active prince can seize, Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shivering at the approach of death.
Achilles raised the spear, prepared to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground.
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embraced them close, one stopp'd the day
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:

Once more Lyczon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shared the gifts of Ceres at thy board:
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore:
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning sums have seen me har
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!

I sprang from Priam, and Laothöe fair,
(Old Altès' daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his famed abode,
And ruled the fields where silver Satnio flow'd,)
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some demon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy loved Patroclus'
death"

These words, attended with a shower of tears, The youth address'd to unrelenting ears: "Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies). Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies: In vain a single Trojan sues for grace; But least, the sons of Prism's hateful race. Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore? The great, the good Patroclus is no more! He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die, And thou, dost thou bewail mortality? Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn, Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born? The day shall come (which nothing can avert) When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart, By night, or day, by force, or by design, Impending death and certain fate are mine! Die then,"- He said; and as the word he spoke, The fainting stripling sank before the stroke : His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear. While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear: Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd, And buried in his neck the recking blade. Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land, The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand. The victor to the stream the carcase gave, And thus insults him, floating on the wave:

"Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound: There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep, But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep, Whose every wave some watery monster brings, To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line! Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine. What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd street His earthly honours, and immortal name? In vain your immolated bulls are slain, Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain ' Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate; Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete: Thus is atoned Patroclus' honour'd shade, And the short absence of Achilles paid,"

These boastful words provoked the raging god; With fury swells the violated flood.

What means divine may yet the power employ To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy? Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare The great Asteropeus to mortal war; The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine! (Fair Peribæa's love the god had crown'd. With all his refluent waters circled round;) On him Achilles rush'd; he fearless stood, And shook two spears, advancing from the flood; The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head To avenge his waters choked with heaps of dead. Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man? Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire Whose son encounters our resistless ire."

"O son of Peleus! what avails to trace (Replied the warrior) our illustrious race? From meh Pæonia's valleys I command, Arm'd with protended spears, my native band; Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came. In aid of llion to the fields of fame:

Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills, And wide around the floated region fills, Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won: Now lift thy arm, and try thy hero's son!"

Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance: At once Asteropeus discharged each lauce, For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield,) Oue struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield; One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood. Like lightning next the Pelean javelin flies: Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies; Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear. Even to the middle earth; and quiver'd there. Then from his side the sword Pelides drew, And on his fee with double fury flew. The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood; Repulsive of his might the weapon stood: The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain; Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain; His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, The reeking entrails pour upon the ground. Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies, And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies; While the proud victor thus triumphing said, His radiant armour tearing from the dead

Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove!
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Eacus, and Jove, am I.
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.
Even Achelous might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
The eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below.

The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear, And in his deep abysses shakes with fear."

He said . then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it hes the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
The amazed Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astyplus, and Mnesus slew;
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius, fell;
And numbers more his lance had plunged to hell.
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound.

"O first of mortals! (for the gods are thine)
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my choked streams no more their course can be
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injured flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a god."

In human form, confess'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:
"O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destined vengeance pay,
Not till within her towers the perjured train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall."

He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: "O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the sire above
Full and express, that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?"

to in vain—the chief without dismay Arough the boiling surge his desperate way. ng in his rage above the shores, his deep the bellowing river roars, ion of slain disgorges on the coast, d the banks the ghastly dead are toss'd. before, the billows ranged on high, bulwark,) screen the bands who fly. sting on his head with thundering sound, or deluge whelms the hero round: d shield bends to the rushing tide; upborne, scarce the strong flood divide, and staggering On the border stood ang elm, that overhung the flood; A a bending bough, his steps to stay; t uprooted to his weight gave way. the bank, and undermining all; the waters to the rushing fall lick foliage. The large trunk display'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd ils weight, and raised upon his hand, fom the channel, and regain'd the land. pken'd the wild waves: the murmur rose: pursues, a huger billow throws, its the bank, ambitious to destroy whose fury is the fate of Troy. **the** warlike eagle speeds his pace and strongest of the aerial race); spear can fly, Achilles springs; bound his clanging armour rings: now there, he turns on every side, do his course before the following tide; 😘 flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels, her fast, and murmur at his heels. a peasant to his garden brings of water from the bubbling springs, the floods from high, to bless his bowers, with pregnant streams the plants and flowers: he clears whate'er their passage stay'd, to the future current with his spade,

Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills, Louder and louder purl the falling rills; Before him scattering, they prevent his pains, And shipe in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies.
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the powers were foes;
So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his bead.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tired by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion

thrown)

Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan: "Is there no god Achilles to befriend, No power to avert his miserable end? Prevent, O Jove! this ignominious date. And make my future life the sport of fate. Of all heaven's oracles believed in vain. But most of Thetis must her son complain: By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall, In glorious arms before the Trojan wall. Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm, Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm! Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend, And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend. Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate. Oh how unworthy of the brave and great! Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day, Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away. An unregarded carcase to the sea."

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief, And thus in human form address'd the chief: The power of ocean first: "Forbear thy fear, O son of Peleus! Lo, thy gods appear! Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eyed maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave,
Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd "Thus spake the gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all the expanded plain the waters spread;
Heaved on the bounding billows danced the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois. "Haste, my brother flood; And check this mortal that controls a god; Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight, And Ilion tumble from her towery height. Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar. From all thy fountains swell thy watery store. With broken rocks, and with a load of dead, Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head, Mark how resistless through the floods he goes, And boldly bids the warring gods be foes But nor that force, nor form divine to sight, Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall he, That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye; And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd, comersed remain this terror of the world.

Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place, No Greeks shall e'er his perish'd relics grace, No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume; These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb."

He said; and on the chief descends amain, Increased with gore, and swelling with the slain. Then, murmuring from his beds, he boils, he rave. And a foam whitens on the purple waves: At every step, before Achilles stood. The crimson surge, and deluged him with blood. Fear touch'd the queen of heaven; she saw dismay. She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.

"Rise to the war! the insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm! assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:
These from old ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert the unwearied furies of the flame!"

The power ignipotent her word obeys. Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze; At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil, And the shrunk waters in their channel boil. As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky. And instant blows the water'd gardens dry: So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground, While Vulcan breathed the fiery blast around. Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys; Along the margin winds the running blaze: The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn, The flowering lotos and the tamarisk burn, Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire; The watery willows has before the fire. Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath, The eels lie twisting in the panys of death :

Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry, Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky. At length the river rear'd his languid head, And thus, short-panting, to the god he said:

"Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might? I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight---

I yield——Let Ilion fall, if fate decree—— Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me!"

He ceased; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a cauldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils the imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And choked with vapours feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:

"Ah why, Saturnia, must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destined state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name."

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade the ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a god: the obedient flame withdraws:
Again the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft remurmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring gods in herce contention join.
Rekindling rage each heavenly breast alarms:
With horrid clangour shock the ethereal arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them growns the rending ground.

Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries, And views contending gods with careless eyes. The power of battles lifts his brazen spear, And first assaults the radiant queen of war:

"What moved thy madness, this to disunite Ethereal minds, and mix all heaven in fight? What wonder this, when in thy frautic mood Thou drovest a mortal to insult a god? Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore, And madly bathed it in celestial gore."

He spoke, and smote the long-resounding shield.
Which hears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field:

The adamantine ægis of her sire,

That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.

Then heaved the goddess in her mighty hand. A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast. This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size:
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound. Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound.
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles, And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles:

"Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known How far Minerva's force transcends thy own? Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand, Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand; Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace.

And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.'

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away, That, beaming round, diffused celestial day. Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land, Lent to the wounded god her tender hand. Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain, And, propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the plain. This the bright empress of the heavens survey'd, And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid:

"Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The smiles' and loves' unconquerable queen.

rk with what insolence, in open view, e moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue." Minerva sm.ling heard, the pair o'ertook, and slightly on her breast the wanton strook: e, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled); a earth together lay the lovers spread. And like these heroes be the fate of all linerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall! b Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be, dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me: en from the lowest stone shall Troy be moved." haus she, and Juno with a smile approved. Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight, the god of ocean dures the god of light. What sloth has seized us, when the fields around Jing with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound?

hall, ignominious, we with shame retire, No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire? come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage, nits not my greatness, or superior age : Eash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne, Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own,) and guard the race of proud Laomedon! Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer, We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year? Troy walls I raised (for such were Jove's commands), and you proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands: Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves llong fair Ida's vales and pendent groves. But when the circling seasons in their train Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain, With menace stern the fraudful king defied Dur latent godhead, and the prize denied. and as he was, he threaten'd servile bands, and doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands. incensed, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing, and destined vengeance on the perjured king. Post thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace, and not, like us, infest the faithless race:

Like us, their present, future sons destroy, And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?"

Apollo thus: "To combat for mankind
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind;
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown d,
Smile on the sun; now, wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean."

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires, And from the senior power submiss retires: Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades.

"And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows and the silver bow!
Now boast no more in you celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking power.

Silent he heard the queen of woods upbraid. Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid; But furious thus: "What insolence has driven Thy pride to face the majesty of heaven? What though by Jove the female plague design'd, Fierce to the feeble race of womankind. The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart: Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart? What though tremendous in the woodland chase Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race? How dares thy rashness on the powers divine Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine? Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage-She said, and seized her wrists with eager rage: These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride. About her temples flies the busy bow ; Now here, now there, she woulds her from the blow The scattering arrows, ratthing from the case, Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.

ift from the field the baffled huntress flies, ind scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes: when the falcon wings her way above, the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove; Not fated yet to die;) there safe retreats. let still her heart against the marble beats. To her Latona hastes with tender care: Nhom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war: How shall I face the dame, who gives delight To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night? No. matchless goddess! triumph in the skies, and boast my conquest, while I yield the prize" He spoke; and pass'd Latona, stooping low, Collects the scatter'd shafts and fallen bow, That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war: Then swift pursued her to her blest abode. Where, all confused, she sought the sovereign god: Weeping, she grasp'd his knees: the ambrosial vest Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast. The sire superior smiled, and bade her show What heavenly hand had caused his daughter's woe? Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse; And the pale crescent fades upon her brows. Thus they above ; while, swiftly gliding down, Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town; The guardian-god now trembled for her wall, and fear'd the Greeks, though fate forbade her fall. Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms, Return the shining bands of gods in arms; Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire; And take their thrones around the ethereal sire. Through blood, through death, Achilles still proceeds, O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds. As when avenging flames with fury driven On guilty towns exert the wrath of heaven; The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly; And the red vapours purple all the sky :

So raged Achilles death and dire dismay, And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day. High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
And the near here rising on his sight!
No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls;
And thus descending, on the guards he calls:

"You to whose care our city gates belong, Set wide your portals to the flying throng: For lo ' he comes, with unresisted sway; He comes, and desolation marks his way ! But when within the walls our troops take breath, Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death. Thus charged the reverend monarch: wide were for The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung. Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet. Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retrest, On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate, And gladsome see their last escape from fate. Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train, Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain: And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on With heavier strides, that lengthen toward town.

Enraged Achilles follows with his spear; Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquired,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retired;
But he, the god who darts ethereal flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame:
To young Agenor force divine he gave;
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave;)
In aid of him, beside the beech he sate,
And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies.
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll)
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
"What, shall I fly this vertex of the plain!

Like others fly, and be like others slain? Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road You line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod. No: with the common heap I scorn to fall— What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall, While I decline to yonder path, that leads To Ida's forests and surrounding shades? So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood, From my tired body wash the dirt and blood, As soon as night her dusky veil extends, Return in safety to my Trojan friends. What if? --- But wherefore all this vain debate? Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate? Even now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall, The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall: Buch is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly, And such his valour, that who stands must die. Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state, Here, and in public view, to meet my fate. Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel. One only soul informs that dreadful frame: And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame."

He said, and stood, collected, in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Roused from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives

the pain;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untamed, the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolved, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:

"How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong and many are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, even thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore."

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms He stands impassive in the ethereal arms. Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe, His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow: But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds The god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds. Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view. Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew. Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape, Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape, Flies from the furious chief in this disguise: The furious chief still follows where he flies. Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strict Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides: The god, now distant scarce a stride before, Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore: While all the flying troops their speed employ, And pour on heaps into the walls of Trov: No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell. Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell. "Twas tumult all, and violence of flight; And sudden joy confused, and mix'd affright. Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate: And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

# BOOK XXII

## ARGUMENT

#### THE DEATH OF RECTOR

Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam this approach, and tries to persuade his son to re won. Hecuba joins her measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies. Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at leng 3 Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes lector in the shape of Delphobus; be stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their ones reach gnorant of this, was retired the ears of Andromache do into the inner part of t walls, and beholds her ce; she mounts up to the isband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess o amentation, The thirtteth day still ( ) The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlen.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer:
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scean gate;
Till his bold arms determined to employ,

Il of long-defended Troy.
tired Achilles turns:

fine'd in all his glory burns:)

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"And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view, With mortal speed a godhead to pursue? For not to thee to know the gods is given, Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven. What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the play Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain: Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd, While here thy frantic rage attacks a god"

The chief incensed -"Too partial god of day. To check my conquests in the middle way. How few in Ilion else had refuge found! What gasping numbers now had bit the ground Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine, Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine: Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."

Then to the city, terrible and strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along. So the proud courser, victor of the prize, To the near goal with double ardour flies. Him, as he blazing shot across the field, The careful eyes of Priam first beheld. Not half so dreadful rises to the sight, Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous m Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs), And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays; Terrific glory! for his burning breath Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and dea So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage: He strikes his reverend head, now white with He lifts his wither'd arms, obtests the skies: He calls his much-loved son with feeble cries: The son, resolved Achilles' force to dare. Full at the Scæan gates expects the war; While the sad father on the rampart stands, And thus adjures him with extended hands:

"Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone Hector! my loved, my dearest, bravest son! Methinks already I behold thee slain, And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plan. nplacable Achilles! might'st thou be
to all the gods no dearer than to me!
hee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
and bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
Now many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
aliant in vain! by thy cursed arm destroy'd:
br, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant islen
to shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
No, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
wo from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
and loved Lycaon; now perhaps no more!

h! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their

OWIL, consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne :) but if (which Heaven forbid) already lost, all pale they wander on the Stygian coast; What sorrows then must their sad mother know, What anguish I? unutterable woe! Let less that anguish, less to her, to me, Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee. Let shun Achilles! enter yet the wall; and spare thyself, thy father, spare us all! we thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave leglect that thought, thy dearer glory save. Tity, while yet I live, these silver hairs; Thile yet thy father feels the woes he bears, et cursed with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage All trembling on the verge of helpless age) Freat Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain! the bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes, and number all his days by miseries ! y heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd, My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd, dy bleeding infants dash'd against the floor; hese I have yet to see, perhaps yet more! erhaps even I, reserved by angry fate. the last sad relic of my ruin'd state.

(Dire pomp of sovereign wretcheduess!) must And stain the pavement of my regal hall:
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my down Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gone Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'tis well;
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest of

breast.

But when the fates, in fulness of their rage, Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age, In dust the reverend lineaments deform, And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm. This, this is misery! the last, the worst, That man can feel! man, fated to be cursed!

He said, and acting what no words could say Rent from his head the silver locks away. With him the mournful mother bears a part; Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart. The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd; And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:

"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed.
Should'st thou, (but Heaven avert it!) should's
bleed,

Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier, Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a test Far from our pious rites those dear remains Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."

So they, while down their cheeks the torrest. But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul, Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance Expects the hero's terrible advance. So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake Beholds the traveller approach the brake;

sen fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins e gather'd half the poisons of the plains; burns, he stiffens with collected ire. I his red eveballs glare with living fire. meath a turret, on his shield reclined, atood, and question'd thus his mighty mind: Where lies my way? to enter in the wall? mour and shame the ungenerous thought recall: Il proud Polydamas before the gate eclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late, wich timely follow'd but the former night, hat numbers had been saved by Hector's flight? et wise advice rejected with disdain, al my folly in my people slain. thinks my suffering country's voice I hear, most her worthless sons insult my ear. my rash courage charge the chance of war, d blame those virtues which they cannot share. -----if I e'er return, return I must prious, my country's terror laid in dust: If I perish, let her see me fall held at least, and fighting for her wall. d yet suppose these measures I forego, proach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down, d treat on terms of peace to save the town : wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd suse of the war, and grievance of the land) th honourable justice to restore: d add half Ilion's yet remaining store, bich Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injured Greece sy share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace. why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go, hat hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow? e greet not here, as man conversing man, t at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain; eason now for calm familiar talk, to youths and maidens in an evening walk :

War is our business, but to whom is given To die, or triumph, that, determine Heaven!" Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew His dreadful plumage nodded from on high; The Pelian javelin, in his better hand, Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land And on his breast the beamy splendour shone. Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun. As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise, Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flice He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind: Achilles follows like the winged wind. Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies). Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his pre-Obliquely wheeling through the aerial way, With open beak and shrilling cries he springs, And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings: No less fore-right the rapid chase they held. One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd: Now circling round the walls their course main Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage by (A wider compass,) smoke along the road. Next by Scamander's double source they bound Where two famed fountains burst the parted gree This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise With exhalations steaming to the skies: That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflow Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills. Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills; Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace By these they passed, one chasing, one in flight (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might:) Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play No vulgar victim must reward the day (Such as in races crown the speedy strife.) The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed a grateful honour of the mighty dead; Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame some golden tripod, or some lovely dame) The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, and with them turns the raised spectator's soul: Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly. The gazing gods lean forward from the sky; To whom, while eager on the chase they look, The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

"Unworthy sight! the man beloved of heaven, Jehold, inglorious round you city driven! My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain; Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain, Whose grateful fumes the gods received with joy, from Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy: Now see him flying; to his fears resign'd, and fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind. Consult, ye powers! ('tis worthy your debate) Whether to snatch him from impending fate, Or let him bear, by stern Pehdes slain, Good as he is) the lot imposed on man."

Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"

"Go then (return'd the sire) without delay, Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way. Swift at the mandate pleased Tritonia flies, And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn, The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn, In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes; Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews, The certain hound his various maze pursues Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd, There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.

Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his prtying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe,)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain:
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phosbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight

Then Phoebus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
"O loved of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector fails; that Hector famed so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove;
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclined.

While like Deiphobus the martial dame (Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same), In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side

Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:

It fits us now a noble stand to make,

And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."

Then he: "O prince | allied in blood and fame,

Dearer than all that own a brother's name;

Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,

Long tried, long loved: much loved, but honour'd more!

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own."

Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before:
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke:
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:

Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate,
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due),

The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore: Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more." "Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies, While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes), Detested as thou art, and ought to be, Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee: Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine. Such leagues as men and furious hons join, To such I call the gods! one constant state Of lasting rancour and eternal hate: No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife. Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life. Rouse then thy forces this important hour, Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power. No further subterfuge, no further chance; 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance. Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath, Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe; But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow: He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear Sang innocent, and spent its force in air. Minerva watch'd it falling on the land, Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand, Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,

Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Trop

"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart.

The weapon flew, its course unerring held, Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd The mortal dart; resulting with a bound From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground. Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain, Nor other lance, nor other hope remain; He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear— In vain, for no Deïphobus was there. All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh: "Tis so- Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh! I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call, But he secure lies guarded in the wall, A god deceived me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed, Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed. No refuge now, no succour from above, Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove, Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate! Tis true I perish, yet I perish great: Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire, Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew, And, all collected, on Achilles flew. So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air, Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare. Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares: Before his breast the flaming shield he bears, Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun, Nodding at every step. (Vulcanian frame ) And as he moved, his figure seem'd on flame. As radiant Hesper shines with keener light, Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night, When all the starry train emblaze the sphere: So shone the point of great Achilles' spear. In his right hand he waves the weapon round, Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound; But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore Securely cased the warrior's body o'er. One space at length he spies, to let in fate, Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate Gave entrance: through that penetrable part Furious be drove the well-directed dart :

Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour. Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies, While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:

"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain, Who fear'd no vengeauce for l'atroclus slain: Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now

you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the gods devour."

Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death?

"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath"
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe:
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

"No, wretch accursed! relentless he replies; (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes;)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me

Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.

Could I myself the bloody banquet join!

No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.

Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more,
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral fisme:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew.
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.

Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee; Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate, And stretch thee here before the Schan gate."

He ceased. The Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay,)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,

A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies:

"Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven ordain, I follow thee"—He said, and stripp'd the slain. Then forcing backward from the gaping wound The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground. The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes His manly beauty and superior size; While some, ignobler, the great dead deface With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace:

"How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands, Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands; And thus aloud, while all the host attends: "Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends! Since now at length the powerful will of heaven The dire destroyer to our arm has given, Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers! See, if already their deserted towers Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain. But what is Troy, or glory what to me? Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee, Divine Patroclus! Death hath seal'd his eyes; Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies! Can his dear image from my soul depart, Long as the vital spirit moves my heart? If in the melancholy shades below. The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow.

Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd, Burn on through death, and animate my shade. Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring The corpse of Hector, and your peans sing. Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,

\* Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'"

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred; (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;) The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound With thongs inserted through the double wound; These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain, His graceful head was trail'd along the plain. Proud on his car the insulting victor stood. And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood. He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies; The sudden clouds of circling dust arise. Now lost is all that formidable air, The face divine, and long-descending hair, Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand; Deform'd, dishonour'd in his native land, Given to the rage of an insulting throng, And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey; She rent her tresses, venerable grey, And cast, far off, the regal veils away. With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans, While the sad father answers groans with groans; Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow, And the whole city wears one face of woe: No less than if the rage of hostile fires, From her foundations curling to her spires, O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies. The wretched monarch of the falling state, Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate. Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course, While strong affliction gives the feeble force: Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro, In all the raging impotence of wee.

At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,

Imploring all, and naming one by one: Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ; I, only I, will assue from your walls (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none), And bow before the murderer of my son. My grief perhaps his pity may engage; Perhaps at least he may respect my age. He has a father too; a man like me; One, not exempt from age and misery (Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace Begot this pest of me, and all my race). How many valiant sons, in early bloom, Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the tomb! Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave) Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave. O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace, The son expiring in the sire's embrace, While both thy parents wept the fatal hour, And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower ' Some comfort that had been, some sad relief, To melt in full satisty of grief!"

Thus wail'd the father, grovelling on the

ground,

And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears;

(A mourning princess, and a train in tears;)

"Ah why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,

Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?

O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,

The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!

To whom her safety and her fame she owed;

Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!

O fatal change! become in one sad day

A senseless corse! inammated clay!"

But not as yet the fatal news had spread

But not as yet the fatal news had spread To fair Andromache, of Hector dead; As yet no messenger had told his fate, Not e'en his stay without the Scean gate. Far in the close recesses of the dome, Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return
In vain; alas! her lord returns no more;
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear:
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:

"Ah follow me! (she cried) what plaintive noise.

Invades my ear? "Tis sure my mother's voice.

My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,

A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it! threats the Trojan state.

Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!

But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast

Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,

Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!

Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,

And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:

Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,

Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke: and furious, with distracted pace. Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face. Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue) And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. Too soon her eyes the killing object found. The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground. A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes: She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies. Her bair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, The net that held them, and the wreath that crown The veil and diadem flew far away (The gift of Venus on her bridal day). Around a train of weeping sisters stands, To raise her sinking with assistant hands. Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again She faints, or but recovers to complain.

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife! Born with one fate, to one unhappy life! For sure one star its baneful beam display'd On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade. From different parents, different climes we came, At different periods, yet our fate the same! Why was my birth to great Action owed, And why was all that tender care bestow'd? Would I had never been !-- O thou, the ghost Of my dead husband! miserably lost! Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! And I abandon'd, desolate, alone! An only child, once comfort of my pains, Sad product now of hapless love, remains! No more to smile upon his sire; no friend To help him now! no father to defend! For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom, What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come! Even from his own paternal roof expell'd. Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field. The day, that to the shades the father sends, Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends. He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears; Amongst the happy, unregarded, he Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee, While those his father's former bounty fed Nor reach the gobiet, nor divide the bread: The kindest but his present wants allay, To leave him wretched the succeeding day. Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost, Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here:' The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear. Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears, To my sad soul Astyanax appears! Forced by repeated insults to return, And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn: He, who, with tender delicacy bred, With princes sported, and on dainties fed,

And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must be not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!"

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons he Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

## BOOK XXIII

## ARGUMENT

#### FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS

lies and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and mands the rites of burial, the next morning the soldiers ere sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the sead. Achilies sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays Shations to the Winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and thise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games the chariot race, the fight of the crestus, the wrestling, the footrace, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javeling the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patrocius appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-

bore.

Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.

The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,

Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore.

The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,

All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:

These yet assembled great Achilles holds,

and the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:

These yet, my brave companions of the war,

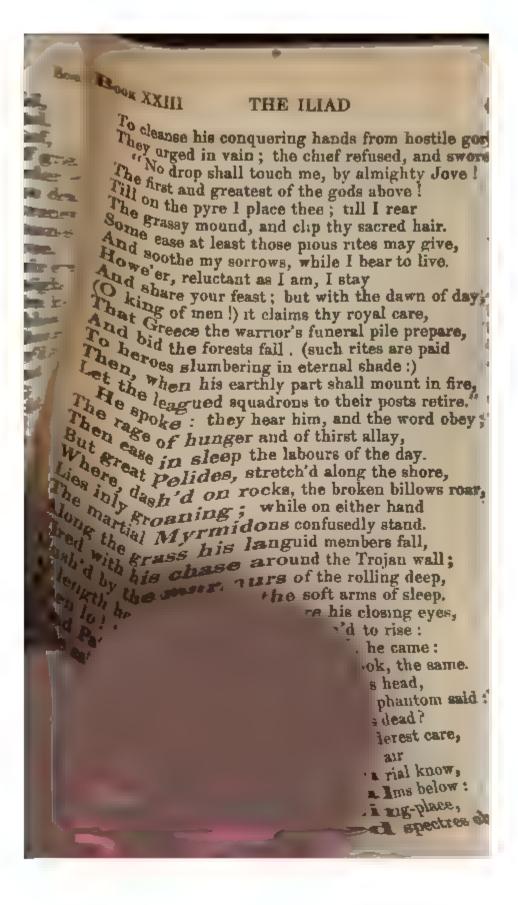
These your smoking coursers from the car;

But, with his chariot each in order led, Perform due honours to Patroclus dead. Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief, Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief."

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led (Achilles first) their coursers round the dead; And thrice their sorrows and laments renew; Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bed. For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe, Melts their strong hearts, and hids their eyes to But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes. His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he on his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said

"All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost!
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire;
Their lives effused around thy funeral pyre."

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view) Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw. Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around Unbraced their armour, and the steeds unbound All to Achilles' sable ship repair, Frequent and full, the genial feast to share. Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspill The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire. The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries: Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies. Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd, In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood. And now a band of Argive monarchs brings The glorious victor to the king of kings. From his dead friend the pensive warrior went. With steps unwilling, to the regal tent. The attending heralds, as by office bound. With kindled flames the tripod-vass surround:



But, with his chariot each in order led, Perform due honours to Patroclus dead. Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief, Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief."

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led (Achilles first) their coursers round the dead; And thrice their sorrows and laments renew; Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bede. For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe, Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes. His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he lead on his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

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cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore, by urged in vain; the chief refused, and swore No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove! in first and greatest of the gods above! II on the pyre I place thee; till I rear a grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair. me ease at least those pious rites may give. ad soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live. owe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay ad share your feast; but with the dawn of day, king of men!) it claims thy royal care, at Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare. bid the forests fall · (such rites are paid heroes slumbering in eternal shade :) m, when his earthly part shall mount in fire, the leagued squadrons to their posts retire, He spoke: they hear him, and the word obey; rage of hunger and of thirst allay, en case in sleep the labours of the day. at great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore, here, dash'd on rocks, the broken billows roar, se inly groaning; while on either hand e martial Myrmidons confusedly stand. ong the grass his languid members fall, red with his chase around the Trojan wall; wh'd by the murmure of the rolling deep. length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep. ben lo! the shade, before his closing eyes, and Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise: the same robe he living wore, he came: stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same. form familiar hover'd o'er his head, and sleeps Achilles? (thus the phantom said :) eps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead? ring, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care, t now forgot, I wander in the air. my pale corse the rites of burial know, give me entrance in the realms below: then the spirit finds no resting-place, there and there the unbodied spectres chase

The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we loved

known;

Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.

Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Even great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we lived; together bred,
One house received us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave."

"And is it thou? (he answers) To my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night
O more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!

Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade!
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confused he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:

Part of himself; the immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost:
Even now familiar, as in life, he came;
Alas! how different! yet how like the rame!"

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears : And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears, Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread, And glares on the pale visage of the dead. But Agamemnon, as the rites demand, With mules and waggons sends a chosen band To load the timber, and the pile to rear; A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care. With proper instruments they take the road, Axes to cut, and ropes to aling the load. First march the heavy mules, securely slow, O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go: Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground, Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles bound. But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods, (Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods,) Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes; On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown; Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down. The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to burn; And the slow mules the same rough road return. The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore (Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore; There on the spot which great Achilles show'd, They eased their shoulders, and disposed the load; Circling around the place, where times to come Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb. The hero bids his martial troops appear High on their cars in all the pomp of war; Rach in refulgent arms his limbs attires, All mount their chariots, combatants and squires. The chariots first proceed, a shining train; Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain; Next these the melancholy band appear: Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier; O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw; Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe, Supporting with his hands the hero's head, Bends o'er the extended body of the dead.

Patroclus decent on the appointed ground
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vot
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:

"Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bowers
Thy altars stand, perfumed with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles sees his native plain;
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below."

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pravid. On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid. Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow: And now the sun had set upon their woe: But to the king of men thus spoke the chief: "Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief: Permit the mourning legions to retire, And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre: The pious care be ours, the dead to burn-He said: the people to their ships return: While those deputed to inter the slain Heap with a rising pyramid the plain. A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide, The growing structure spreads on every side; High on the top the manly corse they lay. And well-fed cheep and sable oxen slay : Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead, And the piled victims round the body spread; Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil, Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.

Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rates, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry

"All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend.

Saved from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend."
So spake he, threatening: but the gods made vai

So spake he, threatening: but the gods made vaiu His threat, and guard inviolate the slain: Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseste unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destined prey.
Nor sacred Phæbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,

Against the solar beam and Sirian fire,

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast. He call'd the aërial powers, along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise. The winged Iris heard the hero's call, And instant hasten'd to their airy hall, Where in old Zephyr's open courts on high, Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky. She shone amidst them, on her painted bow; The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show

All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various goddess to partake the rites.
"Not so (the dame replied), I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Even now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And heaven is feasting on the world's green end
With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on the extremest limits of the main.
But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,
The western spirit, and the north, to rise!
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven."

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view; Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew: Forth burst the stormy band with thundering rour, And heaps on heaps the clouds are tosa'd before. To the wide main then stooping from the skies, The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise. Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls, Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls. The structure crackles in the roaring fires. And all the night the plenteous flame aspires. All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul. With large libations from the golden bowl. As a poor father, helpless and undone, Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son, Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn, And pours in tears, ere yet they close the urn: So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore, So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more. Twas when, emerging through the shades of night The morning planet told the approach of light; And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day: Then sank the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd, And to their caves the whistling winds return'd: Across the Thracian seas their course they bore; The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

And sank to quiet in the embrace of sleep,

Exhausted with his grief. meanwhile the crowd Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood; The tumult waked him: from his eyes he shook Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:

"Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name! First let us quench the yet remaining flame With sable wine, then, as the rites direct, The hero's bones with careful view select: (Apart, and easy to be known they lie Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye: The rest around the margin will be seen Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men :) These wrapp'd in double cauls of fat, prepare; And in the golden vase dispose with care; There let them rest with decent honour laid. Till I shall follow to the infernal shade. Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands, A common structure on the humble sands: Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise, And late posterity record our praise!"

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow, Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw, And deep subsides the ashy heap below.

Next the white bones his sad companions place, With tears collected, in the golden vase.

The sacred relies to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire, And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;

High in the midst they heap the swelling bed

Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There placed them round; then from the ship
proceeds

A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds, Vases and tripods (for the funeral games), Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames. First stood the prizes to reward the force Of rapid racers in the dusty course: A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke.
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were placed:
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order ranged upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train:

"Behold the prizes, valuant Greeks decreed To the brave rulers of the racing steed; Prizes which none beside ourself could gain, Should our immortal coursers take the plain; (A race unrivall'd, which from ocean's god Peleus received, and on his son bestow'd.) But this no time our vigour to display; Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day: Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck. Sad, as they shared in human grief, they stand, And trail those graceful honours on the sand! Let others for the noble task prepare, Who trust the courser and the flying car."

Fired at his word the rival racers rise;
But far the first Eumelus hopes the prize,
Famed through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
And the famed courser of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),
To 'ecape the wars, to Agamemuon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Base wealth preferring to eternal prize.

Next him Antilochus demands the course
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.
Experienced Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.

"My son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd : Neptune and Jove on thee conferred the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel. To guide thy conduct little precept needs; But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known; Compare those rival's judgment and thy own: It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize, And to be swift is less than to be wise. Tis more by art than force of numerous strokes The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks; By art the pilot, through the boiling deep And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship; And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course; Not those who trust in charlots and in horse. In vain, unskilful to the goal they strive, And short, or wide, the ungovern'd courser drive: While with sure skull, though with inferior steeds, The knowing racer to his end proceeds; Fix'd on the goal his eye foreruns the course, His hand unerring steers the steady horse, And now contracts, or now extends the rein, Observing still the foremost on the plain. Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found; You aged trunk, a cubit from the ground; Of some once stately oak the last remains, Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains: Inclosed with stones, conspicuous from afar; And round, a circle for the wheeling car. (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace; Or then, as now, the limit of a race.) Bear close to this, and warily proceed, A little bending to the left-hand steed;

Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain,
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then 'you narrow road, before our sight,
Presents the occasion, could we use it right."

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat. And now Antilochus with nice survey Observes the compass of the hollow way. Twas where, by force of wintry torrents torn, Fast by the road a precipice was worn: Here, where but one could pass, to shun the threat The Spartan hero's chariot smoked along. Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep, Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep. Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below, And wonders at the rashness of his foe. "Hold, stay your steeds- What madness thus ride

This narrow way! take larger field (he cried), Or both must fall."- Atrides cried in vain; He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. Far as an able arm the disk can send. When youthful rivals their full force extend. So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew Before the king. he, cautious, backward drew His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears The rattling rum of the clashing cars, The floundering coursers rolling on the plain. And conquest lost through frautic haste to gain. But thus upbraids his rival as he flies: "Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise! Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign; Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine-Then to his steeds with all his force he cries, "Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize! Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield the glory yours." The steeds ober :

Already at their beels they wing their way, And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field. The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king; High on a rising ground, above the ring, The monarch sat: from whence with sure survey He well observed the chief who led the way, And heard from far his animating cries, And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes: On whose broad front a blaze of shining white, Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight. He saw; and rising, to the Greeks begun: "Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone? Or can ye, all, another chief survey, And other steeds than lately led the way? Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld, Lie sure disabled in the middle field . For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain I search to find them, but I search in vain. Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand, And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand, Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray With frantic fury from the destined way. Rise then some other, and inform my sight, For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right; Yet sure he seems, to judge by shape and air, The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war."

"Old man! (Olleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, nor sharpest eyed,
Nor youngest, yet the readlest to decide
Eumelus' steeds, high bounding in the chase,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain."

Thus he. Idomeneus, incensed, rejoin'd:
"Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride!

To vile repreach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay
price."

He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne, Stern had replied, fierce scorn enhancing scorn To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:

"Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend; Much would ye blame, should others thus offend And lo! the approaching steeds your contest end No sooner had he spoke, but thundering near, Drives, through a stream of dust, the charioteer. High o'er his head the circling lash he wields: His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields: His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd. Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold. Refulgent through the cloud: no eye could find The track his flying wheels had left behind: And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race. Now victor at the goal Tydides stands. Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream: The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam: With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize. The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eves: These to the ships his train triumphant leads, The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force, O'erpass'd Atrides) second in the course. Behind, Atrides urged the race, more near Than to the courser in his swift career The following car, just touching with his heel And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel: Such, and so narrow now the space between The rivals, late so distant on the green; So soon swift Æthè her lost ground regain'd, One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:

"Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass'd.
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day."

The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim. "Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign, O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine. What if the gods, the skilful to confound, Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground? Perhaps he sought not heaven by sacrifice, And yows omitted forfeited the prize. If yet (distinction to thy friend to show, And please a soul desirous to bestow) Some gift must grace Eumelus, view thy store Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore; An ample present let him thence receive, And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give. But this my prize I never shall forego; This, who but touches, warriors ! is my foe."

Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend; Pleased with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend, Achilles smiled: "The gift proposed (he cried), Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corslet cover'd o'er, (The same renown'd Asteropæus wore,)
Whose glittering margins raised with silver shine, (No vulgar gift,) Eumelus! shall be thine."

He said: Automedon at his command The corslet brought, and gave it to his hand. Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows With generous joy: then Menelaus rose: The herald placed the sceptre in his hands, And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands. Not without cause incensed at Nestor's son, And inly grieving, thus the king begun:

"The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd, An act so rash, Antilochus! has stain'd. Robb'd of my glory and my just reward. To you, O Grecians be my wrong declared: So not a leader shall our conduct blame. Or judge me envious of a rival's fame. But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain? What needs appealing in a fact so plain? What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise, And vindicate by eath th' ill-gotten prize? Rise if thou darest, before thy chariot stand, The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand: And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole intent Was but to conquer, not to circumvent. Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground !"

The prudent chief with calm attention heard; Then mildly thus. "Excuse, if youth have

err'd;

Superior as thou art, forgive the offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign:
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn."

So spoke Antilochus; and at the word
The mare contested to the king restored.
Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus be said.

"Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To waive contention with superior sway;
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend."

He said; and pleased his passion to command, Resign'd the courser to Noemon's hand, Friend of the youthful chief: himself content, The shining charger to his vessel sent. The golden talents Merion next obtain'd; The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd. Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears, And thus the purpose of his gift declares: "Accept thou this, O sacred sire! (he said) in dear memorial of Patroclus dead; Dead and for ever lost Patroclus lies, For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes! Take thou this token of a grateful heart, Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart, The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield, Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field: Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown, But left the glory of the past thy own."

He said, and placed the goblet at his side; With you the venerable king replied:

"Wisely and well, my son, thy words have proved A senior honour'd, and a friend beloved!
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!

Victorious then in every solemn game, Ordain'd to Amarynees' mighty name; The brave Epcians gave my glory way, Etolians, Pylians, all resign d the day. I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand, And backward hurl'd Ancœus on the sand. Surpass'd Iphyclus in the swift career, Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear. The sons of Actor won the prize of horse. But won by numbers, not by art or force: For the famed twins, impatient to survey Prize after prize by Nestor borne away. Sprung to their car; and with united pains One lash'd the coursers, while one ruled the reint, Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds A younger race, that emulate our deeds. I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?) Though once the foremost hero of the field. Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led, With martial honours decorate the dead: While pleased I take the gift thy hands present. (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent,) Rejoiced, of all the numerous Greeks, to see Not one but honours sacred age and me · Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay, May the just gods return another day !"

Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days:

Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the castus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke.
Of six years' age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles rising, thus "Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest to the

his mule his dauntless labours shall repay, ae vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away." This dreadful combat great Epeus chose; High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose, and seized the beast, and thus began to say : Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away! Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny his mule my right; the undoubted victor I? Mhers, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine, **but the first honours of this fight are mine;** or who excels in all? Then let my foe waw near, but first his certain fortune know; secure this hand shall his whole frame confound. tash all his bones, and all his body pound. to let his friends be night, a needful train, to heave the batter'd carcase off the plain. The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze The host beheld him, silent with amaze! Iwas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire to meet his might, and emulate thy sire, The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore a Theban games the noblest trophy bore, The games ordain'd dead (Edipus to grace,) and singly vanquish the Cadmean race. Em great Tydides urges to contend, Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend:

Micious with the cincture girds him round; and to his wrist the gloves of death are bound. I had the circle now each champion stands, and poises high in air his iron hands; With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close, their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows, and painful sweat from all their members flows, at length Epeus dealt a weighty blow all on the cheek of his unwary foe; leneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway lown dropp'd he, nerveless, and extended lay. It is large fish, when winds and waters roar, it some huge billow dash'd against the shore,

Lies panting; not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him, reeling through the throng
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head bangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapp'd round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands, And calls the wrestlers to the level sands: A massy tripod for the victor lies. Of twice six oxen its reputed price; And next, the loser's spirits to restore, A female captive, valued but at four. Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose, When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose. Amid the ring each nervous rival stands, Embracing rigid with implicit hands. Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd; Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd; Like two strong rafters which the builder forms, Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms, Their tops connected, but at wider space Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base. Now to the grasp each manly body bends: The humid sweat from every pore descends; Their bones resound with blows, sides, shoulders, this? Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise. Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd, O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground; Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow The watchful caution of his artful foe. While the long strife even tired the lookers on, Thus to Ulyssea spoke great Telamon: "Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me: Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree."

He said; and, straining, heaved him off the groun With matchless strength; that time Ulysees found

The strength to evade, and where the nerves combine

His ankle struck: the giant fell supine;
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift Ulysses next essays;
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied;
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defiled with honourable dust they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;

When great Achilles thus divides the prize:

"Your noble vigour, O my friends, restrain;

Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.

Ye both have won: let others who excel,

Now prove that prowess you have proved so well."

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey, From their tired bodies wipe the dust away, And, clothed anew, the following games survey.

And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace The youths contending in the rapid race. A silver urn that full six measures held, By none in weight or workmanship excell'd : Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine, Elaborate, with artifice divine; Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport, And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port. From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd The glorious gift; and, for Lycson spared, To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward. Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace, It stands the prize of swiftness in the race. A well-fed ox was for the second placed; And half a talent must content the last. Achilles rising then bespoke the train: Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain."

The hero said, and starting from his place,

Oliean Ajax rises to the race;

Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last. Ranged in a line the ready racers stand; Pelides points the barrier with his hand; All start at once; Orleus led the race; The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace; Behind him, diligently close, he sped, As closely following as the running thread The spindle follows, and displays the charms Of the fair spinster's breast and moving arms Graceful in motion thus, his fee he plies, And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise; His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays: The admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise. To him they give their wishes, hearts, and ever, And send their souls before him as he flies. Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal, The pauting chief to Pallas lifts his soul. "Assist, O goddess!" thus in thought be pray'd! And present at his thought descends the maid. Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim, And feels a pinion lifting every limb. All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain, Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain (O'erturn'd by Pallas), where the slippery shere Was clogg'd with slimy dong and mingled gore. (The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre, Where late the slaughter d victims fed the fire.) Besmear'd with fifth, and blotted o'er with clay, Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay: The well-fed buil (the second prize, he shared, And left the urn Clysses' rich reward. Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast, The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd. "Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;

"Accursed fate! the conquest I forego; A mortal I, a goddess was my foe; She urged her favourite on the rapid way, And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day."

Thus sourly wall'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;

A burst of laughter echoed through the shore.

Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
"Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Alax I must yield the prize:

He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise;
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)

**Behold** his vigour in this active race! **Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:** 

Nust yet be more than hero, more than man."

The effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,

"Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.

Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extell'd;

Receive a talent of the purest gold."

The youth departs content. The host admire The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.

Next these a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings;
Cast on the plain, the brazen burden rings.
Arms which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.

Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And sheathed in steel, provoke his fee to fight

And sheathed in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with assuing gore,
The sword Asteropæus possess'd of old,
(A Thracian blade, distinct with study of gold.)

These arms in common let the chiefs divide:

For each brave champion, when the combat ends.

A sumptuous banquet at our tents attends."

Fierce at the word uprose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand;
Louring they meet, tremendous to the sight;
Such Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.

Opposed in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they closed, and thrice the charge renew
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
Through the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground A mass of iron (an enormous round), Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire, Rude from the furnace, and but shaped by fire. This mighty quoit Action wont to rear. And from his whirling arm dismiss in air: The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd Among his spoils this memorable load. For this, he bids those nervous artists vie. That teach the disk to sound along the sky. "Let him, whose might can hurl this bowl, arise; Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize; lf he be one enrich'd with large domain Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain, Small stock of iron needs that man provide: His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied From hence; nor ask the neighbouring city's aid For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade."

Stern Polypoetes stepp'd before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Uprose great Ajax; up Epeus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epeus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle
Leonteus next a little space surpass'd;
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypoetes' arm the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing come,

past them all the rapid circle flies: friends, while loud applauses shake the ekies. 4th force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. Those, who in skilful archery contend, next invites the twanging bow to bend; twice ten axes casts amidst the round. in double-edged, and ten that singly wound. mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, hero fixes in the sandy shore; the tall top a milk-white dove they tie. trembling mark at which their arrows fly. Whose weapon strikes you fluttering bird, shall bear ese two-edged axes, terrible in war; single, he whose shaft divides the cord." s said: experienced Merion took the word; ad skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw eir lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew. wift from the string the sounding arrow flies; t flies unbless'd! No grateful sacrifice, firstling lambs, unheedful I didst thou yow Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow. this, thy well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside. rd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied : sown the mainmast fell the parted string, ad the free bird to heaven displays her wing : , shores, and skies, with loud applause resound. ad Merion eager meditates the wound : takes the bow, directs the shaft above, ad following with his eye the soaring dove. pplores the god to speed it through the skies, Ith vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice. as dove, in airy circles as she wheels, mid the clouds the piercing arrow feels; aite through and through the point its passage found, ad at his feet fell bloody to the ground. se wounded bird, ere yet she breathed her last, ith flagging wings alighted on the mast, moment hung, and spread her pinions there,

an sudden dropp'd, and left her life in air.

From the pleased crowd new peals of thunder rise, And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the funeral games, Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle placed,
And ample charger of unsulfied frame,
With flowers high wrought, not blacken'd yet by for
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dexterous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:

"Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme, O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim; In every martial game thy worth attest, And know thee both their greatest and their best. Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear This beamy javelin in thy brother's war."

Pleased from the hero's hips his praise to hear, The king to Merion gives the brazen spear: But, set apart for sacred use, commands The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

## BOOK XXIV

## ARGUMENT

## REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF RECTOR

deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the g it, and Iris to Prian, to encourage him to go in and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the frances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to ie is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets t his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, he charge of Idaeus the herald. Mercury descends thape of a young man and conducts him to the of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, gs for the body of his son. Achilles, moved with sion, grants his request, detains him one night in his id the next morning sends h in home with the body: sjans run out to meet him. The lamentations of tache. Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of

me of twelve days is employed in this book, while y of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles; and as many e spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

om the finish'd games the Grecian band teir black ships, and clear the crowded strand, stch'd at ease the genial banquet share, easing slumbers quiet all their care. Achilles: he, to grief resign'd, and's dear image present to his mind, his sad couch, more unobserved to weep; the the gifts of all-composing sleep. It his soul on his Patroclus fed:

The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What tools they shared, what martial works the

wrought,

What seas they measured, and what fields they fought: All pass'd before him in remembrance dear. Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to test. And now supine, now prone, the hero lay, Now shifts his side, impatient for the day: Then starting up, disconsolate he goes Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes, There as the solitary mourner raves, The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves: Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd! The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind. And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument Was Hector dragg'd, then hurned to the tent. There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eves; While foul in dust the unhonour'd carcase lies, But not deserted by the pitying skies: For Phoebus watch'd it with superior care, Preserved from gaping wounds and tainting air; And, ignominious as it swept the field, Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield. All heaven was moved, and Hermes will'd to go By stealth to snatch him from the insulting foe: But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies. And th' unrelenting empress of the skies, E'er since that day implacable to Troy, What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy, Won by destructive lust (reward obscene), Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen. But when the tenth celestral morning broke, To heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:

"Unpitying powers! how oft each holy fane Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain? And can ye still his cold remains pursue? Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view? Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire, The last ead honours of a funeral fire?

Is then the dire Achilles all your care? That iron heart, inflexibly severe: A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide, In strength of rage, and impotence of pride; Who hastes to murder with a savage joy, Invades around, and breathes but to destroy! Shame is not of his soul; nor understood, The greatest evil and the greatest good. Still for one loss he rages unresign'd, Repugnant to the lot of all mankind; To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done: Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care; Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear. But this insatiate, the commission given By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heaven: Lo, how his rage dishonest drags along Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong Brave though he be, yet by no reason awed, He violates the laws of man and God."

"If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies,)
If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven)
To grace those nuptials, from the bright ahode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god.
Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."
Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial

dame:

"Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.
But mine, and every god's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race;

Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay, (The only honours men to gods can pay,)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceased
The pure libation, and the holy feast:
Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day,
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure queen; let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not: and Iris from the skies, Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies, Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps, Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps. Between where Samos wide his forests spread And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads, Down plunged the maid; (the parted waves re She plunged, and instant shot the dark profe-As bearing death in the fallacious bait. From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight: So pass'd the goddess through the closing was Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave: There placed amidst her melancholy train (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main) Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come. And wept her godlike son's approaching docs Then thus the goddess of the painted bow: "Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below, "Tis Jove that calls." "And why (the dame) Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies? Sad object as I am for heavenly sight! Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light! Howe'er, be heaven's almighty sire obey'd-She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade Which, flowing long, her graceful person cha And forth she paced, majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they retain (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,

And touch with momentary fught the skies.

There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place,)
Even Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:

"Thou comest, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast; Maternal sorrows; long, ah, long to last! Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares; But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. Nine days are past since all the court above In Hector's cause have moved the ear of Jove; Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so: We will, thy son himself the corse restore. And to his conquest add this glory more. Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear: Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far; Nor let him more (our anger if he dread) Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead: But yield to ransom and the father's prayer; The mournful father, Iris shall prepare With gifts to see; and offer to his hands Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands."

His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent:
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

"How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow, And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe: Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign Soothes weary life, and softens human pain? O snatch the moments yet within thy power; Not long to live, include the amorous hour!

Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heaven too far.
No longer then his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."

To whom Achilles: "Be the ransom given, And we submit, since such the will of heaven."

While thus they communed, from the Olympia

bowers,

Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers: "Haste, winged goddess to the sacred town, And urge her monarch to redeem his son, Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave, And bear what stern Achilles may receive: Alone, for so we will; no Trojan near: Except, to place the dead with decent care. Some aged herald, who with gentle hand May the slow mules and funeral car command. Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread, Safe through the fee by our protection led: Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey. Guard of his life, and partner of his way. Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare His age, nor touch one venerable hair : Some thought there must be in a soul so brave. Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bathed in tears, and answer'd groan

groan.

And all amidst them lay the hoary sire, (Sad scene of woe!) his face his wrapp'd attire Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head From room to room his pensive daughters room; Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy. Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!

efore the king Jove's messenger appears, and thus in whispers greets his trembling ears: "Fear not, O father! no ill news I bear; from Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care; or Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave. nd bear what stern Achilles may receive; lone, for so he wills; no Trojan near, scept, to place the dead with decent care, ome aged herald, who with gentle hand way the slow mules and funeral car command. for shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread: afe through the foe by his protection led: race Hermes to Pelides shall convey, heard of thy life, and partner of thy way. Pierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare thy age, nor touch one venerable hair; ome thought there must be in a soul so brave, ome sense of duty, some desire to save." She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare Jis gentle mules and harness to the car; there, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay : tis pious sons the king's command obey. then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room, Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, and where the treasures of his empire lay: men call'd his queen, and thus began to say: "Unhappy consort of a king distress'd! artake the troubles of thy husband's breast; waw descend the messenger of Jove, Tho bids me try Achilles' mind to move; orsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain the corse of Hector, at you navy slain. Call me thy thought: my heart impels to go brough hostile camps, and bears me to the foe." The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

And where the prudence now that awed mankind?

Arough Phrygis once and foreign regions known;

Aw all confused, distracted, overthrown!

Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face (O heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race! To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare, And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare: So brave! so many fallen! To claim his rage Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age. No—pent in this sad palace, let us give To grief the wretched days we have to live. Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow, Born to his own, and to his parents' woe! Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun, To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay My rage, and these barbarities repay ! For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breat Expired not meanly, in inactive death? He poured his latest blood in manly fight, And fell a hero in his country's right.

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night,
(Replied unmoved the venerable man;)
'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in wall Had any mortal voice the injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, nor seer, had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in you camp your powers have doom'd my for Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood.

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he de Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue, As many vests, as many mantles told, And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine With ten pure talents from the richest mine.

And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace:)
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain, Around him furious drives his menial train: In vain each slave with duteous care attends, Each office hurts him, and each face offends. "What make ye here, officious crowds! (he cries): Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes. Have ye no griefs at home, to fix you there: Am I the only object of despair? Am I become my people's common show, Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? No, you must feel him too, yourselves must fall; The same stern god to ruin gives you all: Nor is great Hector lost by me alone; Your sole defence, your guardian power is gone! I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown, I see the ruins of your smoking town ' O send me, gods! ere that sad day shall come, A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Survived, sad relics of his numerous line.

"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,

Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ. Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy! Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run, And speed my journey to redeem my son?"

The sons their father's wretched age revere. Forgive his anger, and produce the car. High on the seat the cabinet they bind: The new-made car with solid beauty shined; Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains, And hung with ringlets to receive the reins; Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground: These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound. Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide, And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied. Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain) The sad attendants load the groaning wain. Last to the yoke the well-matched mules they b (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.) But the fair horses, long his darling care, Himself received, and harness'd to his car: Grieved as he was, he not this task denied: The hoary herald help'd him, at his side. While careful these the gentle coursers join'd, Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind; A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine. (Libation destined to the power divine.) Held in her right, before the steeds she stands, And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:

"Take this, and pour to Jove, that safe from he.

His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.

Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design;
Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow

Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of you ethereal space.

That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from sbove.

Boldly pursue the journey mark d by Jone

But if the god his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."

"Tis just (said Priam) to the sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?"
He spoke, and bade the attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring;
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held:)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine:

On lofty Ida's holy hill adored!

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.

If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!

Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space;
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game, And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name. Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd, So broad, his pinious stretch'd their ample shade, As stooping dexter with resounding wings The imperial bird descends in airy rings. A dawn of joy in every face appears: The mourning matron dries her timorous tears: Swift on his car the impatient monarch sprung, The brazen portal in his passage rung; The mules preceding, draw the loaded wain, Charged with the gifts: Ideas holds the rein: The king himself his gentle steeds controls, And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls. On his slow wheels the following people wait, Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate; With hands uplifted eye him as he pass'd, And guze upon him as they gazed their last,

Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes. "Thou whose constant care
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire: the observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds, And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds. That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain, O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main; Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye . Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way, And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea. A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line! Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day, And clad the dusky fields in sober grey; What time the herald and the heary king (Their chariots stopping at the silver spring, That circling llus' ancient marble flows,) Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose. Through the dim shade the herald first espies A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries "I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; This hard adventure claims thy utmost care! For much I fear destruction hovers nigh: Our state asks counsel; is it best to fly? Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall, Two wretched suppliants, and for mercy call?"

The afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame.
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:

"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight seal'd in sleep, thou wanderest through the night?

Thy roam thy mules and steeds the plains along, brough Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong? hat couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures

mese, who with endless hate thy race pursue? er what defence, alas! could'st thou provide; ayself not young, a weak old man thy guide? et suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; rom me no harm shall touch thy reverend head; **Fom** Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines

ne living image of my father shines."

"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind, re true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd.) reat are my hazards; but the gods survey ly steps, and send thee, guardian of my way. ail, and be bless'd! For scarce of mortal kind ppear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind." Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide; The sacred messenger of heaven replied;) Fut say, convey'st thou through the louely plains hat yet most precious of thy store remains, o lodge in safety with some friendly hand: repared, perchance, to leave thy native land? Ir fliest thou now? - What hopes can Troy retain, 'hy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?" The king, alarm'd: "Say what, and whence thou art **The** search the sorrows of a parent's heart. nd know so well how godlike Hector died?" hus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied: "You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:

in this sad subject you inquire too much. Ift have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd a glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued: saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tosa'd In thousand ships, and wither'd half a host: saw, but help'd not . stern Achilles' we orbade assistance, and enjoy d the fire.

For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter, my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."

"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train, (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again,) Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid My son's dear relice? what befalls him dead? Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains), Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains?"

"O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then
The power that mediates between god and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigured, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and closed is every wound,
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly
care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair: Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

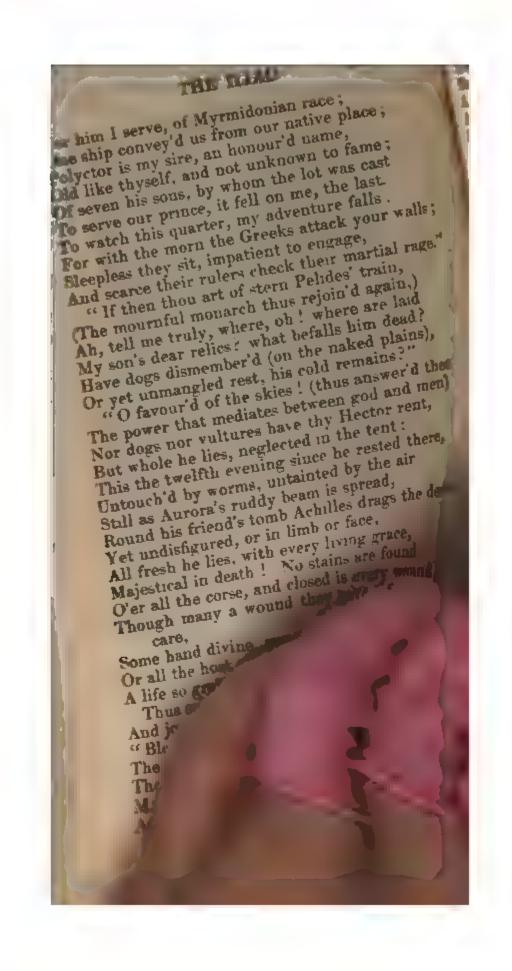
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied:
"Blest is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love;
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in explical power;
And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,

Even to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the favouring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god: "O king, forbear To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err: But can I, absent from my prince's sight, Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light? What from our master's interest thus we draw, Is but a licensed theft that 'scapes the law. Respecting him, my soul abjures the offence; And as the crime, I dread the consequence. Thee, far as Argos, pleased I could convey; Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way: On thee attend, thy safety to maintain, O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."

He said, then took the charlot at a bound, And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around: Before the inspiring god that urged them on, The coursers fly with spirit not their own, And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found The guards repasting, while the bowls go round: On these the virtue of his wand he tries, And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes: Then heaved the massy gates, removed the bars, And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went, And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent. On firs the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er With reeds collected from the marshy shore; And, fenced with palisades, a hall of state, (The work of soldiers,) where the hero sat. Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length: Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,

But great Achilles singly closed the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,



bee of the just is kind. merous youth! this goblet take, stitude for Hector's sake; avouring gods our steps survey, tent conduct my way. latent god . "O king, forbear outh, for apt is youth to err: at from my prince's sight, cret, that must shun the light? master's interest thus we draw, a theft that 'scapes the law. my soul abjures the offence; 10, I dread the consequence. gou, pleased I could convey; ie, and partner of thy way: , thy safety to maintain, rests, or the roaring main." took the chariot at a bound, to reins, and whirl'd the lash around: iring god that urged them on, with spirit not their own. each'd the naval walls, and found sting, while the bowls go round : tue of his wand he tries, turnber on their watchful eyes: massy gates, removed the bars, thes led the rolling cars. II the hostile camp they went, A Pelides' lofty tent. maised, and cover'd o'er rom the marshy shore; les, a hall of state, where the hero sat. se well-compacted strength f wondrous length: eeks could lift its mighty

closed the gate.

cover of gods; set wide;

coelectial guide,

And thus reveal'd—" Hear, prince! and understal
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to fra.l mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he west,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero: Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
These served his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made:
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands

tears;

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued Even with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime, Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed, All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gazed
Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise:
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

"Ab think, thou favour'd of the powers divine! Think of thy father's age, and pity mine! In me that father's reverend image trace, Those silver hairs, that venerable face;

His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see ! In all my equal, but in misery! Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate Expels him helpless from his peaceful state; Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly, And beg protection with a feeble cry. Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise; He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes, And, hearing, still may hope a better day May send him thee, to chase that foe away. No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain, The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain! Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came, The pledge of many a loved and loving dame: Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead! How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled! Still one was left their loss to recompense; His father's hope, his country's last defeuce. Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel, Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

"For him through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

"Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still be lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er;
A father one, and one a son deplore:

But great Achilles different passions rend, And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend. The infectious softness through the heroes run; One universal solemn shower began; They here as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiste at length with unavailing woes, From the high throne divine Achilles rose; The reverend monarch by the hand he raised; On his white beard and form majestic gazed, Not unrelenting; then serene began With words to soothe the miserable man:

"Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou

known, Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race! Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel. Rise, then: let reason mitigate your care. To mourn avails not: man is born to bear. Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree: They, only they are blest, and only free. Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood. The source of evil one, and one of good; From thence the cup of mortal man he fills. Blessings to these, to those distributes ills; To most he mingles both the wretch decreed To taste the bad unmix'd, is cursed indeed; Parsued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven, He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven. The happiest taste not happiness sincere: But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care. Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour! A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given; Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heaven. One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day: No race succeeding to imperial sway; An only son; and he, alas! ordain'd To fall untimely in a foreign land.

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine! Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld: In riches once, in children once excell'd; Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain, And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main. But since the god his hand has pleased to turn, And fill thy measure from his bitter arn. What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls? War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls! What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead; Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore. But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!"

To whom the king "O favour'd of the skies! Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies On the bare beach deprived of obsequies. O give me Hector! to my eyes restore His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more. Thou, as thou may st, these boundless stores enjoy; Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from

Troy:

So shall thy pity and forbearance give A weak old man to see the light and live!" "Move me no more, (Achilles thus replies, While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes,)

Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend :

To yield thy Hector I myself intend: For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came. (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame,) Nor comest thou but by heaven; nor comest alone, Some god impels with courage not thy own: No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd, Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared To pass our outworks, or clude the guard. Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command, I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land: Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,

And shake the purpose of my soul no more."

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd, Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad : Automedon and Alcimus attend, (Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend These to unvoke the mules and horses went. And led the heary herald to the tent: Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents been (Great Hector's ransom,) from the polish'd car. Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread, They leave; to cover and enwrap the dead. Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil To wash the body and anoint with oil, Apart from Priam . lest the unhappy sire. Provoked to passion, once more rouse to ire The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age, Nor Jove's command, should check the rising ram This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed: Then, while the body on the car they laid, He groans, and calls on loved Patroclus' shade: "If, in that gloom which never light me

know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state;
Where full before him reverend Priam sate;
To whom, composed, the godlike chief begin:
"Lo! to thy prayer restored, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes:
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand reflection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consumed with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose corrows equally thine:

Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids, In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades; Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain, These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain: So was her pride chastised by wrath divine, Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line; But two the But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those has the goddess, twelve the queen two destroy Those boasted twelve, the avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd and the steep of the dust outspread, Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days Nine days, neglected, lay exposed the dead; None by to weep them, to inhume them none; (For Joyna 1) (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone.)
The gods the desired the nation all to stone. The gods themselves, at length relenting gave. The unhappy race the honours of a grave, Herself Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)
Through dock (for such was heaven's weeping rill; Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill; Where rouserts wild now pours Achelous springs, Where round the bed whence Achelous springs, The watery fairies dance in mazy rings; There him There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow, She standard Property of She stands, her own sad monument of woe; The rock for The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever for Such "Such griefs, O king! have other perents

known ; mitigate thy own. Remember their ector has appear'd, the care of heave id uninterr'd; shall he lie I tears be drown'd, may thy anind" all the or' TALLE CAR said, a days is show THE es vie. to trice . d# 475, 1 336 net out. bestyw it ST JUNEAL

No less the royal guest the hero eyes, His godlike aspect and majestic size; Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage; And there, the mild benevolence of age. Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke, (A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:

"Permit me now, beloved of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encouraged by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."

With that, Achilles hade prepare the bed. With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread: Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their was And place the couches, and the coverings lay. Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not he Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear, Lest any Argive, at this hour awake, To ask our counsel, or our orders take, Approaching sudden to our open'd tent. Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent. Should such report thy honour'd person here, The king of men the ransom might defer: But say with speed, if aught of thy desire Remains unask'd; what time the rites require To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey

To finish all due honours to the dead,
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, closed within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by become

"This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy: Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy. Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent; Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms, Expects her hero with desiring arms. But in the porch the king and herald rest; Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast, Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake; Industrious Hermes only was awake, The king's return revolving in his mind, To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind, The power descending hover'd o'er his head: 🌃 And sleep'st thou, father I (thus the vision said :) Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restored? Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord? Thy presence here should stern Atrides see, Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee; May offer all thy treasures yet contain, To spare thy age; and offer all in vain. Waked with the word the trembling sire arose,

And raised his friend the god before him goes: He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, And moves in silence through the hostile land. When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove, (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove,) The winged deity forsook their view, And in a moment to Olympus flew. Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray, Sprang through the gates of light, and gave the day: Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion go The sage and king, majestically slow. Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire. The sad procession of her hoary sire; Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near, (Her breathless brother stretched upon the bier,) A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes, Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:

"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ, Fe wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy !

If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight, To hail your hero glorious from the fight, Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow: Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains; Nor man nor woman in the walls remains: In every face the self-same grief is shown: And Troy sends forth one universal groan. At Scra's gates they meet the mourning wain. Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain. The wife and mother, frantic with despair, Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair: Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay: And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day: But godlike Priam from the chariot rose. Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes: First to the palace let the car proceed, Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."

The waves of people at his word divide, Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide: Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait: They weep, and place him on the bed of state. A melancholy choir attend around. With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound: Alternately they sing, alternate flow The obedient tears, melodious in their woe. While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,

And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew; Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw. "And oh, my Hector! Oh, my lord! (she cries) Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes! Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! And I abandon'd, desolate, alone! An only son, once comfort of our pains, Sad product now of hapless love, remains! Never to manly age that son shall rise. Or with increasing graces glad my eyes: For Ilion now (her great defender slain) Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plant.

The new protects her wives with guardian care?
The saves her infants from the rage of war?
The wives must wait them to a foreign shore:
Thou too, my son, to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's wee;
Triven hence a slave before the victor's sword
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
The else some Greek whose father press'd the

Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain, in Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy, and hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy. For thy stern father never spared a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why received not I thy last command?
The word thou would'st have spoke, which, eadly dear.

My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan,
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part:
Of thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heaven approved,
And by the immortals even in death beloved!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb;
The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain;)
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;

Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears. Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears; Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:

"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods 🕍

joun'd

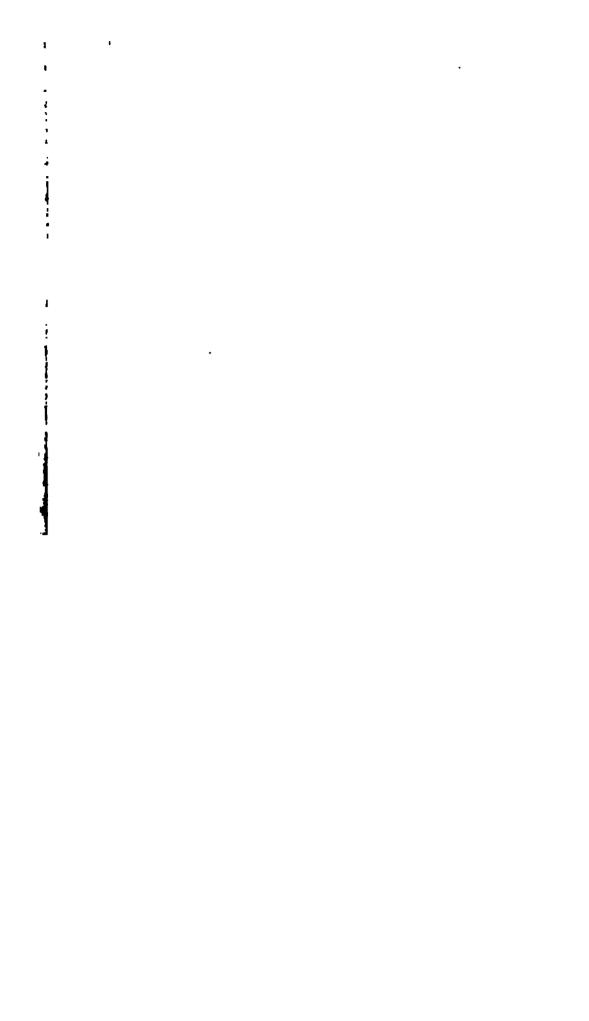
The mildest manners with the bravest mind: Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore; (O had I perish'd, ere that form divine Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!) Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find A deed ungentle, or a word unkind: When others cursed the authoress of their woe. Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow: If some proud brother eyed me with disdain, Or scornful sister with her sweeping train. Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain. For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee, The wretched source of all this misery ? The fate I caused, for ever I bemoan; Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone! Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye: Distressful beauty melts each stander-by: On all around the infectious sorrow grows: But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose: "Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require, And fell the forests for a funeral pyre; Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread: Achilles grants these honours to the dead."

He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, Four through the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown Roll back the gather'd forests to the town, These toils continue nine succeeding days, And high in air a sylvan structure raise.

en the tenth fair morn began to shine, o the pile was borne the man divine. iced aloft; while all, with streaming eyes, the flames and rolling smokes arise. Aurora, daughter of the dawn, sy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn, he mournful crowds surround the pyre, ench with wine the yet remaining fire. wy bones his friends and brothers place ears collected) in a golden vase; den vase in purple palls they roll'd, st texture, and inwrought with gold. r the urn the sacred earth they spread, sed the tomb, memorial of the dead. guards and spies, till all the rites were done, d from the rising to the setting sun.) y then moves to Priam's court again, in, silent, melancholy train: led there, from pious toil they rest, ily shared the last sepulchral feast. nours Ilion to her hero paid, sceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

END OF THE ILIAD



## CONCLUDING NOTE

WE have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it perhaps may be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Eneid.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the thot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son

of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, bad a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but being defeated in his

mim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægysthus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægysthus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with his life from his adulterous wife Ægiale: but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor hved in peace with his children, in Pylos, his

zastive country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject

of Homer's Odyssey, . . . .

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the caremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity), let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard undertaking it is to do justice to Homer and one whom (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion. I desire to dedicate it: and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

A. POPE.

March 25, 1720.

THE END

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